April 23, 1984

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

And a Nightingale Sang...—A comedy about a lower-middle-class English family and its sad and merry ups and downs during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Awake and Sing!—Half a century ago, the Group Theatre was ready to remake the world and Clifford Odets was the young genius who would lead the way, through his superlatively energetic plays. This melodrama about family life in the Bronx remains alive, but the present production is radically miscast and misdirected. (3/19/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in the hospital. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Beethoven's Tenth—A new comedy by Peter Ustinov in which he will star with George Rose. The director is Robert Chetwyn. The play was first seen last summer in London. Previews through Saturday, April 21. Opens officially on Sunday, April 22. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Jimmy Ray Weeks plays the leading role of a police detective beset by memories in **the harvesting,** John Bishop's absorbing drama about a murder investigation in Ohio. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

Death of a Salesman—A sentimental and yet oddly moving account of Willy Loman, a man who thinks success consists of being well liked and who is dismayed to discover that this goal is, as a goal, unachievable. Dustin Hoffman is a superlative Willy. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except April 21, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's drama **a touch of the poet** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 29. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Fen—In spite of fine performances by Pamela Reed, Ellen Parker, and David Strathairn, among other American actors, Caryl Churchill's play about a farming community in East Anglia has lost some of its original mystery and force. Even so, there are many good scenes. Les Waters was the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday April 22.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Golden Age—A. R. Gurney, Jr., tells in contemporary terms the story that Henry James told a long time ago, in "The Aspern Papers." The cast consists of Irene Worth, Stockard Channing, and Jeff Daniels. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hey, Ma...Kaye Ballard—A musical starring and written by Kaye Ballard. Original music and lyrics by David Levy and Leslie Eberhard, plus standards by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and others. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller that it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Steven Gilborn, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 22: Johann Strauss's **a night in venice.**

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; J. Kennard Bosee, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, treasurer & secretary; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LX, No. 10, April 23, 1984. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1984 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

. . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 25: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

LOVE—Judy Kaye, Stephen Vinovich, and Nathan Lane in a musical based on Murray Schisgal's 1964 comedy "Luv." The music is by Howard Marren, the lyrics by Susan Birkenhead, and the book by Jeffrey Sweet. (Audrey Wood Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LOVE LETTERS ON BLUE PAPER—Arnold Wesker's English import about an old union leader (and amateur art critic) who is dying of leukemia and who receives daily love letters from his stolid-seeming wife. The play is sentimental, high-flown rubbish, but the production, under Kenneth Frankel's direction, is excellent. Josef Sommer is the old man, and Pauline Flanagan is the wife. Very good setting and costumes by Paul Wonsek and Mariann Verheyen. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 22.)

MIRROR THEATRE COMPANY—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN;** and Henrik Ibsen's **GHOSTS,** translated by Eva Le Gallienne and starring Geraldine Page. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's last play, with Kate Nelligan, Ian Bannen, and Jerome Kilty. Staged by David Leveaux. Preview Wednesday, April 18. Opens officially on Thursday, April 19. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6.)

'NIGHT, MOTHER—Anne Pitoniak and Kathy Bates in a return engagement of Marsha Norman's two-character play, seen recently on Broadway. Reopens Wednesday evening, April 18. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NOISES OFF—As funny a farce as one could ask for, from Santa Claus or anyone else. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OTHER PLACES—A collective title for three new one-act plays by Harold Pinter, all first seen in London. Alan Schneider is the director. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

PAINTING CHURCHES—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PLAY MEMORY—A drama by Joanna M. Glass, with Donald Moffat, Jo Henderson, and Valerie Mahaffey. Harold Prince is the director. Previews Friday through Wednesday, April 20-25. Opens officially on Thursday, April 26. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE REAL THING—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. Jeremy Irons is charming in this essentially charmless role. Glenn Close is the playwright's mistress and eventual wife, who proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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THE RINK—A conscientiously depressing musical about how painful life can be. A few sunny glimpses are provided by Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli, as well as by Peter Larkin's marvellous setting. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb and are up to their high standard. The book is by Terrence McNally. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE ROAD TO HOLLYWOOD—A musical with a book by Michael Pace, who, with Rob Preston, wrote the music and lyrics. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

ROCKABY—The presence of the witty and wonderful English actress Billie Whitelaw makes a special occasion of these three brief, extraordinary plays by Samuel Beckett. (2/27/84) (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 22.)

SECOND CITY COMPANY—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE TAP DANCE KID—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TO GILLIAN ON HER 37TH BIRTHDAY—The ghost of a woman, dead for two years, continues to appear to her husband, who is immobilized by grief, and eventually straightens him out. The play, by Michael Brady, despite some good lines, may prove too sweet for most palates, but the performance is commendable. With Richmond Hoxie, Frances Conroy, David Rasche, and Noelle Parker, among others. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LA TRAGÉDIE DE CARMEN—A production by Peter Brook of a much abbreviated version of the Bizet opera. One misses the colorful hurly-burly of the original, though the story, taken from a novella by Mérimée, remains surefire. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Performances in English on Mondays and Tuesdays at 8:30, and Wednesdays at 2:30 and 8:30; in French on Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

THE VAMPIRES—A comedy written and directed by Harry Kondoleon. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WOZA ALBERT!—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two adroit African actors, are the entire cast, and also the authors (with their director, Barney Simon) of this spirited, heartfelt play about the coming of Christ to South Africa. (3/5/84) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ZORBA—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,976 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer) which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240

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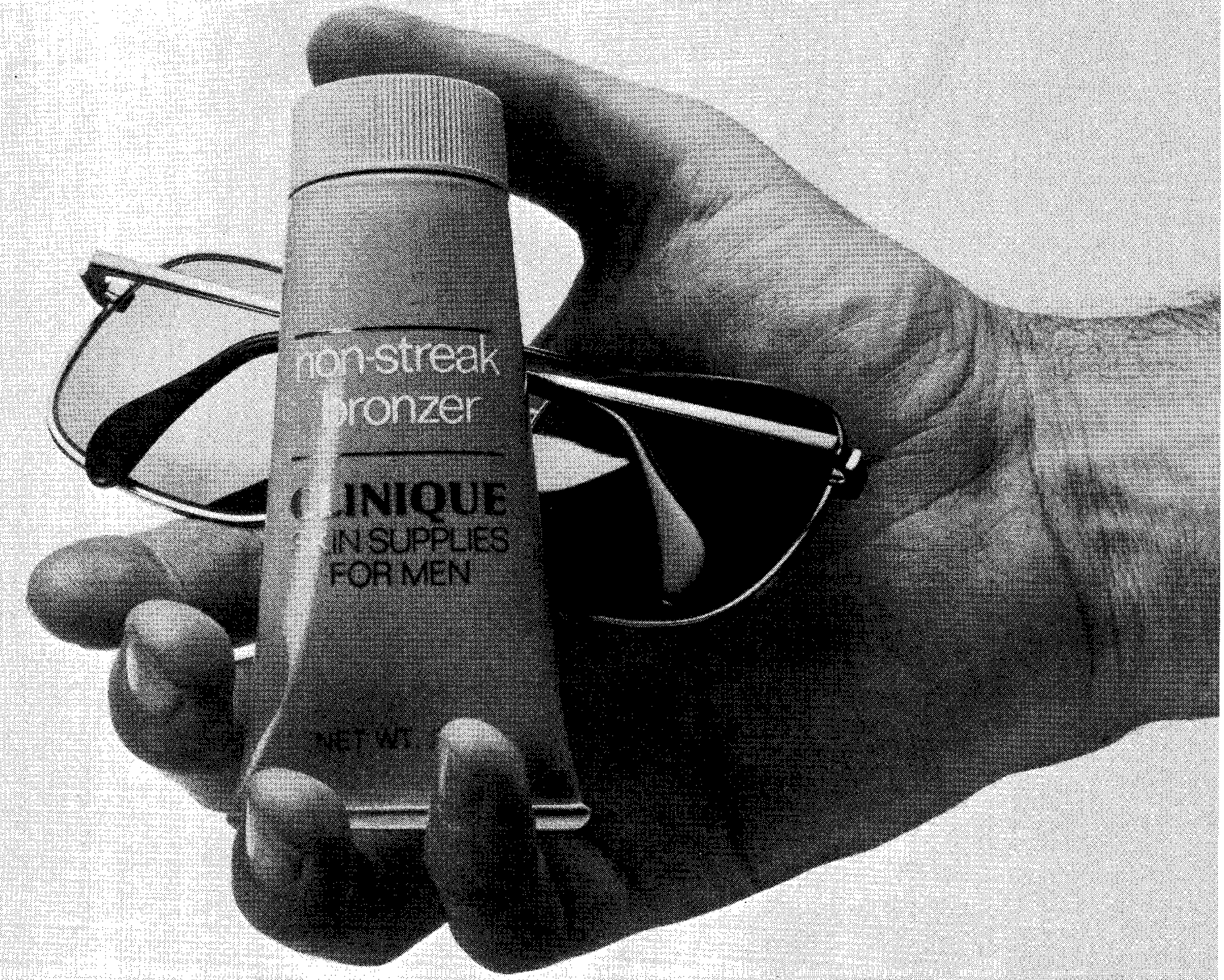

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, is wonderfully undiminished after almost fifty years. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Philip Astor as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Charles Adler substitutes for Mr. Astor at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey back in town with their annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, April 22, at 1; Monday through Thursday, April 23-26, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Carey Cromelin, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, at 8 and 10:30.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 18, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 21, at 2 and 8. For tickets call 289-0149, Wednesday through Friday between 1 and 3 and 5 and 7.)

DANCE

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NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 24—Tuesday, April 24, at 8: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Sonatine," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 25, at 8: "Allegro Brilliante," "Other Dances," and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 26, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday, April 27, at 8: "Serenade," "Bugaku," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 2: "Chaconne," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Sonatine," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Chaconne." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Saturday, June 16. The New York première of "Cinderella" will be presented the first week. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Tuesday, April 24, at 7:30; Wednesday, April 25, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, April 26-27, at 8; and Saturday, April 28, at 2 and 8.)

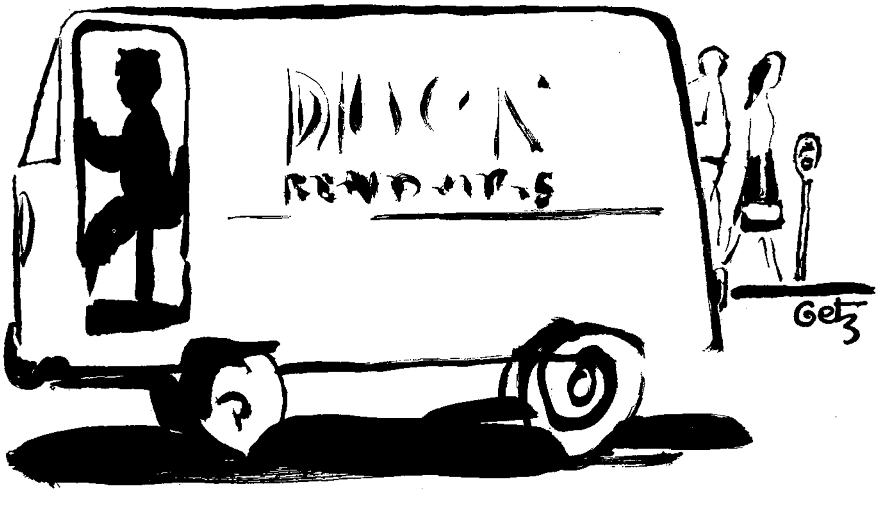
FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, April 18: "Play Bach," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 19: "Papillon" (New York première), "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 20: "Papillon," "Over the Pavement," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 21: "Straw Hearts," "Summer's Lease," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 22: "Papillon," "Adieu," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 22: "Straw Hearts," "Over the Pavement," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 24: "Three Dances," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 25: "Papillon," "The Jig Is Up," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 26: "Three Dances," "Summer's Lease," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 27: "Papillon," "Intermezzo," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 28: "Straw Hearts," "Play Bach," and "The Real McCoy." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 13.)

LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, April 18, at 8, and Saturday, April 21, at 2 and 8: "Capriccio," "Quest," "In Paradisum," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, April 22, at 2: "Seascape," "Findings," and "Alliances." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

PILAR RIOJA—Programs of flamenco dance. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 29.)

DANCEAFRICA FESTIVAL—A program of traditional African, Caribbean, and Brazilian dance performed by Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; the International Afrikan American Ballet; the Charles Moore Dance Theatre; Amaniye Payne; Women of the Calabash; the Loremil Machado Afro-Brazilian Dance Company; the Bucket Dance Theatre; and Melvin Deal's African Heritage Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 28, at 8, and Sunday, April 29, at 2 and 7.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **METROPOLITAN OPERA BALLET:** Wednesday through Saturday, April 18-21, at 8. . . . **SAEKO ICHINOHE & COMPANY:** Thursday, April 26, and Sunday, April 29, at 8; and Saturday, April 28, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)



NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings a program of Broadway show tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. The **BOB CUNNINGHAM–BROSS TOWNSEND** trio will be here through Saturday, April 21; Wednesday through Saturday, April 25-28, pianist **JAKI BYARD'S** threesome will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings here in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Pianist **OSCAR PETERSON'S ALL-STARS** will wind up their visit on Sunday, April 22; Monday, April 23, will be claimed by drummer **CHARLI PERSIP & SUPERBAND;** and on Tuesday, April 24, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** will move in. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

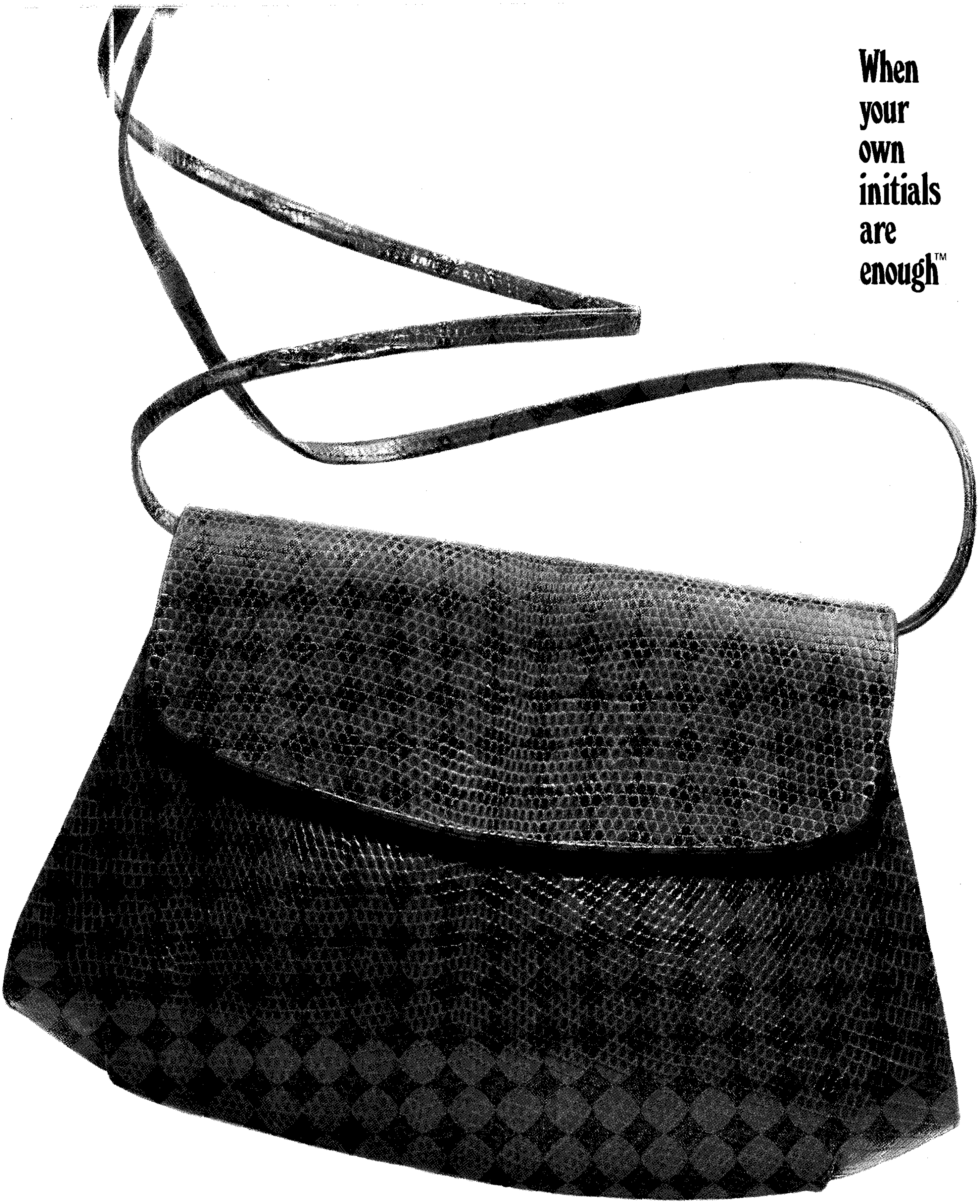
BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, mandolin wizard **DAVID GRISMAN** and Texas blues singer **JOHNNY COPELAND;** Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his orchestra and Ron Darian; Thursday, April 26, at eight and ten-thirty, the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI;** and beginning Friday, April 27, songs by Ellie Greenwich performed by Miss Greenwich and others. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** works with bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** through Saturday, April 21; on Monday, April 23, pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** will take up the cause. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back holding court in the Café Carlyle. In attendance are his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** his drummer, **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and his admirers, too numerous to mention here. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Tatum-inspired pianist, can be found here



When
your
own
initials
are
enough™

BOTTEGA VENETA

new york beverly hills stamford town center neiman-marcus venezia milano padova firenze parigi vienna madrid

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, April 18, Lipstick Stains, the Cutaways, and Broken Glass; Thursday, April 19, Long Ryders, Beat Rodeo, and Crazy Sunday; Friday, April 20, Pinhead, Paleface, and Venus-2; Saturday, April 21, the **COASTERS,** Moot, and Boys' Life; Sunday, April 22, Peter Holsapple and the Last Roundup; and Tuesday, April 24, Dairyland Jubilee, Dwi Zie, and the Beatniks. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Folksinger and Caribbeanist **LORD BURGESS** is present Tuesdays through Saturdays; **CARRIE SMITH,** a strong, moving singer, performs jazz and blues on Sundays and Mondays. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Fridays, Conway & Ryan; Saturday, April 21, Martha Burns, Leo Kretzner, and Howie Bursen; and Saturday, April 28, the Special Consensus Bluegrass Band. Music from nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet works Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, April 22, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young tenor saxophonist who plays in a big-voiced, swing-era style, will lead a quintet. On Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Ed Polcer's quintet is on hand. Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays fron ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz star's room. Comedian Pete Barbutti will be onstage through Sunday, April 22, and starting Tuesday, April 24, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** will sing here. Mondays are reserved for guitarists **LES PAUL** and **WAYNE WRIGHT.** Sets begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, April 18, at nine and eleven, Annie Golden and **GEORGE GERDES;** Thursday, April 19, at nine, Hunter Davis and Ultraprov; Friday, April 20, at eight and eleven, Buskin & Batteau and Ultraprov; Saturday, April 21, at eight and eleven, Frank Christian; Tuesday, April 24, at nine, Steve & Mark and Susan Schneider; Wednesday, April 25, at nine and eleven, **RICHARD HELL** and Suzanne Vega; and Saturday, April 28, at eight and eleven, **ELIZABETH (LIBBA) COTTEN** and Johnine Rankin. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

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GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: Through Thursday, April 19, **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER;** Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, the **CEDAR WALTON** trio; Monday and Tuesday, April 23-24, pianist Errol Parker and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN;** Wednesday, April 25, the **JOHN HICKS** duo; and Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, singer Marion Cowings. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). **ATTILA ZOLLER** and **JIMMY RANEY,** perhaps the best jazz guitarists to come out of Hungary and Kentucky, respectively, work together Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays, singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor. Sundays, Mr. Kerr plays mostly in a stride style and sings mostly in his own style from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave. at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the house stride-piano specialist, plays Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard, and Mondays are the property of **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are pianists and bassists: **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** through Saturday, April 21, and **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** Tuesday through Saturday, April 24-28. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The lineup: Wednesday, April 18, Pattie Donahue & the Waitresses; Thursday, April 19, Jack Mack & the Heart Attack and Jail Bait; Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, Six Gun and Soozie Tyrell & Great Balls of Fire; Monday, April 23, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT;** Thursday, April 26, the Chicken Leg Revue; and Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, Gabe Johnson and Blackwater. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. The lineup: **SPHERE,** a quartet composed of **CHARLIE ROUSE** (Thelonious Monk's tenor saxophonist for more than ten years), **BEN RILEY** (Monk's drummer for a bit in the sixties), bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and pianist **KENNY BARRON,** through Sunday, April 22; beginning Tuesday, April 24, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER'S** quintet, with **RANDY BRECKER, KENNY KIRKLAND, WILL LEE,** and **LENNY WHITE.** Mondays, the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI—LEW TABACKIN** big band inhabits the place. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Estelle Reiner will be dispensing songs, accompanied by bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** pianist **TOM GARVIN,** and drummer Joey Baron through Saturday, April 21; on Tuesday, April 24, **JULIE WILSON** will begin singing Stephen Sondheim's songs. Shows begin at nine-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Pianist **MC COY TYNER,** intense and rhythmic as always, will appear Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

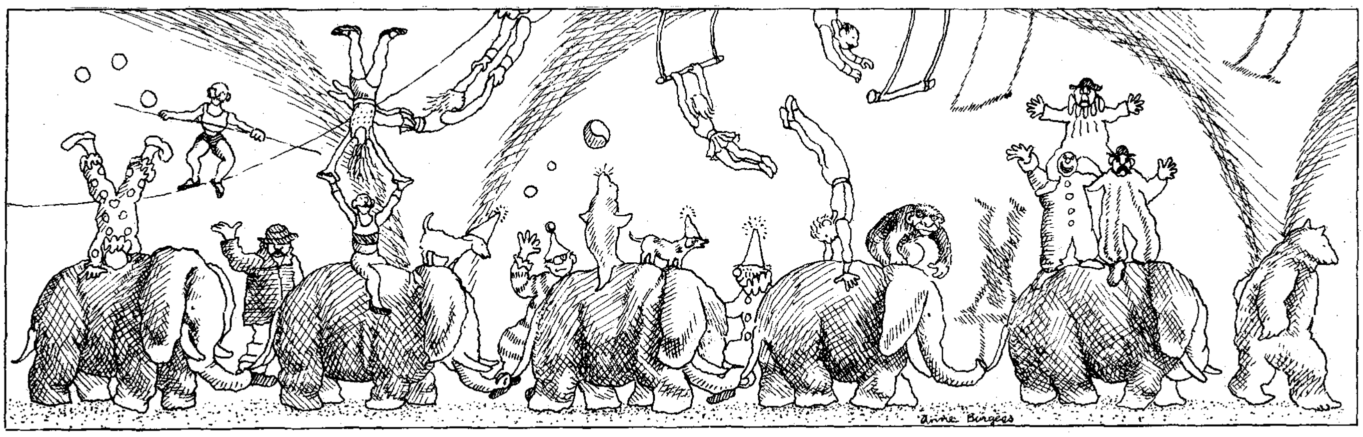
OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, April 18, Caspar, the Tomboys, the Burdette Brothers, and Special Rider; Thursday, April 19, Jonathan L. Segal, Day 1, the Adults, and Lisa Best & the Blue Flame; Friday, April 20, Feral, Pep in the Cat, and Piledriver; Saturday, April 21, the Kevin Harris band, This, Accent on Travvel, and Rex Vector; Sunday, April 22, the Catholic Girls, the Gladiators, and How 'bout It; Monday, April 23, Bergstrand & O'Melia, the Voicez, and Stained Glas; Tuesday, April 24, Drive, Tiffany, Keith Gale, and the Knobs; Thursday, April 26, Mark Newman & the Body Electric, Split Decision, and the Shakes; Friday, April 27, Tony Bird & the Long Grass Band, the Pinch, French TV, and Museum; and Saturday, April 28, Grape Jam, the Igloos, and L.E.S.R. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, April 20, Freedom of Choice & the Missionaries and Nude Ants; Saturday, April 21, the Chesterfield Kings and 10,000 Maniacs; Friday, April 27, the Planets; and Saturday, April 28, Urban Blight. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor where **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy



Introducing the 1985

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Precise road management engineered in a luxury automobile.

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Now take a ride... and discover what luxury really means. And, you'll experience spirited performance—with a 3.8 Liter V6 multi-port, fuel injected engine... standard on the Brougham. You travel in quiet splendor—virtually isolated from road noise and vibration.

That ride is made smoother by Ninety-Eight's new, precise road management system combining 4-wheel independent suspension, electronic level control, rack-and-pinion steering and front-wheel drive. You feel the road—but not the bumps.

The Ninety-Eight also features a new 3-year/36,000-mile, limited new-car warranty. A deductible may apply. See your dealer for details and a test drive.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, Cyndi Lauper; Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, **GANG OF FOUR;** Friday, April 27, Howard Jones; and Saturday, April 28, the Jim Carroll band. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Thursday, April 19, guitarist **BARRY FINNERTY,** tenor saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER,** and bassist **WILL LEE;** Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, the **JOHN HICKS**—Leslie Wood quintet; Sunday, April 22, Errol Parker's sextet; Monday, April 23, Snowflight, with pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS** and drummer **BUDDY WILLIAMS;** Tuesday, April 24, Ed Palermo's big band; Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, Brazilian guitarist Ronaldo; and Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, tenor saxophonist **LOU MARINI** & Friends. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, April 18, the **DANIEL PONCÉ** band; Thursday, April 19, Kimati Dinizulu and the Kyoto Society; Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday through Thursday, April 24-26, Les Etoiles; Friday, April 27, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** and Saturday, April 28, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** will guide an octet through Saturday, April 21; bassist **RON CARTER** will bring in a foursome on Tuesday, April 24. Two evenings in tribute to Duke Ellington will be offered on Sunday, April 22 (with singers **SATHIMA BEA BENJAMIN,** Betty Roche, Joya Sherrill, and Anita Moore, and the Lloyd Mayer trio), and on Monday, April 23 (with South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM'S** group, featuring saxophonists **CARLOS WARD** and **RICKY FORD,** bassist **CECIL MC BEE,** and others). Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hang-out. Rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY** is here on Wednesdays; Thursday, April 19, singer Tom Pacheco will perform; Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, and Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, **CHARLES BROWN,** the smoothy R. & B. singer and red-hot piano pounder, can be heard; and Sunday, April 22, is given over to the Delancey Street Hawaiians. Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on April 23, **EL GRAN COMBO** and **CHARANGA AMERICA** will trade sets and back up guest soloist, trombonist **STEVE TURRE.** And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and a bassist work out every night but Monday. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** head up a quartet through Sunday, April 22; on Tuesday, April 24, the podium will be preëmpted by guitarist **LARRY CORYELL'S** combo. On Mondays the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is in charge. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The performers: Mondays through Wednesdays, Rebecca Kane, and Thursdays through Sundays, Charles Blenzig and Tom Charlap. Music from eight-thirty until two.

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WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** leads his quintet, Two Tenor Boogie, through Saturday, April 21; altoist **LEE KONITZ** will drop by on Sunday, April 22; and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD (CORNBREAD) SINGER** starts performing on Monday, April 23. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A roster of duos: guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** through Saturday, April 21; bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts on Sunday, April 22; and pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** starting Tuesday, April 24. Mr. Roberts is at the piano on Mondays. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE ON BROADWAY—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Preview benefit performance Wednesday, April 18. Opens officially on Thursday, April 19, and will run through Sunday, May 20. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.

ELLY STONE—With Elliot Weiss and the 104 Bus. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, at 8.)

NANCY WILSON AND GATO BARBIERI—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, April 20, at 8.

RARA CELEBRATION WITH LA TROUPE MAKANDAL—Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Friday, April 20, at 8.

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Two concerts in tribute to Duke Ellington. Friday, April 20, at 9 and 10:30: Harold Mabern and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 9 and 11: The Norris Turney Ensemble. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

DICK HYMAN AND RUBY BRAFF—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 27, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

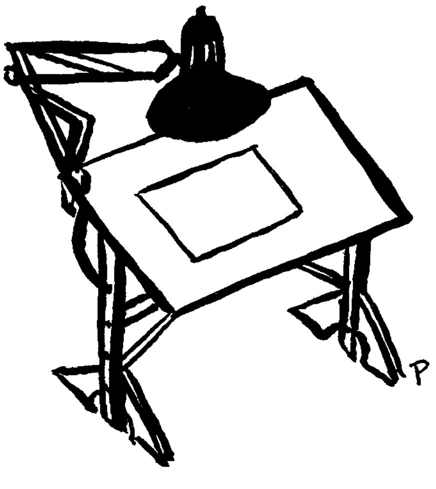
SANDRA BERNHARD—With the Washington Squares. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

LENNART ANDERSON—Still-life, figure, and portrait drawings dating from the fifties to the present. Through Saturday, April 28. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)



RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Abstract paintings entitled "The Temple Series," and so named for their inspiration—a trip the artist made to Egypt in 1980. Through May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DAVID BECK / RICHARD HICKAM—Sculptures in mixed mediums, including a standing figure representing an artist at work, and box constructions. / Paintings of abstractions derived from figures. Through May 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Constructions made up of antique components—dolls' heads, mannequins, children's blocks, and the like—encased in apposite frames. Through Saturday, April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

FERNANDO BOTERO—Drawings in charcoal and in red chalk. Through May 25. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALAN DAVIE—Cobras, chickens, lizards, Krishna, magic eyes, gongs, and songbirds are among the West and East Indian symbols incorporated in the new crop of pictographic paintings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

TONY DELAP—Abstract paintings (some on shaped canvases), painted-wood sculptures (some on the floor, some on the wall), and works on paper. Through May 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Twenty paintings and six sculptures executed as early as the forties and as recently as 1982. Through May 12. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

KLAUS FUSSMANN—Semi-abstract watercolor landscapes. Through Saturday, April 21. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Windowlike constructions made of wood, covered over with modelling paste, and painted in deep, rich casein colors. Through May 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

JEFFREY KRONSNOBLE—New paintings by a trompe-l'oeil specialist. Through Saturday, April 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Fifty drawings from the years 1961 to 1983. Through May 12. (James Goodman, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Three large oils and related watercolors and prints. Through May 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JUAN NICKFORD—Stylized sculptures evoking figures, in highly polished, burnished metal. Through Tuesday, April 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

PETER PASSUNTINO / ARMANDO LONDOÑO—Fantasy paintings. / Works on paper depicting chairs. Through Friday, April 27. (Séguy, 61 W. 62nd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 7.)

LARRY RIVERS—Oils, collages, and works on paper from the sixties. Through Saturday, April 28. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CLIFFORD ROSS / JOHN COVERT (1882-1960)—New works, including one in which a reclining bronze nude is the centerpiece for painted canvases depicting a garden and a reflecting pool. / Paintings and photographs of figures. Through Saturday, April 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM STEIG AND JEANNE STEIG—A legion of drawings, which have appeared on the pages of this magazine, four covers done for same, and children's book illustrations, by the former; and small wood constructions depicting a circus in full swing, as well as figurative cloth-and-leather sculptures (life-size, at that), by the latter. Through May 12. (Schiller-Wapner, 36 E. 61st St.)

ROBERT SUTZ—Chicago "L" platforms are the subject of several paintings by this realist. Through May 12. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

WILLIAM WILKINS—Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, and figures. Through May 5. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: The current artists-in-residence at the Cranbrook Academy of Art are represented in an exhibit complementing a show that will open at the Metropolitan Museum on Friday, April 20. Some of the names here are George Ortman and Roy Slade (painting), Michael Hall (sculpture), and Carl Toth (photography). Through Tuesday, April 24. (Open

Mondays.) . . . **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: Italian, Dutch, and Flemish baroque paintings, twenty-nine in all. Through May 5. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HUTTON,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger, Alexej Jawlensky, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee. Through May 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by artists (Thomas Cole, Mary Cassatt, Walt Kuhn, and others) active in such movements as the Hudson River School, Impressionism, and modernism. Through Saturday, April 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings, the majority pencil, by ten contemporary artists—Akira Arita, Simon Dinnerstein, Richard Hamwi, Nancy Lawton, and others. Through Saturday, April 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS / KENNETH SNELSON—Abstract paintings. / Panoramic photographs, nearly four feet long, of Venice. Through Saturday, April 21. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SIEGFRIED ANZINGER AND HUBERT SCHMALIX—Expressionist paintings by two young Viennese artists. Through Saturday, April 21. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SIAH ARMAJANI—Sculptures that are functional—tables, mirrors, and windows, for instance. Through Saturday, April 28. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY (1907-81)—Five decades of work by this pioneer abstract artist are covered in a two-gallery show, the smaller paintings at the uptown Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and the larger ones at the downtown Washburn, 113 Greene St. Through May 5.

HAROLD BRUDER—Paintings of sumptuously draped fabrics, entitled "The Vault Series," because the artist executed them in a vault beneath a men's clothing store. Through May 5. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

HARRISON BURNS—Recent paintings incorporating collage and stencils. Through May 12. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

SQUEAK CARNWATH—This artist, whose adopted name is a diminutive of Pipsqueak, fills her canvases with symbols—firecrackers, eyes, coils of rope, fish, vases, simple figures, and so on—somewhat in the manner of Torres-García. Through Saturday, April 28. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

LOUISA CHASE—Large, colorful new paintings in which hands, feet, or torsos can be made out through a scrim of cross-hatching. Through Saturday, April 21. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

CHARLES COINER—Paintings of pastures and woods in Bucks County, among other works. Through May 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT COURTRIGHT—Cast-paper masks housed in Plexiglas boxes. Through Saturday, April 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

STUART DIAMOND—Painted constructions combining found objects, terra-cotta, and wood. Through Saturday, April 28. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

MICHAEL FILMUS—Romantic paintings of the Berkshires. Through Saturday, April 28. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SUZAN FRECON / MICHAEL KESSLER—Shadowy abstractions painted in earth colors. / Small paintings in which organic forms are given a surrealist twist. Through Saturday, April 28. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—A series of five large paintings, four of them representing fire, earth, air, and water, and the fifth—an ascending female figure—representing the corresponding spiritual element. Through May 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—"Cities of the World," an eightieth-birthday show of paintings. Through May 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

RED GROOMS—Constructions, metal sculptures, paintings, drawings, and graphics, a good many capitalizing on recent travels to such countries as Japan and Greece and several paying tribute to other artists, such as Giacometti and Beuys. Through May 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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WILLIAM L. HANEY—Realist narrative paintings and drawings whose subjects are decidedly topical: our President, women bodybuilders, and, inevitably, Michael Jackson. Through May 12. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ELGA HEINZEN—Shaped paintings representing draped flags, among them the Mexican, Kenyan, Canadian, Brazilian, Belgian, Italian, and British national emblems, as well as Old Glory. Through May 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT HUDSON—Painted-metal sculptures. Through May 3. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

BARBARA KASSEL—Crisp paintings of interiors in Venice, North Africa, South Africa, and Cape Cod, with glimpses of the outside—a curving beach, say, or a radiant sunset. Through Saturday, April 28. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL LOEW—Geometric paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

ANDREW LORD—The subject of these new ceramic sculptures is pitchers, and the artist rings all the changes possible, from a straightaway jug on a plate to cubist abstractions. Through Saturday, April 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

ANN MCCOY / MARTHA DIAMOND—Fantasy drawings in colored pencil, and small, related bronzes. / Monotypes. Through Saturday, April 21. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

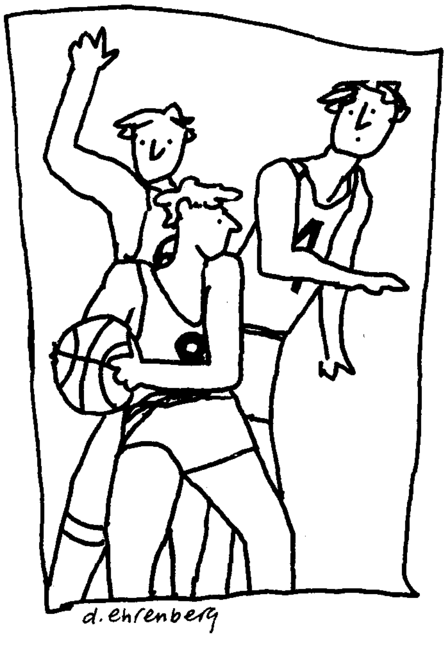
CARL MORRIS—New paintings by a veteran abstractionist. Through Saturday, April 28. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GEORGE NICK / GARTH EVANS—Boston vistas, still-lifes, and two antiquated trucks, painted by an artist who works in a mobile studio on the back of a truck. / Geometric planes made of plywood painted and put together in abstract wall sculptures. Through Wednesday, April 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

KENNETH NOLAND—Painted monotypes. Through May 5. (Prats, 29 W. 57th St.)

KENZO OKADA (1902-82)—A group of the subdued abstractions for which the artist was famous. Through Saturday, April 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN OPPER—Abstractions. Through Wednesday, April 25. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)



DARRAGH PARK—Still-lifes, landscapes, and cityscapes. Through Saturday, April 28. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Sculptures of still-lifes and figures: freestanding, in relief, and affixed to the wall. Through May 12. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LEE TRIBE—Welded-steel sculptures by an artist who learned metalworking in the shipyards of London. Through Saturday, April 28. (Munroe, 56 W. 57th St.)

PETER VOGEL / STEPHEN AUGER—Electronic sculptures described as "imaginary models of simple cybernetic systems taken from biology, engineering, and psychology." / Nonobjective paintings on handmade paper. Through Saturday, April 28. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

IDELLE WEBER—Wall-size floral landscape paintings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

EMERSON WOELFFER—Abstractions in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, April 28. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: "The Decorative Continues," paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary artists (Joyce Kozloff, Rodney Ripps, Miriam Schapiro) and by their stylistic predecessors Henri Matisse and Florine Stettheimer. Through Saturday, April 28. . . . **GALERIE MAEGHT LELONG,** 9 W. 57th St.: Paintings (some new, some not) by Guston, Mangold, Marden, Morley, and Twombly. Through Friday, April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: More than sixty American paintings by big names from this century and last (Rembrandt Peale, Charles Demuth, John Marin) and also by contemporaries, such as Philip McCracken and Colleen Browning. Through May 31. . . . **SUMERS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Prints incorporating some kind of building (from beach house to skyscraper); Lozowick, Walkowitz, Wengenroth, and others. Through May 5. . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St.: A single drawing each by twenty-three contemporary American artists, including Anna Bialobroda, Robert Longo, and Ed Paschke. Through Saturday, April 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WUNDERLICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by nineteenth-century American artists Francis A. Silva, Charles Wimar, Thomas Moran, Alfred Bricher, and others. Through Saturday, April 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

DONALD BAECHLER—Very large cartoonish figures, including caricatures of Japanese people, each with a Rising Sun flag, painted on a patchy background. Through Saturday, April 28. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

JOHN BALDESSARI / JAMES CASEBERE—Large photographic works by a Conceptualist. / Small sculptures incorporating cardboard, plaster, and wood, all painted white. Through Saturday, April 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

GEORG BASELITZ—The Stations of the Cross painted in a much softer palette than one expects from this German Neo-Expressionist, and, of course, upside down. Through Saturday, April 28. (Boone, in newly expanded quarters at 417 West Broadway.)

BILL BECKLEY—Big paintings, lavishly collaged with strips of wood, magazine clippings, photographs, and so on. Through Tuesday, April 24. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

GARY BOWER / JOSEPH SANTORE—Two groups of new paintings, one representing the four seasons, the other showing Hercules besting the Nemean lion, wrestling Antaeus, and dealing with the Hydra. / Paintings in which abstract forms enclose a mass of recognizable objects, mainly fish. Through May 5. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

NANCY CHUNN—Paintings in which machines are mangling amorphous shapes, which are actually maps of troubled areas—Lebanon, El Salvador, Argentina, Poland, Israel, and so on. Through Saturday, April 28. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

DEBORAH CLEARMAN—Small oils of imaginary scenes conveying a range of emotions. Through May 2. (First Street Gallery, 386

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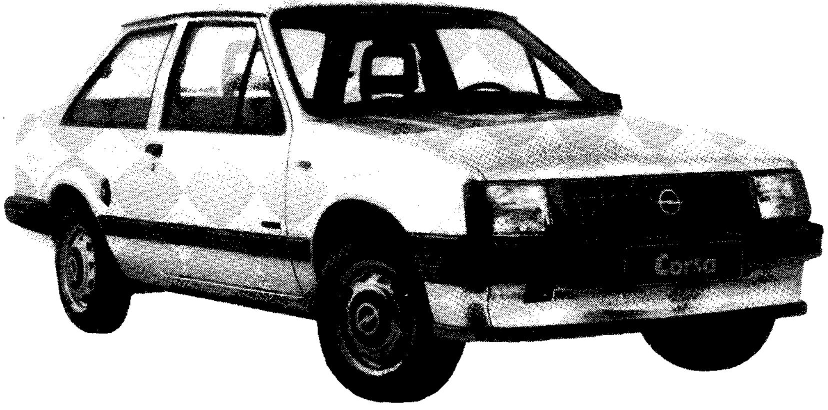

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West Broadway. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Arthur Cohen / Wayne Brown—Large paintings based on architectural themes, in orange, black, and red. / Sculptures made of dried bushes festooned with plaster, latex rubber, cheesecloth, black paint, etc., so that they look like gigantic insects and Halloween bugaboos. Through Saturday, April 21. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Robert Colescott—Paintings that illustrate ballads and proverbs in comic-book style and change the sex and race of some of the subjects—St. Anthony, for instance, is seen as a black man tempted by blond houris. Through May 5. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Thom Cooney Crawford / Jody Mussoff—Severely stylized and thickly painted jackknifed figures, plus related bronzes. / Large drawings of young men and women and of dogs, expertly rendered in colored pencil. Through May 2. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

René Daniels—Large, lighthearted paintings by a deft Dutch artist who, for example, caricatures the World Trade Center in a work entitled "Two I's Fighting Over One Dot." Through Saturday, April 21. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Jean Feinberg / Don Hazlitt—A delicately outlined geometric form painted on a pale, low-keyed background is characteristic of these new paintings. / Painted wood-and-cardboard constructions, with industrial themes. Through Saturday, April 21. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Perle Fine—Paintings from the fifties and sixties by a New York School artist. Through May 5. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Marilynn Gelfman / Duane Hanson—Small-scale sculptures combining elements that are both man-made and organic, hornet nests decorated with gold glitter being one example. / A new group of this artist's superrealist polyethylene figures (a jogger with a sore foot, a postman) and, his first bronze, a janitor with a mop. Through April 29; we know it's a Sunday, but the gallery will be open on that day. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In other rooms, large abstract paintings by Anthony Sorce, and photographs by Greg MacGregor of unconventional blasting undertaken by himself, with gunpowder—to remove a fender from an old car, for instance, and to help tumble-dry the laundry.

Steve Gianakos—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures ranging from 1974 to the present, by a satirist who favors anthropomorphic objects and animals—penguins as waitresses, that sort of thing. Through Saturday, April 21. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Shirley Gorelick—Paintings of rocky chasms inspired by a trip to the Gorges du Verdon, France. Through Wednesday, April 25. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Don Gummer—Wall reliefs made of latticelike wood constructions painted in bright colors. Through Saturday, April 28. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Fred Gutzeit / Betti-Sue Hertz—A hundred work gloves, loaded with paint and collaged materials. / Abstract wall sculptures combining wood and canvas. Through Saturday, April 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

David Kapp—Traffic streaking along McGuiness Boulevard in Brooklyn at night provides a wellspring of subject matter for this painter. Through Saturday, April 21. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Nancy Ketchman—Realistically rendered three-dimensional paintings of still-lifes and figures. Through May 6. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Ronnie Landfield / Gerald Incandela—Large abstract paintings in bright colors, laid on with a trowel. / Photographs of architectural curiosities—prehistoric New Mexican ruins, for instance, or the pinnacle of Chambord—worked over with developing chemicals. Through Saturday, April 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Kate Millett—Drawings and photographs constitute the artist's biographical study of photographer Cynthia MacAdams. Through Sunday, April 22. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Mary Miss—A variety of sculptures (in wood, mostly) that are scaled for interior spaces; the works date from 1966-84. Through May 5. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Spring and Broome Sts. Opens at noon.)

Naomi Nemtzow—Plein-air Manhattan cityscapes. Also, still-lifes. Through May 2. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays and Sunday, April 22, at noon.)

Don Nice—Emblematic paintings of the American landscape, Coke cans, hamburgers, and all. Through May 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Lois Polansky—Works in handmade paper. Through May 16. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Lucio Pozzi—A three-gallery show of paintings and constructions from the past two years. (Weber, 142 Greene St. Through Wednesday, April 25. . . . ¶ Castelli, 142 Greene St. Through Saturday, April 21. . . . ¶ Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Through Saturday, April 21.)

Tony Scherman—Encaustic paintings, mostly portraits of pieces of furniture, done with the swift strokes this hot-wax medium necessitates. Through Saturday, April 28. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Thek—Paintings, notebook drawings, and bronzes. Through May 3. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Paul Waldman—Clay sculptures (some accented with gold leaf), gold-leaf collages, and drawings. Through May 12. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.,** 63 Crosby St.: Expressionist paintings by ten women artists, among them Mary Beth Edelson, Jody Pinto, and Austé. Through Saturday, April 21. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a show that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FELDMAN,** 31 Mercer St.: A show of fifties and sixties fashions (Dior, Fath, Balenciaga) on shopwindow mannequins, and art work (Hofmann, Kline, Warhol), meant to contrast ironically with the simultaneous onset of the Cold War, represented by a prototype model for the Vanguard satellite. Through May 12. . . . **MEISEL,** 141 Prince St.: Paintings by Theodoros Stamos, Ernest Ruckle, and Paul Giovanopoulos. Through Saturday, April 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

Kazufumi Homma—Shadowy figures silhouetted against a background of multicolored dots in a sort of reverse Pointillism, and a few abstract landscapes handled the same way. Through Saturday, April 21. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Grégoire Müller—Big figurative paintings executed in the past couple of years. Through Saturday, April 21. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Suzan Pitt—Recent acrylic paintings in which contemporary themes are played out on canvases covered with a large cast of comic-book characters. Through May 19. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

The Figurative Mode—Paintings by six Bay Area artists—Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, Richard Diebenkorn, Nathan Oliveira, David Park, and Paul Wonner—in a show that covers their work between 1956 and 1966. Through Saturday, April 28. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St.: A show titled "Synthetic Art" consists of paintings (by five artists) selected to support the thesis that it is healthy for today's art to feed on yesterday's. . . . ¶ In a rear gallery, the façades of the four ministries from Orwell's "1984," carved in solid graphite by Alex McFarlane. Both shows through Saturday, April 21. . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: Images of childhood is the constant in stylistically diverse paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by thirty-three contemporary artists, including Emily Jennings, Don Eddy, and Don Rodan. Mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through May 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **NEW YORK STUDIO SCHOOL,** 8 W. 8th St.: Abstract paintings and drawings by Forrest Bess, Alfred Jensen, and Myron Stout, three artists known for their artistic independence. Through May 2. (Opens at 1.) . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: An exhibition in which works classified by the curator as either beautiful/pleasant or ugly/offensive are paired. Some of the mates are André Kertész and Sylvia Plachy, Al Held and Katherine Porter, and Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt and Alice Neel. Through Saturday, April 28. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Baron Adolf de Meyer (1869-1946)—Fashion, travel, and portrait photographs and photogravures from throughout his career. Through May 12. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Arnold Genthe (1869-1942) / **Gertrude Blom**—Portraits of Teddy Roosevelt, Ezra Pound, Sarah Bernhardt, and other notables, and scenes of Japan in 1908 are just a few of the many photographs. / A pictorial essay on the more than forty years this woman has spent documenting the Mayan Indians in Chiapas, Mexico. Through May 27. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Frank Horvat / Larry Fink—Fashion photographs from the fifties and sixties which appeared in *Vogue*, *Elle*, and so forth. / Nature studies, especially of the praying mantis at work and at play. Through Saturday, April 21. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Cervin Robinson—Photographs of religious landmarks in all the boroughs. Through May 9. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Ezra Stoller and Judith Turner—Architectural photographs. Through May 5. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Margaret Watkins (1884-1969)—Still-lifes, landscapes, portraits, and nudes. Also, a few

works by some of her students, among them Ralph Steiner, Doris Ulmann, and Laura Gilpin. Through May 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joel-Peter Witkin—Symbolic, hand-altered photographs and related drawings by an artist who uses grotesques as models. Through Saturday, April 21. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At LAURENCE MILLER, 38 E. 57th St.: One-of-a-kind prints using photographic processes and materials, early and late: from daguerreotypes and photogenic drawings right up to works by experimenters Man Ray, Duane Michals, Naomi Savage, and others. Through Saturday, April 28. (Opens at noon.) . . . WITKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: A fifteenth-anniversary show, representing quite a roll call: Atget, Muybridge, Abbott, DeCarava, and Weegee are but a small sample. Though May 26. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cranbrook Academy of Art begins, appropriately enough, with the gates Eliel Saarinen designed in 1928 for the entrance to the adjacent boys' school and ends with a model for the Dulles International Airport designed in the late fifties by his son Eero. In between, the visitor is taken on a tour of furniture, objects, and drawings by first-generation faculty and students, including Charles and Ray Eames, Knoll, and Bertoia. There is also an assortment of sculptures, paintings, and textiles. Starts Friday, April 20. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus. Through May 13. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations until May.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: A selection of about two hundred works from the last decade of his career, divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Four large-scale sculptures by Michael Singer, one installed in the museum's rotunda; also, a dozen drawings. Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings. Through May 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series, "Nancy Outside in July," totalling twenty-five final prints, plus trial and working proofs. Starts Friday, April 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred paintings in diverse styles by thirty artists who make their homes in Western states. Among those already familiar here are Joan Brown, Robert Colescott, Jaune Quick-to-See-Smith, and Gaylen Hansen. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—It's time to do your paleoanthropological homework; do it at an exhibition of more than fifty human and prehuman fossils—the Heidelberg jaw, the Sale skull, Neanderthal man, the Taung child. They're all there, in cases designed especially for them. . . . ¶ The history of China's trade with the West from the second century B.C. to this one is documented in an exhibit of, among many other goods, textiles, jade, lacquerware, and furniture; they come primarily from the collections of the Royal Ontario Museum, which organized the show. Through May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. . . . ¶ Etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through Sunday, April 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers. Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious objects, such as Torah ornaments and synagogue furnishings. (Open daily except Saturdays, Wednesday, April 18, and Monday and Tuesday, April 23-24. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Etienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of seventy-seven Currier & Ives lithographs extolling the exploits of the American Navy, from the Revolutionary War through the Spanish-American. On loan from the United States Naval Academy. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred-plus paintings provide a short course on painters from the American South, sixteenth century to twentieth. Three of the artists are Joshua Johnston, represented by an 1818 portrait of Mrs. Thomas Everette and children; Rembrandt Peale, with a portrait of Benjamin Henry Latrobe done 1810-15; and Larry Rivers, with the 1961 "Last Civil War Veteran." Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—A ten-year survey of paintings by Houston artist Earl Staley. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection pays tribute to the Academy of American Poets—this year marks its fiftieth—with a display of books, manuscripts, and letters by American poets Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, May Swenson, Robert Penn Warren, Mark Strand, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

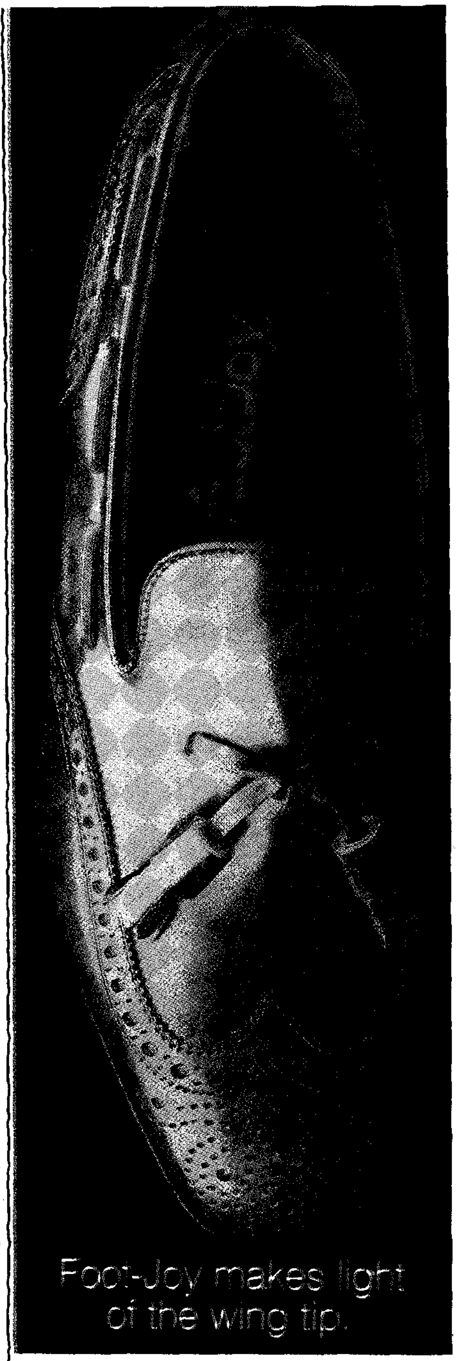
Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ A show of works in mixed mediums by Terry Adkins, James Brown, and Leon Waller, all of whom have participated in the museum's artist-in-residence program. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Kristinn Hardarson (performance), Wednesday, April 18, at 8; Elizabeth Sacre (performance), Thursday, April 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A show of books and other works on paper by artists from Iceland. Starts Thursday, April 19.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Four hour-long documentaries on American composers Robert Ashley, John Cage,



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Philip Glass, and Meredith Monk will be shown Saturday and Sunday, April 21-22, two at 6:30 and two at 9:30. The director is Peter Greenaway. . . . ¶ Johanna Boyce (performance/dance), Thursday through Tuesday, April 26-May 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A three-channel video installation by Bill Stevens, concerning black culture here and in Africa. Through Saturday, April 28.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The main exhibition is a show of paintings by Australian artists Mike Parr, Imants Tillers, and Ken Unsworth. . . . ¶ The second floor is given over to contemporary portraits by more than a hundred artists. Both shows through June 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 18, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 19, at 8: "Billy Budd," with Lenus Carlson, Richard Cassilly, and Morley Meredith; David Atherton. . . . ¶ Friday, April 20, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Carol Neblett, Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Italo Tajo; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 8: "Billy Budd," with Dale Duesing, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; David Atherton.

Vienna Volksoper—The final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 18, at 8, and Sunday, April 22, at 2 and 7:30: "Czardas Princess." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 8: "Die Fledermaus." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 2 and 8: "The Merry Widow." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 29, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Robert Shaw directing performances of Brahms' Requiem Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, at 8, and Tuesday, April 24, at 7:30 (all with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Thomas Allen, baritone; and the Westminster Choir; on Tuesday, Marvis Martin will replace Miss Mitchell). . . . ¶ David Zinman conducting a Brahms-Prokofieff program on Thursday, April 26, at 8; Friday, April 27, at 2; Saturday, April 28, at 8; and Tuesday, May 1, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin, except on Tuesday, when Glenn Dicterow will be violin soloist in place of Mr. Stern).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, at 8, a Tchaikovsky-Shostakovich program, with Ivo Pogorelich, piano. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8, an Otto Nicolai–Peter Lieberson–Tchaikovsky program, with Peter Serkin, piano.)

Montreal Symphony Orchestra—Charles Dutoit conducting a Ravel-Prokofieff-Berlioz program, with Martha Argerich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting three performances of an all-Beethoven program, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8, the second in a series of three concerts. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 28, at 8, and Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

Orpheus—With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Peter Maag directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Evelyne Brunner, soprano; Benedetta Pecchioli, mezzo-soprano; Curtis Rayam, tenor; Louis Lebherz, bass; and the Oratorio Society of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one devoted to music by Berio, Boulez, and new European composers. With Diamánda Galás and Karen Beardsley, sopranos, and Guy Klucevsek, accordion. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

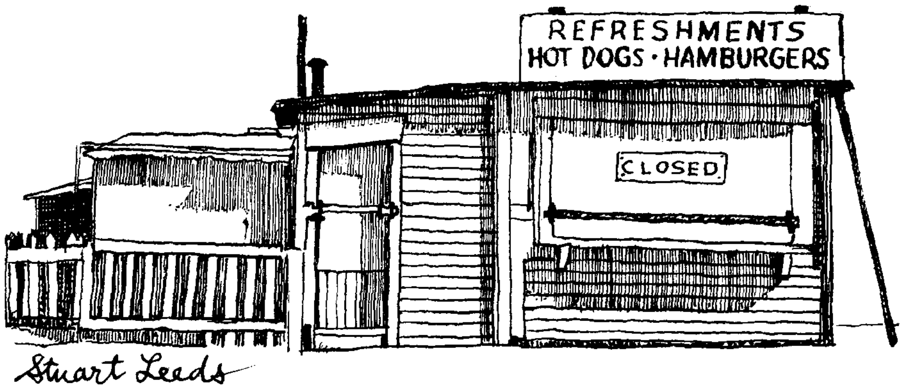
Mozartean Players Classical-Period Orchestra—Steven Lubin playing the fortepiano and conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Orchestra—Michael Feldman conducting a program of American music, with Ilana Vered, piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Gwendolyn Bradley, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Jon Humphrey, tenors; and Malcolm Smith and Justino Díaz, basses. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 7:30.)

Bach's "St. John Passion"—Paul Halley directing the Cathedral Singers and two other choruses, with Thomas Bogden, tenor; Bruce Kramer, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, April 20, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . ¶ Frank Cedric Smith directing the Grace Church Choral Society, with Dilys Smith, soprano; Anita Gatti, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Warren and Steven Sturk, tenors; William Bonecutter, baritone; and an orchestra. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, April 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande—A



program of cantatas and orchestral works by Bach and others, with Frederick Renz, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

Barnard–Columbia Chorus and the Columbia University Orchestra—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem and Howard Shanet directing Brahms' Chorale Preludes. With Ma Prem Alimo, soprano; Paul Rowe, bass; and the New Calliope Singers. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Howard Greenblatt—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, April 18, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

American Brass Quintet—A program of Elizabethan and contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—A program of music by Seymour Shifrin, with Christine Whittlesley, soprano; Speculum Musicae; the Atlantic Spring Quartet; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 18, at 8:30.)

André-Michel Schub—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The last in a series of concerts, this one featuring the American String Quartet; the Boehm Quintette; Samuel Sanders, piano; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program featuring electronic music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 19, at 8. For tickets, call 280-3050.)

Mannes Chamber Ensemble—Per Previg conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, April 20, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ida Kavafian, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Lee Luvisi and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and William Bland, composer-pianist. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8, and Sunday, April 22, at 5.) . . . ¶ The Emerson String Quartet. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, April 28, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 2.)

Robert Mann and Yefim Bronfman—Violin and piano, in a program of Mozart sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

Soon-Hee Lee—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Benjamin Oren—Piano, in the second in a series of three all-Beethoven programs, this one with Dora Schwarzberg, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 5:30.)

Mannes Percussion Ensemble—Howard van Hyning conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Monday, April 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Justus Frantz—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 24, at 8.)

Diana-Maria Corto—Soprano, with the Rachmaninoff Trio. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, April 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Ransom Wilson and Jean-Philippe Collard—Flute and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Marya Martin—Flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Tremont String Quartet—Contemporary chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Gidon Kremer and Kim Kashkashian—Violin and viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

Rivka Golani-Erdesz—Viola. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

Horacio Gutiérrez and the Cleveland Quartet—Piano and string quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

The Bach Winterfest—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Harold Jones, flute; Bert Lucarelli, oboe; and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, April 27, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St., on Saturday, April 28, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Continuum—A program of theatre music from the turn of the century. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Jerry Hadley—Tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, April 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, April 28, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Friday, April 20, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 21-22, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Monday, April 23, at 8, and Tuesday, April 24, at 1. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 8.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Conference preliminary playoffs: Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Sunday, April 22, at 8, and, if necessary, Wednesday, April 25, at 9.) . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-8888. Sunday, April 22, at 1, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 24, at 8.)

Crew—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 21.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 21.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby. Saturday, April 21.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 28.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 28.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Patrick Division finals: Islanders vs. Washington Capitals. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The fifth game Wednesday, April 18, at 8:05, and the seventh game, if necessary, Sunday, April 22, at 7:05.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 7. The Bold Ruler, Friday, April 20, and the Wood Memorial Invitational, Saturday, April 21. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, April 27, through Saturday, Sept. 1.

Running—The Trevira Twosome, a ten-mile race, will start at 10:30 on Saturday, April 28, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish back at the same place.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

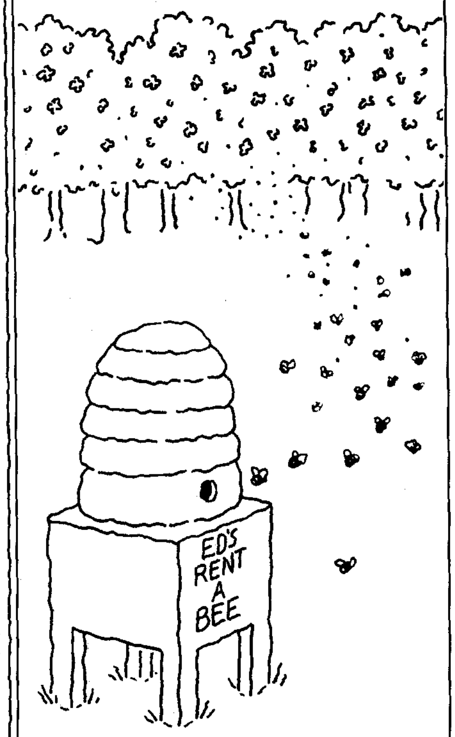
ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Richard Price and John Fox reading from their own novels. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, April 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ James Merrill and Charles Simic reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, April 20, at 8.) . . . ¶ Rosellen Brown reading from her own fiction. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, April 24, at 7:30.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4; through Sunday, April 29.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St.—Thursday, April 19, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, April 18, from 9:30 to 5.) . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, April 25, at 11: Furniture, paintings, and decorations. Exhibition starts Sunday, April 22.

A FRANK DISCUSSION ABOUT THE PEARS AND THE BEES.



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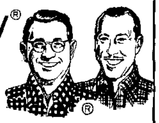

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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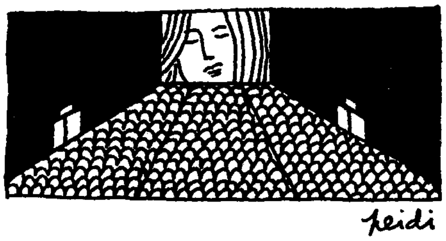

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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 22: "Mayerling" (1936 †).
From April 24: A program of films by Dziga Vertov and others who have been influenced by him.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Swing Shift" (directed by Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 19: "Against All Odds" (†); and "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), *with Burt Reynolds and Julie* Andrews.
From April 20: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Splash" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through April 19: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield. From April 20: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
April 18: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
From April 19: "Wild Horses" (Derek Morton; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence and Keith Aberdein.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"My Best Friend's Girl" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).
Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 19: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield. From April 20: "Conquest."
Theatre 2: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through April 19: "The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyongyossy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).
From April 20: "Kipperbang" (Michael Apted).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through April 19: "Against All Odds" (†).
From April 20: "Champions" (John Irvin), with John Hurt.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 19: "The Dresser" (†).
From April 20: To be announced.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Splash" (†).

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).
Theatre 2: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 19: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.
From April 20: "Conquest."

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: "Turumba" (1981; directed by Kidlat Tahimik; a Philippine film, in Tagalog). From April 25: A program of twelve cartoons by Tex Avery.
Theatre 2: Through April 19: "Cat People" (1942; Jacques Tourneur), with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway; and "The Seventh Victim" (1943; Mark Robson), with Tom Conway, Kim Hunter, and Jean Brooks. April 20-21: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer. April 22-24: "Pandora's Box" (†); and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks. April 25-26: "Ceddo" (1978; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof); and "Xala" (1975; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film, in French). April 27-28: "The African Queen" (†) and "Casablanca" (†).

VANDAM, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "Suburbia" (Penelope Spheeris).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 26: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†). From April 27 (tentative): "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.
Theatre 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"El Norte" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Antarctica" (Koreyoshi Kurahara; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 19: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).
From April 20: "The Dresser" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 19: "Tender Mercies" (†).
From April 20: "Champions" (John Irvin), with John Hurt.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Stone Boy" (Christopher Cain), with Robert Duvall and Frederic Forrest.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 2: "L'Argent" (Robert Bresson; in French).
Theatre 3: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "El Norte" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 19: "The Dresser" (†). From April 20: "And Nothing but the Truth" (Karl Francis), with Glenda Jackson and Jon Finch.

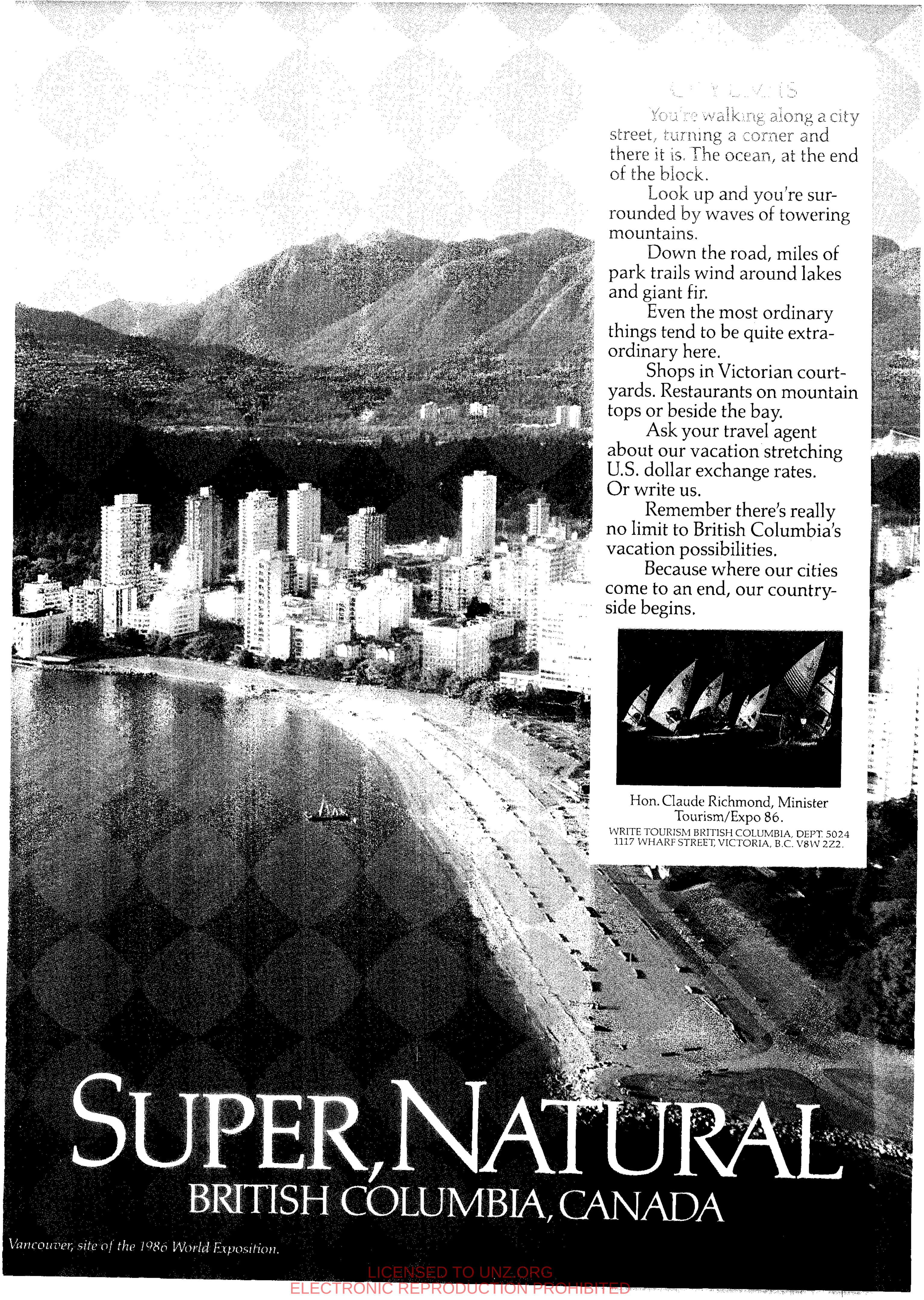
LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 19: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield. From April 20: "Champions" (John Irvin), with John Hurt.
Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 3: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 4: "Splash" (†).

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through April 19: "Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary. From April 20: "The Good Fight" (Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills).
Theatre 2: Through April 19: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. From April 20: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 26: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse. From April 27: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 19: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti. From April 20 (tentative): "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 4: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (directed by Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 4: "Up the Creek" (Robert Butler),



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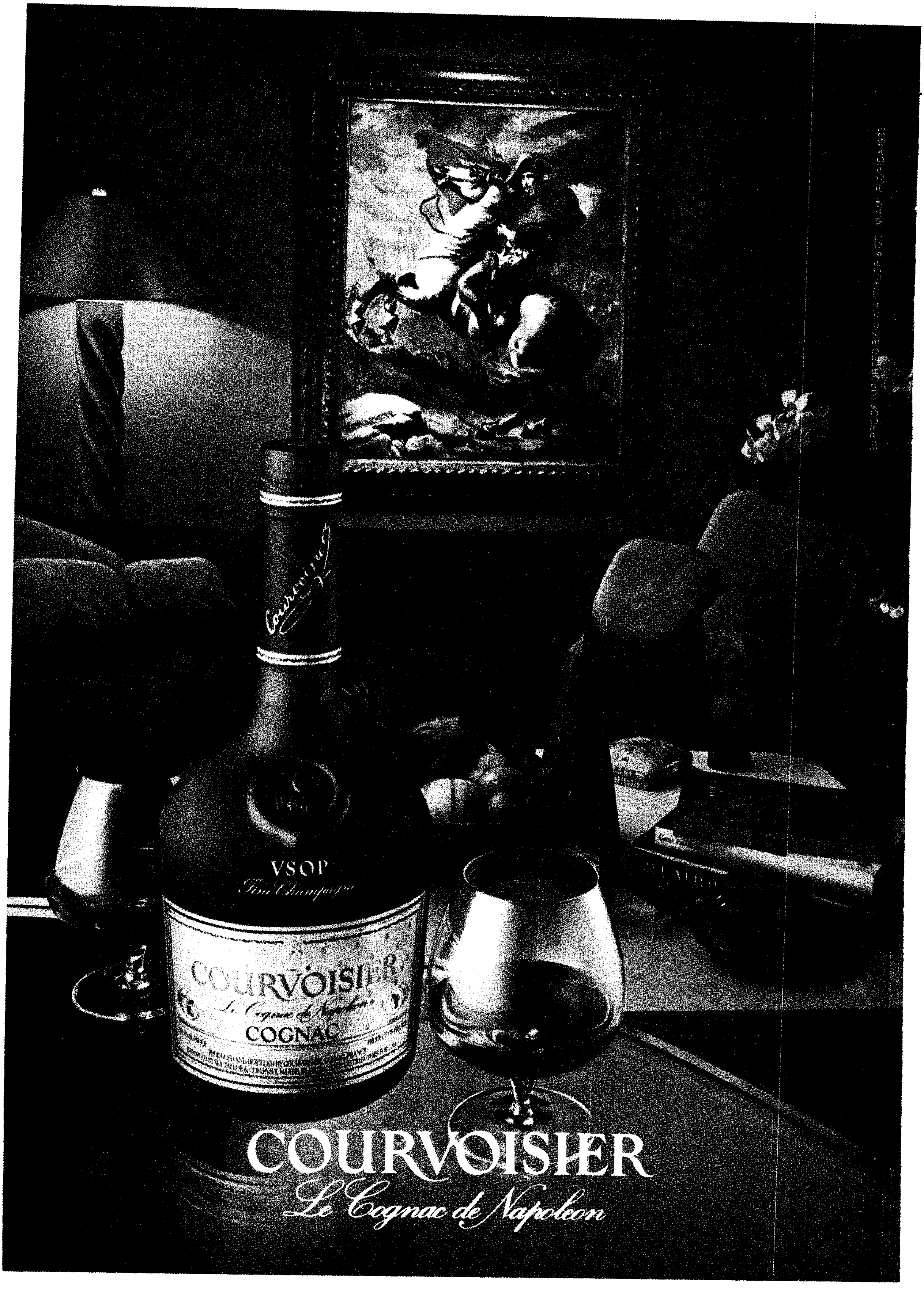
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Theatre 5: Through April 19: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†). From April 20: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

Theatre 6: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 3: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Ten Commandments" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).
Theatre 2: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
April 18: "The Big Chill" (†) and "Educating Rita" (†).
From April 19: "Wild Horses" (Derek Morton; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence and Keith Aberdein.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through April 19: "The Right Stuff" (†). From April 20: "Champions" (John Irvin), with John Hurt.
Theatre 2: Through April 19: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield. From April 20: "Conquest."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Good Fight" (1984; directed by Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 19: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
April 20-21: "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
April 22-24: "Tootsie" (1982; Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, Teri Garr, and Charles Durning; and "Victor, Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras.
April 25-26: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
April 27-28: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 22: A program of rock-and-roll films.
From April 23: "Drifting" (Amos Guttman).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

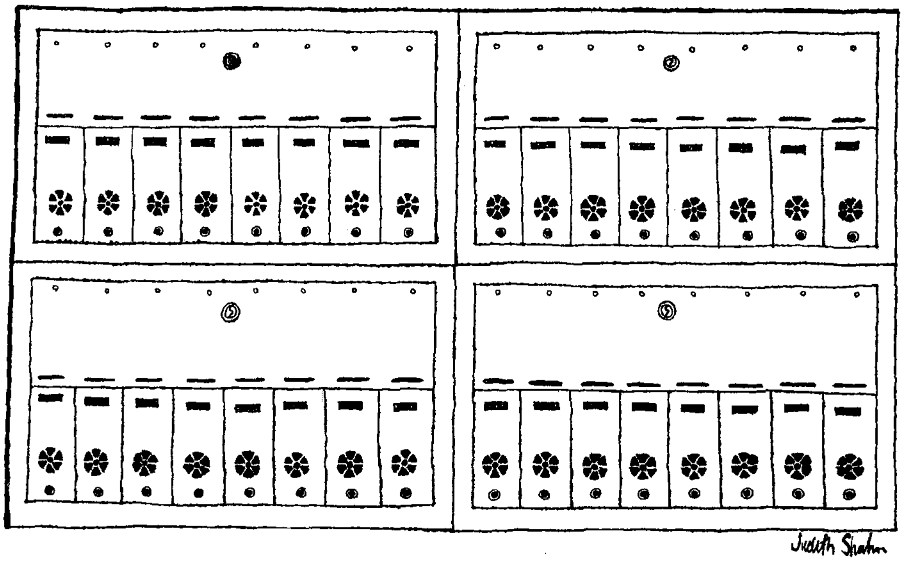
April 18: "Ernesto" (1979; Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm; and "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin.
April 19-21: "History of the World—Part I" (1981; Mel Brooks), with Brooks, Dom DeLuise, and Gregory Hines; "High Anxiety" (1977; Mel Brooks), with Brooks, Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, and Harvey Korman; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1983; Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.
April 22-23: "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
April 24-25: "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.
April 26-28: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through April 19: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; and "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges.
April 20-21: "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.
April 22: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver" (1960; Jack Sher), with Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow, and June Thorburn.
April 23-24: "Julius Caesar" (1953; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Marlon Brando; and "Othello" (1965 †).
April 25-26: "Starstruck" (1982; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
April 27-28: "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge; and "To Begin Again" (1983; José Luis Garci; in Spanish).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
April 18: "Ways in the Night" (1983; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German); and "The Constant Factor" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).
April 19: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle; and "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg, Betty Field, Cliff Robertson, and Arthur O'Connell.
April 20-26: "My Dinner with André" (1981; Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and André Gregory.
April 27: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
April 28: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
A festival of Cary Grant films:
April 18: "The Howards of Virginia" (1940; Frank Lloyd), with Martha Scott and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Gunga Din" (1939; George Stevens), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen.
April 19-21: "Topper" (1937; Norman Z. MacLeod), with Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "The Talk of the Town" (1942; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman.
April 22-24: "An Affair to Remember" (1957; Leo McCarey), with Deborah Kerr and Richard Denning; and "Indiscreet" (†).
April 25-28: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn and Charles Ruggles.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 18: "Sword of Vengeance #4" (1972; Takeichi Saito; in Japanese); and "Sword of Vengeance #6" (1974; Yoshiyuki Kuroda; in Japanese).
April 19: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.
April 20: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.
April 21: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Smash Palace" (1982; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison.
April 22: "The Gospel According to St.



Judith Shahn

Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Teorema" (†).
April 23: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "The Woman in the Moon" (1929; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Fritz Rasp.
April 24: "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood), with Bela Lugosi; and "Lash of the Penitentes" (1936).
April 25: "Tokyo Story" (†); and "Tora-San's Love of Osaka" (1981; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese).
April 26: "Hamlet" (1948 †).
April 27: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
April 28: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 18: "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "As You Desire Me" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas.
April 19: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.
April 20-21: "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "Private Lives" (1931; Sydney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny.
April 22: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.
April 23: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
April 24: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.
April 25: "Rasputin and the Empress" (†) and "The Royal Family of Broadway" (†).
April 26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Men" (†).
April 27: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950; Irving Rapper), with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (†).
From April 28: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"3rd Degree" (1982; Paul Sharits). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8.) Mr. Sharits will be present on Thursday, April 19, at 2. Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The African Queen (1951)—An inspired piece of casting brought Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn together. This is a comedy, a love story, and a tale of adventure, and it is one of the most charming and entertaining movies ever made. The director, John Huston, has written that the comedy was not present either in the novel by C. S. Forester or in the original screenplay by James Agee, John Collier, and himself, but that it grew out of the relationship of Hepburn and Bogart, who were just naturally funny when they worked together. Hepburn has revealed that the picture wasn't going well until Huston came up with the inspiration that she should think of Rosie as Mrs. Roosevelt. After that, Bogart and Hepburn played together with an ease and humor that makes their love affair—the mating of a forbidding, ironclad spinster and a tough, gin-soaked riverboat captain—seem not only inevitable but perfect. The story, set in central Africa in 1914, is so convincingly acted that you may feel a bit jarred at the end; after the lovers have brought the boat, the African Queen, over dangerous rapids to torpedo a German warship, Huston seems to stop taking the movie seriously. With Robert Morley as Hepburn's missionary brother, and Peter Bull. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff. Bogart's performance took the Academy Award for Best Actor. (Peter Viertel, who worked on the dialogue while the company was on location in Africa, wrote "White Hunter, Black Heart"—one of the best of all moviemaking novels—about his experiences with Huston.) (Film Forum; April 27-28.)

Against All Odds—This revved-up picture is of the "everybody uses everybody" genre, set in swank surroundings and outfitted with electronic music to make you twitch. The plot has so many convoluted double crosses that each time you're told what was "really" going on behind the scene you just witnessed you care less. Rachel Ward is the woman who steals and kills, lies all the time, and makes love alternately to Jeff Bridges, a pro football player, and to James (The Snake) Woods, a gamblin' man. It turns out that she's just confused, from having grown up in a nest of vipers, with a real-estate-tycoon mother (Jane Greer) and a smoothly villainous stepfather (a hambone special by Richard Widmark). The scenes aren't shaped to get anywhere, so even though the movie hops about L.A. and Mexico, the effect is static. With Dorian Harewood, Saul Rubinek, Alex Karras, and Swoosie Kurtz. Directed by Taylor Hackford, from a script by Eric Hughes. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/84.) (St. Marks Cinema, and Loews Tower East; through April 19.)

And the Ship Sails On—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up serveral boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Festival; through April 19. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting April 20.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with their material. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (New Embassy 49th Street; April 18.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Quad Cinema; through April 26.)

Casablanca (1942)—Ingrid Bergman became a popular favorite when Humphrey Bogart, as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, treated her like a whore. Although their romance was certified by a collection of Academy Awards, they didn't press their luck and never appeared together again. In the role of the cynic redeemed by love, Bogart became the great adventurer-lover of the screen during the war years. In this film, he established the figure of the rebellious hero—the lone wolf who hates and defies officialdom (and in his movies he fulfilled a universal fantasy: he got away with it). Questioned about his purpose and motives, he informs the police: "I came to Casablanca for the waters." "Waters? What waters? We're in the desert." "I was misinformed." It's far from a great film, but it has a special appealingly schlocky romanticism, and you're never really pressed to take its melodramatic twists and turns seriously. The international cast includes Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, Marcel Dalio, Helmut Dantine, S. Z. Sakall, Joy Page, Leonid Kinskey, Curt Bois, Dan Seymour, Ludwig Stossel, Ilka Gruning, Frank Puglia, Madeleine LeBeau, John Qualen, and, memorably, Dooley Wilson, singing "As Time Goes By." Academy Awards: Best Picture; Best Director (Michael Curtiz); Best Screenplay (Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Howard Koch). And the Thalberg Memorial Award went to the producer, Hal B. Wallis. Based on the play "Everybody Comes to Rick's," by Murray Burnett and Joan Alison. (Film Forum; April 27-28.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Embassy 72nd St.; through April 19. . . . ¶ Festival; starting April 20.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (New Embassy 49th Street; April 18.)

ENTRE NOUS—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

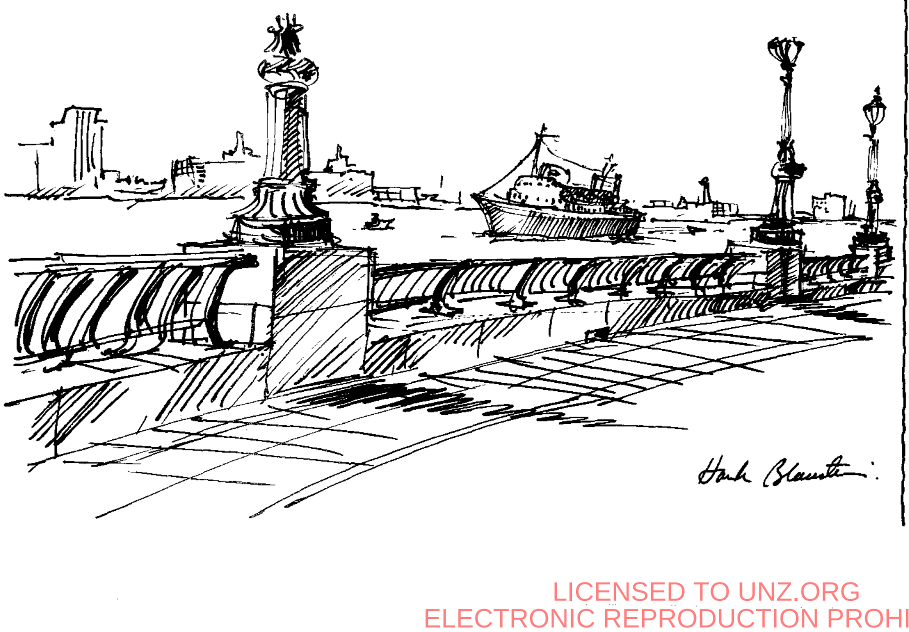
FOOTLOOSE—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting April 27.)

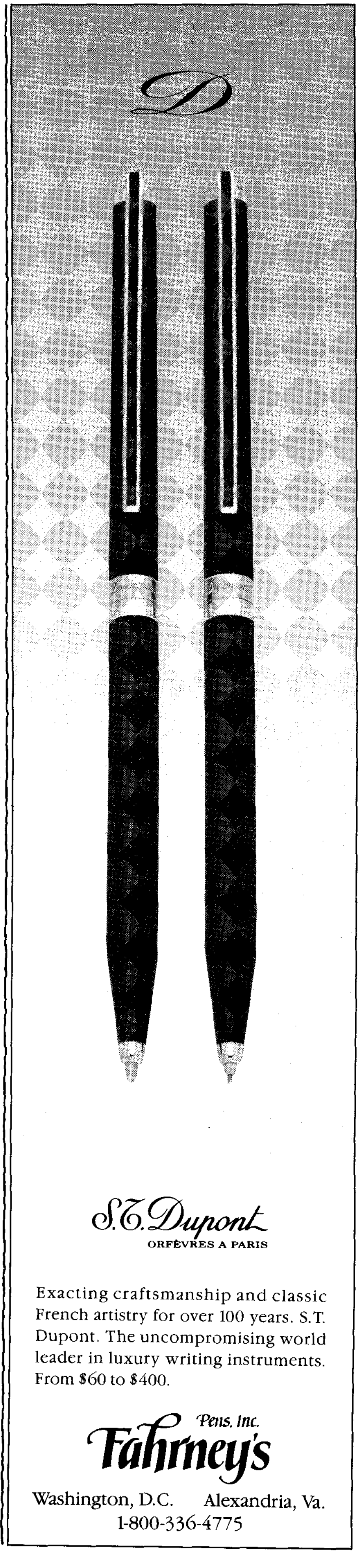
GREYSTOKE: THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

HAMLET (1948)—Laurence Olivier produced and directed this fluid, handsome, satisfyingly paced version, and he himself is a witty and active platinum-blond Hamlet. It is a tribute to Shakespeare's passionate immediacy that everyone has his own idea of the play, and many will find much to quarrel with in this film. (For example, the soliloquies have been turned into interior monologues, which diminishes them.) But even if you feel that certain scenes should be done differently, when has the rest of the play been done so well? Whatever the omissions, the mutilations, the mistakes, this is very likely the most exciting and most alive production of "Hamlet" we will ever see on the screen. It's never dull, and if characters such as Fortinbras and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have been sacrificed, it's remarkable how little they are missed. With Jean Simmons as Ophelia, Basil Sydney as the King, Eileen Herlie as the Queen, Stanley Holloway as the Grave Digger, Felix Aylmer as Polonius, Norman Wooland as Horatio, Terence Morgan as Laertes, Esmond Knight as Bernardo, Anthony Quayle as Marcellus, Harcourt Williams as First Player, and John Laurie as Francisco. The adaptation is by Alan Dent, and the music is by William Walton. (Thalia; April 26.)

INDISCREET (1958)—Rather tired. One of those would-be fluffy comedies written by Norman Krasna. Cary Grant, an American diplomat abroad, pretends to be married so that Ingrid Bergman, an actress with whom he's having an affair, won't get matrimonial ambitions. Of course, he's found out, and the wheels grind on to a happy ending. Stanley Donen directed; Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert round out a cast of people who are a little overage for the childish pranks. (Regency; April 22-24.)

MAYERLING (1936)—This beautifully made version of the legendary tragic love of Archduke Rudolf, heir apparent to the Hapsburg Em-

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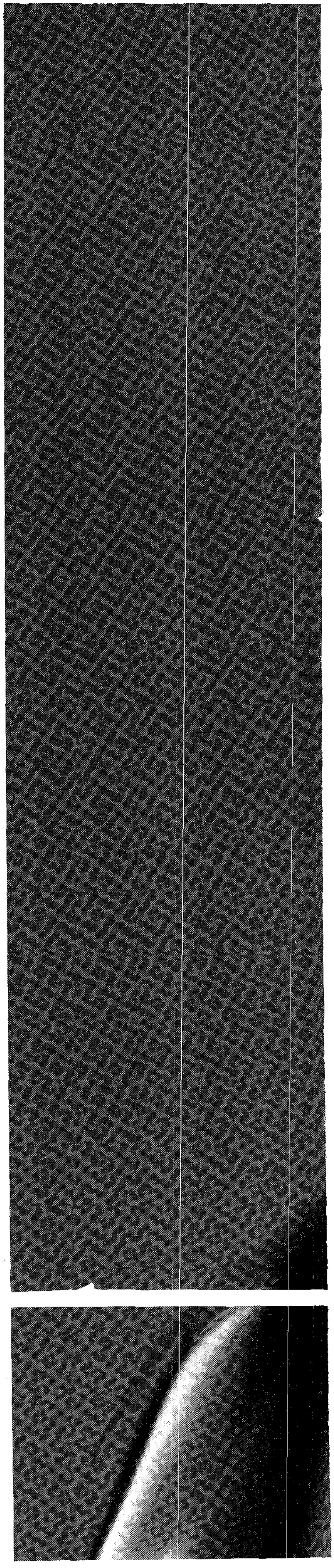

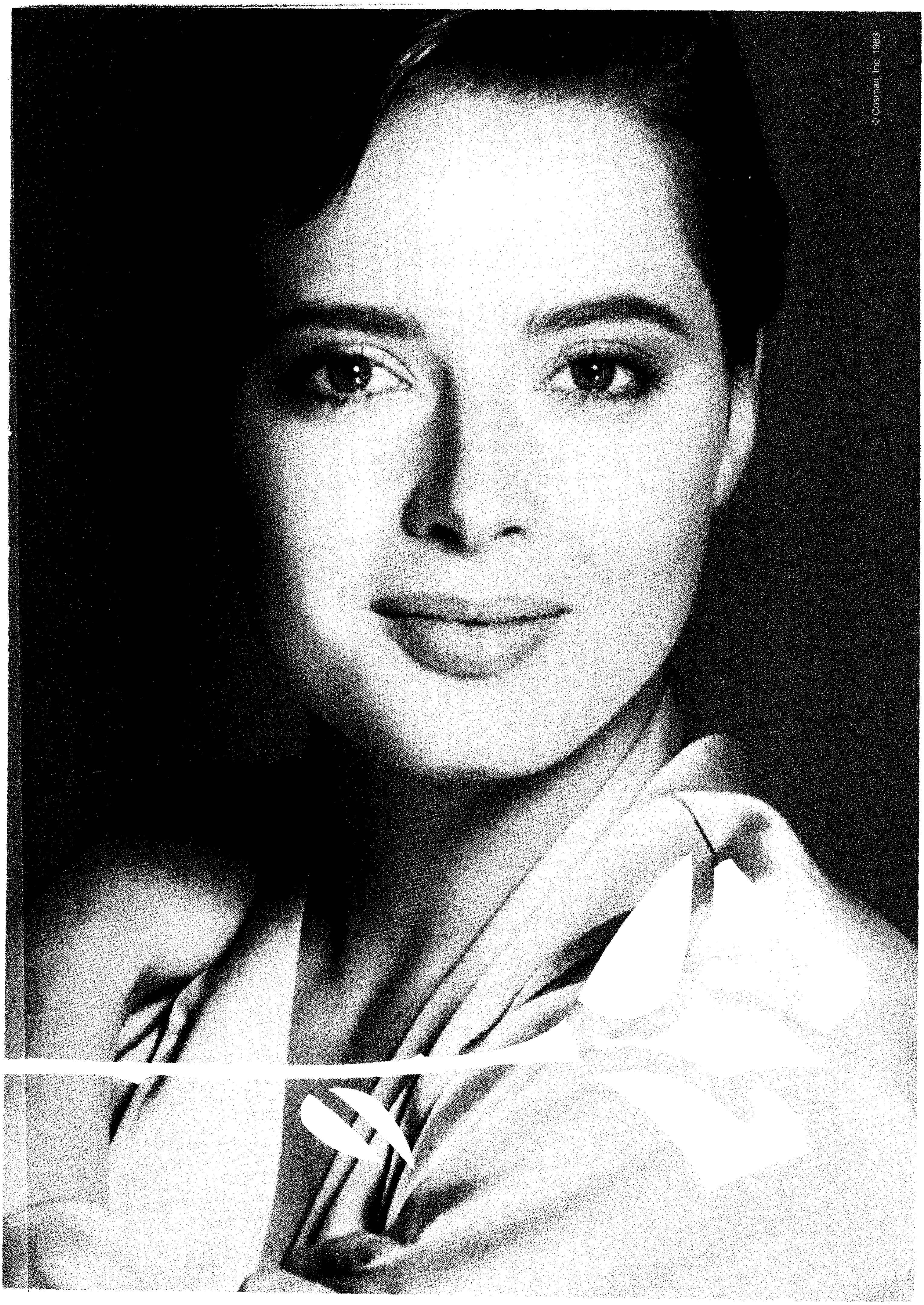
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pire, for the young Maria Vetsera is one of the most memorable of all French romantic movies. (Several less effective versions followed.) Anatole Litvak directed with far more delicacy than he showed in his later work, and the doomed lovers are played by Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. Boyer hangs a cigarette on his Hapsburg lip and grabs a girl's leg and the movie takes off. In this account Rudolf is a dissolute voluptuary redeemed by his love for the innocent Vetsera—and the young Darrieux is so sexy and lovely in the role that you can just about believe it all. The affair ended abruptly in 1889, at Mayerling, the royal hunting lodge in the Vienna woods; the first movie about these lovers was probably the one produced in Russia in 1915. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 22.)

The Men (1950)—Marlon Brando made his first screen appearance as the paraplegic Second World War hero, rebelling furiously and helplessly against his condition; paradoxically, Brando gives an overpowering physical performance. He's amazingly sensitive and intense—no one before him who smoldered onscreen ever gave off so much heat. Fred Zinnemann directed, with sureness and tact, using the paraplegic patients in a California veterans' hospital as part of the cast. With Jack Webb, Teresa Wright, and Everett Sloane. Produced by Stanley Kramer; conventional melodramatic banalities mar the Carl Foreman script, but it's an economical, vivid narrative. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 26.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and the plot radiates from this temple of the mouth-watering temptations of capitalist decadence. It doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. The brutality of the city confuses him; in Russia, he says, he knew who the enemy was. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey as a Cuban lawyer, Cleavant Derricks as a security guard, Elya Baskin as a Russian circus clown, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

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Othello (1965)—A filmed record of the National Theatre of Great Britain production starring Laurence Olivier; the techniques employed are pitifully inadequate. But there he is: the most physical Othello imaginable—deep voice, with a trace of foreign music in it; happy, thick, self-satisfied laugh; rolling buttocks. He's grand and barbaric and, yes, a little lewd. As a lord, this Othello is a bit vulgar—too ingratiating, a boaster, an arrogant man. Who can afford to miss this performance? With Frank Finlay as the pale, parched little Iago—a man consumed with sexual jealousy—and Maggie Smith as the quietly strong, willful Desdemona. Also with Joyce Redman, Derek Jacobi, and Robert Lang. Stuart Burge, who directed this filming, doesn't always protect the actors: they speak as if they were on a stage, and they're sometimes seen very close (in stage makeup) when the camera should be at a discreet distance. The cinematography is by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 23-24.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—Louise Brooks, a great—almost impersonal—beauty who set styles in the flapper period, and whose straight hair and bangs were imitated all over the world (and were used as the model for the Dixie Dugan comic strip), left Hollywood in 1928 at the height of her career and went to Germany for the role of a lifetime. G. W. Pabst had selected her to play Lulu in this film, adapted from the Wedekind plays "Erdgeist" and "Die Büchse der Pandora" (the same source material that Alban Berg used for his opera "Lulu"). Pabst, one of the giants of the screen, is perhaps most famous for his treatment of sex, violence, and abnormal psychology, and Wedekind's sex tragedy provided startling material. Lulu is the sexually insatiable female, the archetype of voracious, destructive woman. She has no moral sense and no interests beyond sensuality; when a man is exhausted, she leaves him. The film is episodic; it's in an expressionist style, with rapid cutting and surprising kinds of almost violent visual tension, particularly in the first half. For sheer erotic dynamism, the backstage scenes on the opening night of a show Lulu is in have never been equalled; the later scenes, in Marseilles, are comparatively drab. Moving through the chiaroscuro, Louise Brooks, with her straight back and strong shoulders, seems to have her own form of sexuality—preconscious yet intuitively all-knowing. She's like a cool, beautiful, innocently deadly cat that people can't keep their hands off. With Fritz Kortner as Dr. Schön, Francis Lederer as his son, Alice Roberts as the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, and Gustav Diessl as Jack the Ripper. Adaptation by Ladislaus Vajda. The German censors made extensive cuts in the film (Brooks indicated that they cut about fifteen minutes); this version was recently reconstituted by Kino International and the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York. (The Wedekind material was first filmed in 1919 with Asta Nielsen; the most recent version was probably the 1962 "Lulu" with Nadja Tiller.) A silent film. (Film Forum; April 22-24.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (34th Street East, Coronet, and Loews Paramount.)

Rasputin and the Empress (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—John, Ethel, and Lionel—and they all seem to be at their worst. John had played the mesmerist Svengali the year before, so Lionel was decked out in a beard to play Rasputin. The hammiest actor in the family, Lionel, who doddered even in his youth, is so unhypnotic that Ethel, as the Empress, seems less mesmerized than bored stiff. John, as Prince Chegodieff, finally gets to choke his brother, to everyone's immense satisfaction. With Ralph Morgan, as Nicholas, and Diana Wynyard. Richard Boleslavski directed, pompously; the script is attributed to Charles MacArthur. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 25.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye (1967)—John Huston directed this sensuous and intense version of Carson McCullers' Georgia-set short novel of 1941; the visual style, which suggests paintings made from photographs, has a measured lyricism. The movie doesn't find a way to give us the emotional texture of the interrelationships and dependencies in the book (one can probably enjoy the film much more if one knows the book), but the principal actors (Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, Elizabeth Taylor, Julie Harris) were able to do some startling things with their roles. The stifled homosexuality of Brando's duty-bound Major Penderton is grotesque and painful. This is one of Brando's most daring performances: the fat, ugly Major putting cold cream on his face, or preening at the mirror, or patting his hair nervously when he thinks he has a gentleman caller is so pitiful yet so ghastly that some members of the audience invariably cut themselves off from him by laughter. Taylor is charming as the Major's silly, ardent, Southern-"lady" wife, who makes love to Keith in a berry patch. Keith, underplaying, has one of his rare opportunities to show depth; at moments he seems the most *believable* of actors—these are great moments. The movie is most garishly novelistic just when it departs most from McCullers—when it attempts to clarify the original and bring it up to date, which means bringing in the sexual platitudes that in sixties movies were considered Freudian modern-

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ism. The story has been furbished with *additional* fetishes, as if McCullers' material weren't Southern and Gothic enough. The Major's wife gives him a horsewhipping and then explains that the whipping cleared the air; we are cued to crank out the Freudian explanation "Oh, yes, he wanted to be beaten." With Robert Forster and Zorro David. The script is by Chapman Mortimer and Gladys Hill; the offensive score is by Toshiro Mayuzumi; the cinematography is by Aldo Tonti. The first release prints were in a "desaturated" color process—they were golden hued, with delicate sepia and pink tones; when the movie didn't do well at box offices, this stylized color was blamed, full-color prints were substituted, and the film lost its dreamy, mythic ambience. The picture's bad luck was capped when it was condemned by the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 27.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Rivoli; through April 19.)

The Royal Family of Broadway (1931)—Fredric March in one of his best comedy roles—a flamboyant burlesque of great-lover actor John Barrymore. The gossipy, thinly disguised satire of the Barrymore-Drew clan was a Broadway hit in 1927; Herman J. Mankiewicz and Gertrude Purcell adapted (and improved) the Kaufman-Ferber play, and the young George Cukor (co-directing with Cyril Gardner) had the right theatrical instincts for the material. The film presents actors as childishly vain and narcissistic; as Cukor has said, "It represented what people at that time liked to believe about the theatre." The picture is stagebound and awkward, but good fun anyway. As Ethel Barrymore, the expert, sophisticated stage comedienne Ina Claire doesn't come through fully onscreen (she did only once—in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"), but some of her legendary technique is in evidence. With Henrietta Crosman as the family matriarch, Frank Conroy, Mary Brian, and the stodgy juvenile Charles Starrett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 25.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Gramercy, Manhattan, U. A. 85th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson has got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets and a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—three hours and thirty-eight minutes of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. Also with Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, John Carradine, Nina Foch, Douglass Dumbrille, Martha Scott, Vincent Price, Henry Wilcoxon, and H. B. Warner. (Embassy.)

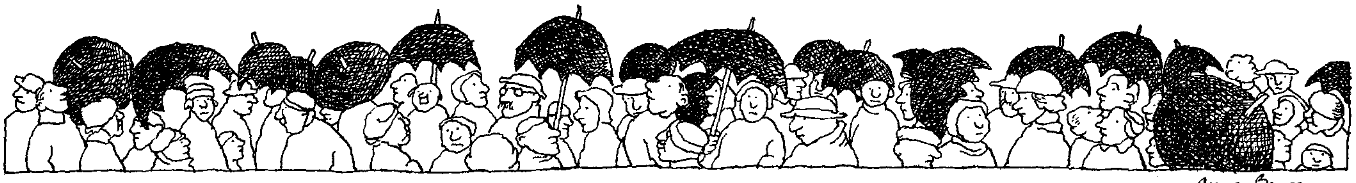
Tender Mercies (1983)—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (57th St. Playhouse; through April 19.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie; others break up on lines such as "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game intolerably silly. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Thalia; April 22.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Baronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Thalia; April 25.)

Unfaithfully Yours—Sloshed, Dudley Moore is a star (as he proved in "Arthur," which kept him happily stewed throughout); this film takes too long getting him there. It's an uninspired remake of Preston Sturges' 1948 film, which was a great musical joke. Directed by Howard Zieff from an ingenious script by Valerie Curtin, Barry Levinson, and Robert Klane, this version isn't a total dud, but it's a coarser piece of slapstick, and not at all memorable. Moore is the symphony conductor who thinks his young wife (Nastassja Kinski) is betraying him; he fantasizes how he will handle the situation while he conducts the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, with his supposed betrayer (Armand Assante) as the soloist. Assante's bedroom voice and sleek, well-pleased-with-himself manner are a serviceable contrast to Moore's apoplectic (and ineffectual) rage, and Albert Brooks, who plays the conductor's manager, is really brilliant; he gives the film a crazed, hip subtext. (He came up with some of his own dialogue.) Toward the end, Moore shows his slapstick virtuosity, but he hasn't been as well protected by the director (or by the script) as he might have been; he's rather too pitiable and elfin—and at the very end he's needlessly infantilized. (The Russian Tea Room footage was shot on a Los Angeles soundstage; so were the interiors of Carnegie Hall and the Plaza Hotel.) (4/2/84) (Criterion Theatres; through April 19.)



Anne Burgess

THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK (TEMP. 108°F)–

The dust-covered sedan appears with a rush out of the searing heat; it crests a shallow hill in the forlorn tarmac and disappears like a dervish into the forbidding wastes of the Australian desert.

It is a pre-production test car, an engineering prototype, equipped with a maze of sophisticated electronic gear to monitor its every function in this inhospitable environment. A CB radio antenna protruding from the roof keeps it in touch with civilization. Heavy steel "roo" bars are welded to its front to protect against errant kangaroos.

But the "mule," as it is affectionately called, is performing more than a test. It is re-writing a standard. Raising the benchmark by which others to follow must now be judged.

The car, ironically, carries one of America's best-known boulevard luxury names: Buick Electra. But it is an Electra like none before.

For the complete story, please turn the page.▸

The new Buick Electra. We put it to the test. Now it's your turn.

The inevitable question is, *why?*

Why take a car that will ultimately be judged for its luxury and comfort, and submit it to inhuman extremes in the Australian Outback, the wide-open German Autobahns or the sub-zero cold of Canada?

Because simply being luxurious isn't enough for a luxury car anymore. This Buick Electra is trimmer, lighter, more fun to drive than its predecessors, and it begs to be judged by a tougher, more demanding set of criteria. Ours. And yours.

First, ours.

A BOULEVARD DANDY, ELECTRA IS NOT.

The Australian Outback confirmed the ability of Electra's new computer-controlled engine to withstand sustained 108° F temperatures, day after punishing day. A comforting thought if you're stuck in rush-hour traffic in mid-July, or taking a vacation drive across Death Valley.

AT SPEED IN GERMANY.

We decided long ago the new Electra should respond to the throttle. So we enlisted the aid of Bosch, acknowledged world experts in fuel injection, to help us evaluate Electra's fuel injection system, one of the world's most sophisticated multi-port fuel injection systems. Then, to see how it would do in the real world, we drove the Electra on the Autobahn, where there are vast sections with no speed limit. Not that you're going to do a lot of wide-open running, as our test engineers did. But the knowledge is reassuring when you have an 18-wheeler to pass.

Then, we tried the oxygen-thin altitudes and steep grades of the Austrian Alps. Electra's fuel injection system is designed to handle such conditions. And it did. The secret here is a mass air-flow sensor, a tiny

Fuel Injection

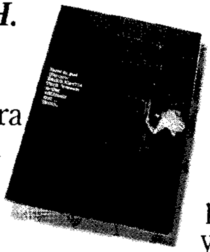
The ultimate Electra: Buick Park Avenue.

electronic device that measures the mass of the air as it enters the engine, and allows for tiny rapid-fire corrections in the fuel charge–up to 80 times a second, for optimal performance.

A MOST UN-TRADITIONAL ELECTRA, TO BE SURE.

The Alps, with their slippery, twisting roads, also highlighted two more of Electra's noteworthy features: front-wheel drive and fully independent rear suspension. The traction of front-wheel drive, together with the ability of the rear wheels to handle bumps independently, endows the new Electra with impressive roadholding. Combined with Electra's traditional ride smoothness, the new Electra is an absolute pleasure on long drives.

NOT JUST HIGH TECH–*HIGH TOUCH.*



Happily, the new Electra is not *all* new. Inside, per Electra tradition, you will find generous room for six adults, and true *comfort* for six adults. Indeed, Electra's interior dimensions are within an inch or so of its predecessors. So it's the same great cross-country luxury tourer it's always been.

Nor did we lose sight of the fact Electra is an elegant car. The supple feel of the seats, the rich upholstery and thick carpeting are there in force. Not to mention high levels of convenience–like an optional "memory seat" that remembers where you've set it, even after the parking lot attendant has readjusted it to his liking.

MORE THAN A CAR, A COMMITMENT.

The new Electra is so special, it is produced in one of the world's most advanced automotive assembly plants. For example, it enables every Electra to get two extra coats of clear enamel after the exterior color has been applied. For added lustre and protection.

The attention to detail extends all the way to the dealership. There, your new car will undergo a thorough inspection by both the Service Department and the salesman. Only then, when you go over the same detailed checklist, will you be asked to accept delivery.

WE'VE HAD OUR TURN –NOW IT'S YOURS.

Buckle yourself in and put the new Electra to your own personal road test. To guide you, we've written a 20-page book that will assist you in your evaluation. The book is free, and we'd really like your opinion. Ask for it at your Buick dealer.

Official Car of the XXIIIrd Olympiad
Los Angeles 1984

© 1980 L.A. Olympic Committee

BUICK

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

A private investor entrusts capital to Morgan for good reason.

Morgan performance

Morgan officer James Goodfellow oversees the appraisal and sale of special assets, including art, coin, and stamp collections.

People with portfolios of $2 million or more come to The Morgan Bank for good investment performance. They know the investments we make for them produce consistently superior results.

But performance at Morgan goes well beyond good numbers. For example:

1. Morgan develops a strategy suited to your objectives. Drawing on our knowledge of U.S. and world markets, we tailor an investment program to your specific goals—a program managed by investment officers who average 17 years of experience.

Morgan combines the entire range of traditional equity and fixed income investments with opportunities available only to our clients. For instance, Morgan has regularly developed privately placed investments that offer higher tax-exempt yields than those available in public markets.

2. Morgan is expert in planning and administering estates. Most of our trust officers have law degrees. All apply sound, impartial judgment to complicated issues, from minimizing taxes to supervising the appraisal and sale of special assets such as a privately held firm or an art collection. James Goodfellow, shown above, recently arranged the sale of a $10 million collection of paintings and other fine art.

3. Morgan delivers truly personal service. Our trust and investment officers are known for their sensitivity and responsiveness to the needs of clients.

What's more, you can count on the same account team year after year, whether we're designing investment strategy or administering complex trust and estate matters for a family.

Complete results are available. If you'd like superior management of personal assets of $2 million or more, we invite you to meet with us. We will give you full details on The Morgan Bank's investment results—short- and long-term—then show you how we perform in every aspect of investment and trust management. Write or telephone Richard Flender, Vice President, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, 9 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. Telephone (212) 826-7635.

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The Morgan Bank

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE flew south to find spring not long ago and changed planes in Atlanta, hiking from Gate C-8 to Gate C-18 and carrying the blue gym bag we've learned to stuff everything in since the day a brown suitcase of ours left us in Dallas and flew off to spend a week by itself. Airline terminals, as everyone knows, are designed to make people happy to board planes, and we were looking forward to ours as we approached the gate, and then we heard music. Cheerful music, tooting, like a mechanical ocarina. "Easter Parade"—the chorus. It came from a small pink plush rabbit standing on a glass display case in a souvenir shop across Concourse C from C-18. The rabbit, who could also march, had come to a dead end against a stack of boxes and stood there kicking it. We sat in the lounge by the gate and looked out the window across the dock and the taxi strip, and heard about twenty choruses of "Easter Parade" before we realized that the rabbit was battery-powered and wouldn't run down any time soon. Our watch showed twenty minutes of three. Our plane was scheduled to go at three.

The effect of a short musical selection endlessly repeated is maddening, of course—an effect not contemplated by Irving Berlin when he penned the number for the Broadway revue "As Thousands Cheer," to be first warbled by Marilyn Miller and Clifton Webb (September 30, 1933), whence it scored big and became the title song of an M-G-M Garland-and-Astaire-starring cinemusical, whence it became *the* pop Easter standard in America. It never was our favorite Irving Berlin song. As the rabbit kept plugging it, we thought of others we liked more—"Puttin' On the Ritz" and "All Alone," and even "White Christmas"—but with the E.P. loop going round and round, bonnet after bonnet with all the frills upon it, we couldn't hum even "Have you seen the well-to-do up and down Park Avenue," from "Puttin' On the Ritz;" even the notes of "I'm dreaming of a" left us.

We weren't alone in the lounge. About half the fifty or so blue vinyl seats were occupied by three o'clock, when a woman at the check-in counter announced that the plane had not arrived yet and so would be late in departing. Most of our fellow-waiters seemed to be aware of the song and to have traced it to the rabbit. Many of them, to judge from the looks they gave the rabbit and the clerk at the souvenir stand, seemed to know that they were going quietly, politely berserk. Conversation dried up. At three-twenty, the woman said the plane still had not arrived but would, momentarily. When we left "Easter Parade" and boarded the plane, it was three-forty-five. We guessed that we had heard more than two hundred and fifty choruses.

Why we didn't walk across the concourse, pick up the rabbit, open the hatch on its back, and remove the batteries is a question we ask, too, and why we didn't at least say, out loud, "That is driving us crazy," so our companions would know for certain that the rabbit was a shared, not a personal, rabbit. (The "we" that we represent has been a fairly active first-person plural over the years, appearing in many sentences far bolder than "We removed the batteries and silenced the bastard.") We can only point out that passengers are an obedient lot, and airline passengers are the most pliable of all, tending to believe that the plane is kept aloft by their karma, that an angry word or thought even prior to takeoff might create engine trouble. We have sat on planes parked at gates for more than an hour with no sensible explanation from the crew and no questions asked from the tourist cabin. People who fly are in a delicate position—prayerful, even penitential—which makes personal desires seem immaterial. When a steward says "Care for a drink?" we think, Sure, fine, whatever's best—you decide. We don't like to make demands so high in the air; and even in the terminal, with our feet on the beige carpeting, we're in a mood to go along.

But don't think we'll sit still the next time. In fact, we're waiting for the next time *right now*. We're ready. We were timid in Atlanta, we admit that, but next time, look out! This pronoun is going to *move*. Any one of a dozen things might set us off. Nobody knows what the others might be, and we aren't going to say. And we could be any one of a number of persons—who knows which? One of these days, someone is going to take simple, direct action against a simple, idiotic object. He or she may be you or us.

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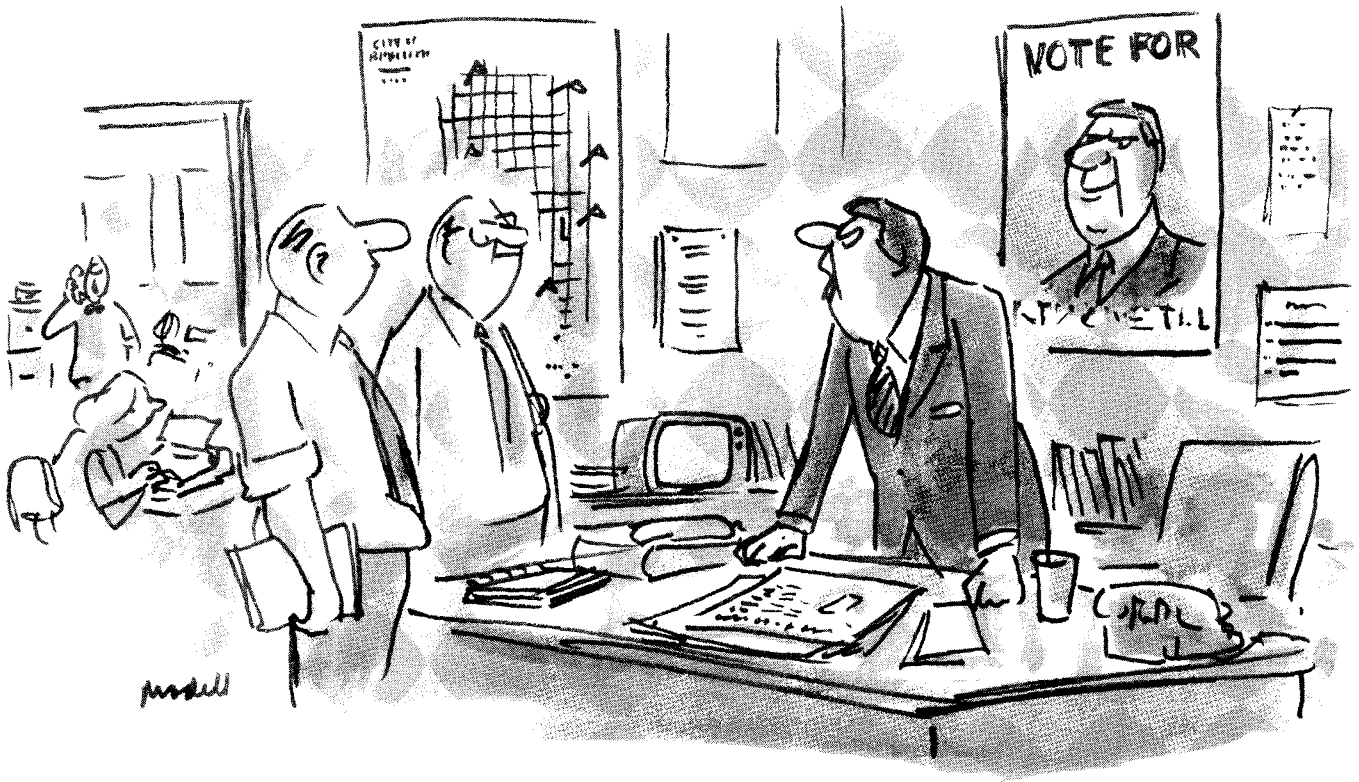
IRONY, in this fourth year of the Reagan Presidency, is an affectation of the disengaged, a luxury—an electric swizzle stick—for those who have washed their hands clean of messy politics. One day last week, the Administration announced that it would not let the World Court rule on the propriety of our covert war against Nicaragua. The very next day, our President appeared in the Rose Garden of his White House to proclaim "Law Day U.S.A.," declaring, "Without law, there can be no freedom, only chaos and disorder." This is irony rich enough to choke on, but so what? To go around pointing out the ironies in the policies of this Administration is both an endless task and a peculiarly useless one, for irony feeds, at least in part, on some shared sense of how the world should work. If Jimmy Carter had contested World Court jurisdiction on matters Central American, it would have been an effective rebuff to point out all the ironies, for he, like most of our recent leaders, understood that international law serves much the same good end as domestic order. But the Reagan Administration, having marched this nation off to Honduras, Lebanon, and Grenada, has lately been sailing our refurbished Navy into uncharted waters beyond irony. More and more, the main principle the Reagan Administration has come to stand for is never losing a battle. Especially in our foreign policy, what's good for the goose is rarely O.K. for the gander: ideas like international law, when they are not useful to the furtherance of our designs, become obstacles to be hurdled or blown up. Against such hardheaded pragmatism, irony has all the effect of those rocks the Czechs tossed against the Soviet tanks in 1968. It may have felt good to let them loose, and perhaps they made a satisfying clang against the steel, but—well, the damned tanks kept on moving, just as fast as before.

Immersion—that is, treating politics, whatever one's views, as the deadly serious business it is under this Administration—is the only effective and responsible response. Central America is a case in point. For a year and a half, there has been no doubt at all that the United States, led by Ronald Reagan and the Central Intelligence Agency, was waging a war against the Sandinista government of Nicaragua. We have supplied, trained, and aided with our information the *contra* army fighting to overthrow the government; lately we have even helped to mine Nicaragua's harbors in an effort to stop goods from reaching the people of that country. Those are the facts. The reaction of Americans to those facts has been self-deceiving in two ways. First, there has been a loud and steady to-do about whether American troops will be sent, about how direct the American involvement will be. After the Grenada invasion, the op-edsters hotly debated "Is Nicaragua Next?" When Congress voted last week to condemn the harbor mining, it was in large part because we ourselves had got too close to the action—the President had approved it, the boats were supplied by the C.I.A., our fingerprints were all over the place. We Americans tend to think we are not at war until our boys are actually slogging through the mud and returning home minus limbs. But say the R. & D. people at the Pentagon could create a machine that, placed at the border of a small nation, would, without direct human involvement, crawl through that country and destroy it. Would there be any moral or practical difference between unleashing that machine and sending troops? Our machine in this case does have human components—principally ex-National Guardsmen from the Somoza regime—

Ronald Searle

"Needs more vaboom."



"I want Yumpies, Yuppies, Baby Boomers, and anything else out there you hear about."

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but that makes no difference, either. They are our boys as surely as if they were born in Kansas. It is our machine, and for at least a year and a half it has worked pretty well, destroying oil-storage facilities, sabotaging the coffee harvest, and, mainly, murdering peasants.

The other self-deception—and those who are best at spotting ironies are especially susceptible to this—is the notion that wars like the one against Nicaragua, even if they are America's wars, are not *our* wars. Those who oppose American involvement in Central America regularly refer to the situation as "Reagan's war." Speaking to a group of Manhattan liberals last fall, Nicaragua's Foreign Minister, Miguel D'Escoto, exclaimed, "You are the enemy!"—not because they were liberals but because they were Americans. He was, of course, correct. What it means to live in a democracy is nothing more and nothing less than this: Your government represents *you*. Even if you didn't vote for it, your government acts in your name. And rightly so, for if we choose we can persuade and organize and not rest until the government's policies change. Most of us, whatever our leanings, do not so choose, having more interesting things to do. But it is not "Reagan's war," and it is not Reagan's country, and none of us are ever on the sidelines.

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Walnuts

THE other day, we attended a lunch at the Four Seasons in honor of the walnut. We were there to celebrate the publication of the first cookbook devoted exclusively to dishes containing walnuts—which was also the first cookbook put out by our host organization, the Walnut Marketing Board. But J. S. Miller, the executive director of the board, told us at the outset that the lunch was, in a broader sense, "a coming-out party" for walnuts. They are not just for baking nowadays, he said, but for pasta, fish, salads, chicken, stews, and, in short, all the foods that today's health-conscious Americans are eating more and more of. Americans used to buy vast quantities of walnuts in their shells, especially at holiday times, Mr. Miller said. These days, the shelled varieties—halves or pieces—account for about two-thirds of the traffic. "Our society is getting to where it wants everything to grow ready-made," he said, with a sigh. "People don't want to worry about cracking something open before they eat it." He chastised his own group for not promoting walnuts as aggressively as it might, and said, "We feel that walnuts have got shoved aside. We want to be sure that the younger generation knows that walnuts are there." Nevertheless, Mr. Miller said, the walnut remains "America's favorite nut."

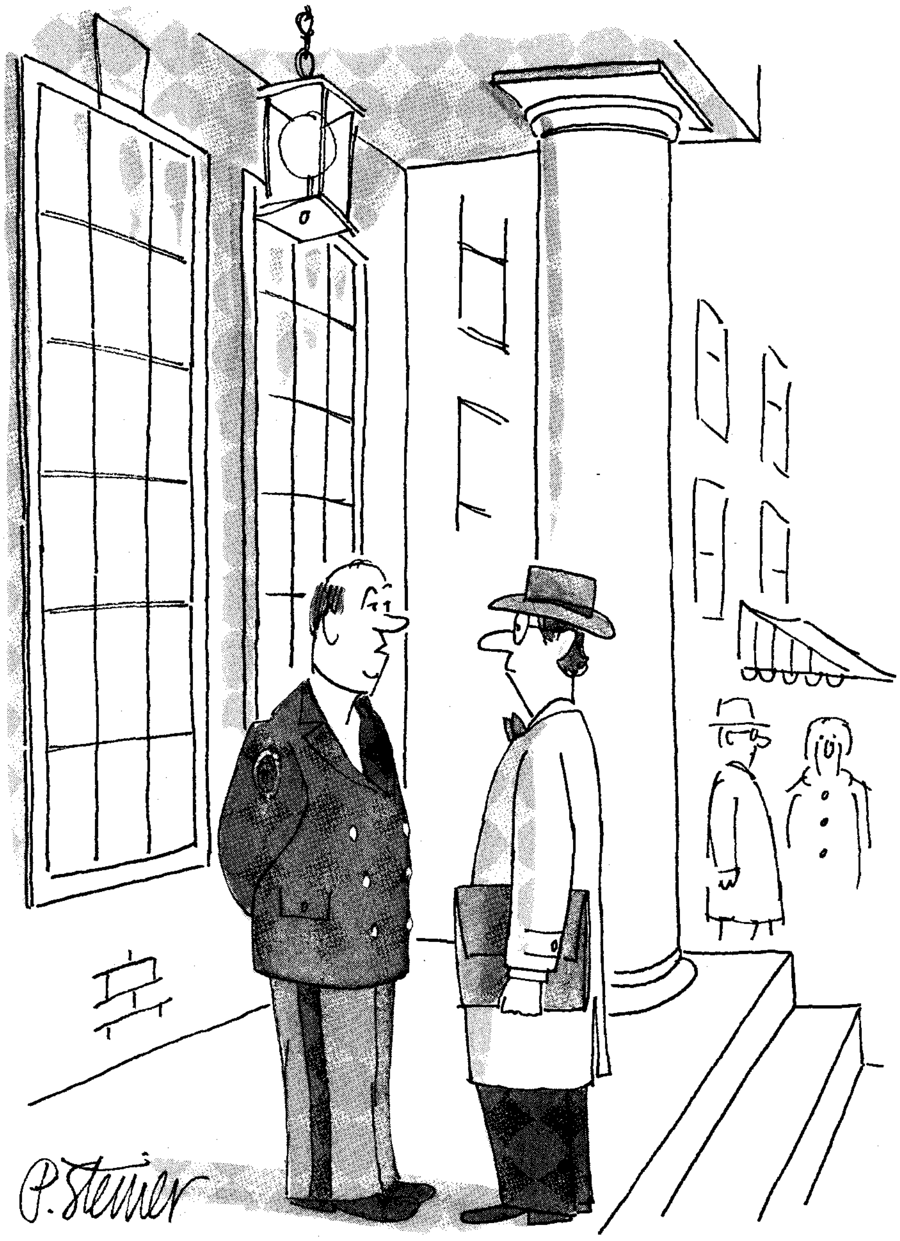
Mr. Miller went on to remark that ninety-nine per cent of the nation's walnuts—and roughly two-thirds of the world's—come from California. In Europe, he said, walnut growers harvest about a hundred and twenty pounds of nuts per acre every year. In California, they get about twelve hundred pounds. In 1982, the California walnut industry had a record crop of two hundred and thirty thousand tons. In 1983, the output fell to a hundred and ninety-five thousand—probably, Mr. Miller said, because of the heavy rainfall in the early part of the year. "Nut trees are like anything else," he explained. "They need water, but they don't need too *much* water."

Mr. Miller, in his hostly role, began to circulate, and we did the same. We fell to talking with Marion Cunningham, who has the sort of sunny face you might expect to find on the cover of a cookbook, and is, by profession, an author of cookbooks. She is also the newly anointed spokesperson for the Walnut Marketing Board. Mrs. Cunningham proudly informed us that all forty-eight recipes in the walnut cookbook—including four that she herself contributed (Best-Ever Walnut Pie, Walnut Caramel Upside-Down Cake, Red Beet Walnut Salad, and Sunday Bread Pudding)—had been tested. " 'Tested' is a key word in recipe books," she said. "You don't just guess that a particular set of ingredients would work well—you actually cook them."

How many cookbooks, we asked, include untested recipes?

"More than you know," she said. She noted that this practice can be "very discouraging to people who are new to the kitchen and who assume it's their fault if a recipe doesn't work out."

The guests were summoned to the tables for the official proceedings. First, Mr. Miller introduced Mrs. Cunningham, whose "whole philosophy is consistent with the California walnut," he said. Mrs. Cunningham said a few words devoted to establishing the point that her home town is truly named Walnut Creek, California, and that she lived there long before she had any ties to the Walnut Marketing Board. Then it was time for the entertainment, which consisted of a male chorus singing walnut-oriented lyrics to such melodies as "Hello, Dolly!," "Tie a Yellow Ribbon 'Round the Old Oak Tree," and "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" (for that number the chorus donned reindeer masks). Finally came lunch, featuring a pasta dish, with a mere sprinkling of walnuts, and a steak, which proved to harbor no walnuts at all. Dessert, however, was Mrs. Cunningham's walnut pie, which left us feeling on top of the world.

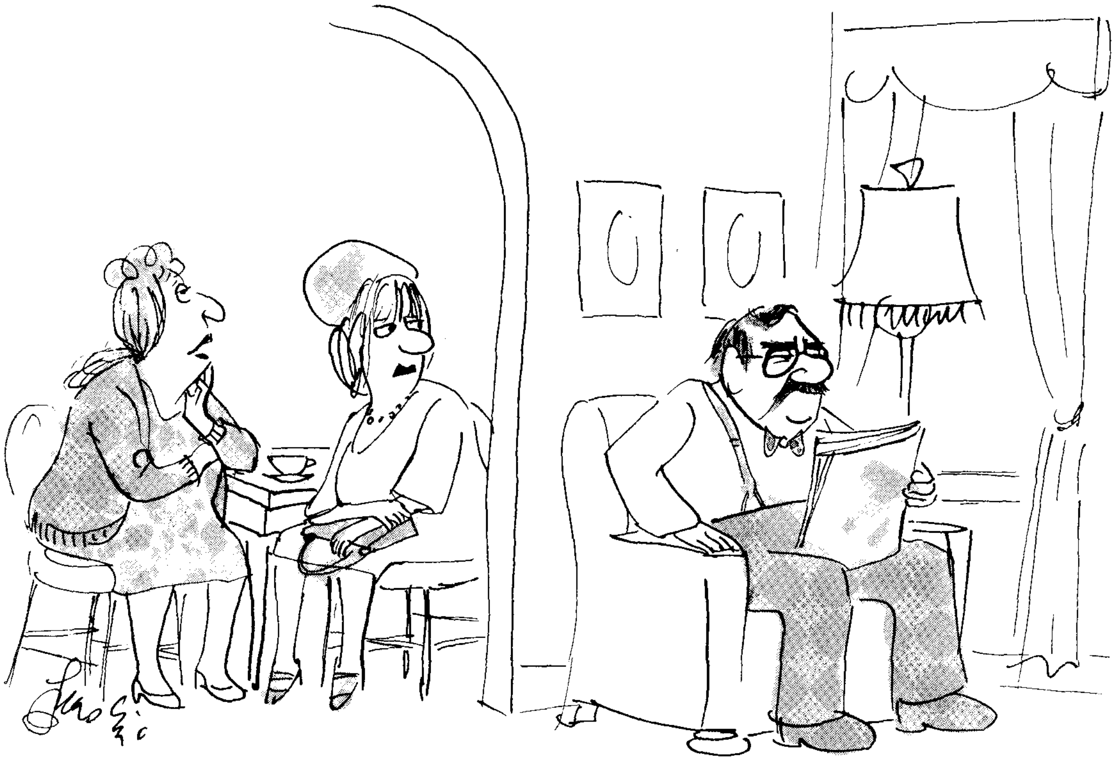


"Are you from the neighborhood, sir? We're a neighborhood bank."

Character

OVER by the Student Union, some young women were doing backbends; in front of Burling Library, the guys kept a soccer ball aloft, juggling it with their feet; along the path that bisects the main campus, some fellows were playing plain old catch, testing each other with sizzling grounders, and tossing high pop flies that showed up bright white against the breeze-washed blue of the Iowa sky, so clear you could make out the red stitching as the ball hung and fell. And everywhere people were tossing Frisbees. One young man was trying to whip his right arm around behind his back and then release the Frisbee—a maneuver lacking in grace and effectiveness but not in comedy value. "Look over here," he called to a *very* pretty young woman walking by. He did his trick for her and said, with quiet modesty, "I am exploring new frontiers."

We were at Grinnell College the other weekend for a symposium on Sports and the National Character. Grinnell, situated in Grinnell, Iowa (when Horace Greeley advised "Go West, young man," the young man was Josiah Bushnell Grinnell, for whom both college and town are named), is an academically topnotch school filled, as far as we could tell, with smart, well-adjusted, and personable kids who do not much go in for big-time sports. (Every year, while the famed Drake Relays track meet is taking place in nearby Des Moines, Grinnell students hold a Relays of their own, except that theirs is a beer bash.) Grinnell's president, George Drake, however, was a runner in his college days, and he attended Merton College, Oxford, on a Rhodes Scholarship. Roger Bannister, the first man to run a mile in less than four minutes, was also an Oxford man; Drake met him last year, when he went back to England for a reunion of Rhodes Scholars. This spring marks the thirtieth anniversary of that sweet mile, and Bannister—now Sir Roger and a physician—told Drake that he would come to Grinnell to commemorate the event. He brought with him his wife, the charming Lady Bannister, who spent the weekend sketching the participants, and Chris Chataway, the man who paced him through much of



"*Love is blind.*"

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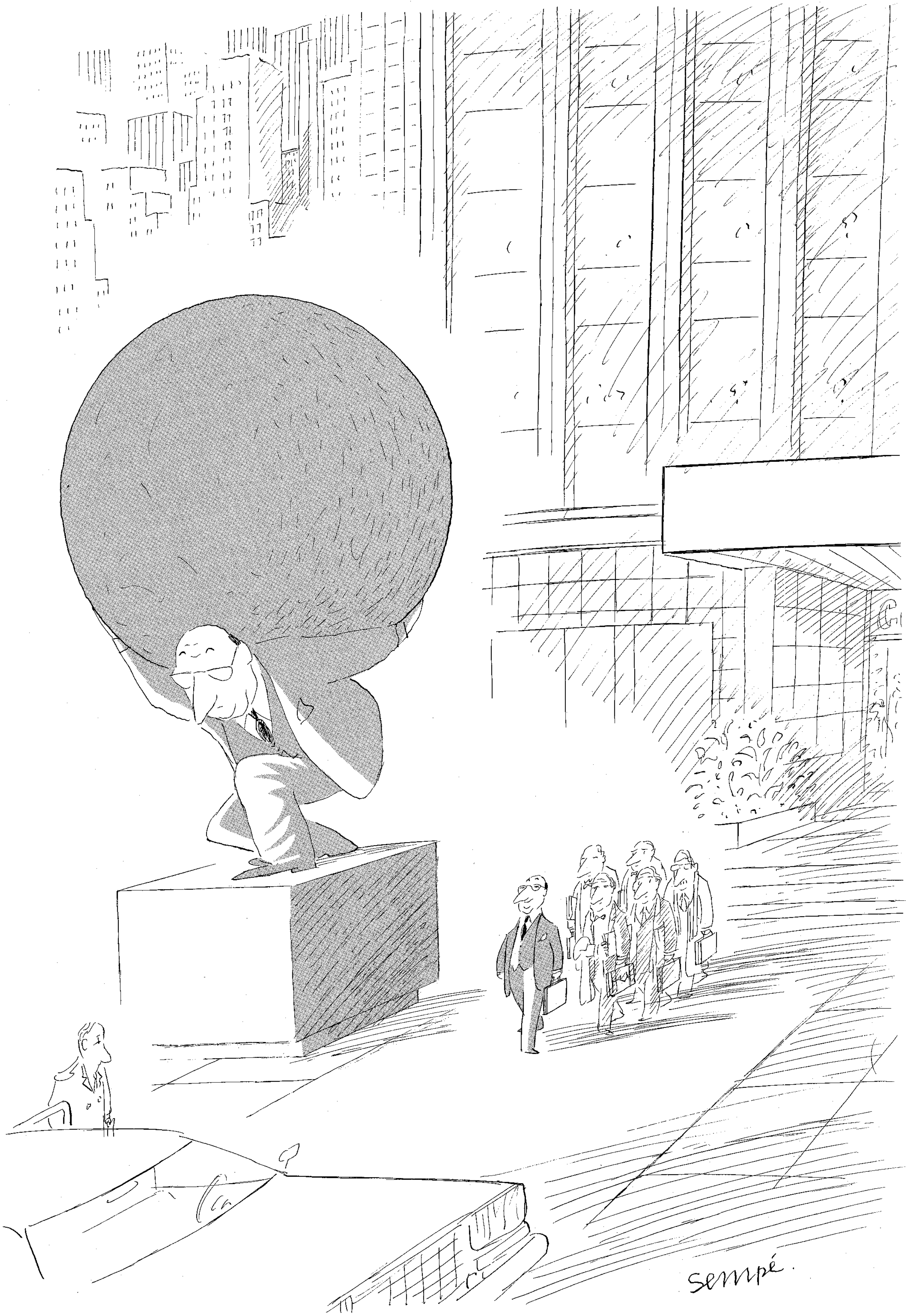
his famous race. The organizers of the symposium also found a number of Americans involved in sports who agreed to talk: Billy Mills, the Sioux Indian who won the ten thousand metres in the 1964 Olympics; Alan Page, a former All-Pro lineman for the Minnesota Vikings, of the National Football League; Harry Edwards, a former discus man who helped organize the Black Power protests at the 1968 Olympics and is now a professor of sociology at Berkeley; John Underwood, who writes for *Sports Illustrated;* Bob Martin, the president of the National Sportscasters and Sportswriters Association; Forest Evashevski, who coached the Iowa Hawkeyes to two Rose Bowl wins; Christine Grant, the director of women's athletics at Iowa; and Michael Novak, a theologian who once wrote a book called "The Joy of Sports." Except for Novak, who used his address to make the point that sports are pagan religion and that baseball is a "Lockean" game embodying the principles of the Federalist Papers, the participants spent most of the two-day symposium agreeing that sport, relatively pure in the old days, is now in danger of being spoiled by money, drugs, politics, all too fanatical fans, and an unhealthy obsession with winning at any cost.

Bannister gave the keynote address, in an old college gym (where the Grinnell Pioneers recently completed a dismal basketball season), and one statistic he cited set the tone for the proceedings: when athletes in a recent survey were asked about a hypothetical drug that would guarantee them an Olympic medal but carry a fifty-per-cent risk of killing them, more than half said they would go ahead and take it. The running movement he helped ignite "is one of the most important and liberating movements of the century," said Bannister, and, as a doctor, he was all for fitness; still, he was saddened to see élite athletes abusing their bodies. Chataway, who said the hour a day he and Bannister had trained—"and not every day, mind you"—would look laughable today, predicted that the Olympics might eventually be doomed by political complexities. Even that was optimistic next to the remarks of Harry Edwards, who flatly predicted that the Russians would boycott the Olympics this summer, and that those who tried to attend would have trouble landing at overcrowded airports, navigating jammed freeways, and wading through enormous demonstrations to attend a Games plagued by overcommercialization, security problems, and "the worst heat and smog conditions of the summer, according to the forecasters." In general, said Edwards, "winning has become such an obsession in America that we have ceased to adhere to any of the traditional values when it comes to major-class sports." One of our favorite comments had to do with watching sports on TV and came from Page, who made his living from football for fifteen years: "I don't know how we got sold the line that professional football is the best thing since popcorn. It is a good way to kill an afternoon—if you don't have anything else to do, and it is raining or snowing, and the snow is about five feet deep, and you can't get out of the house, and the kids are driving you crazy. But otherwise I fear we have lost all perspective."

This sort of gloom was tempered only by an occasional declaration that sports, for all their problems, still serve some good purpose, and by the sincere joy with which Chataway, Bannister, Mills, and Page all recalled their feats. After two days of seminars and addresses, we weren't at all sure we wanted to see a game or a match or a race or a bout ever again—not even the tiny Grinnell Invitational Track Meet, which was about to pit the Scarlet and Black against William Penn and some other small Iowa colleges. But we hiked over to the track anyway—it's up by the observatory, and, for that matter, not far from the cornfields—and watched as Bannister, wrapped in a scarf against a blustering wind, gave a short and gracious talk to the athletes about that other windy day when he had gone a mile at a pace faster than any other man in history. The first race of this meet, billed as a "Fun Run," was also at a mile, and Mike Hall, a local high-school junior whose picture should go in the dictionary next to "gangling," won it easily, his long legs powering him across the finish two hundred yards in front of his nearest competitor. Hall got Bannister to autograph his T-shirt, and then he flashed us a grin that can only be described as slightly goofy. "I could have gone faster," he said, "but it didn't seem nice to lap too many people."



THE MAYOR READS THE FUNNIES

During the next newspaper strike, the Mayor, out of the goodness of his heart, reads the funny papers over the air to the children of the city.

THE MAYOR (*on the air*): Kids, I wonder if you could tell me how good a time you're having. Right now. I'm talking about right now. Are you having a better time than you have with your English teacher? With your gym teacher? What about friends? Right this second, is it more fun than when you are having fun with a friend? What about your daddy? Are you having more fun now than you have with him? *How much* more fun are you having with me than you have with him? O.K., kids, I'm going to ask a serious question. Kids, are you using your time wisely? Are you paying close attention? Are you aware of the enormous pressure on me? Here's an idea: you could carry a little pad and make note of interesting things I say. You could warn me if someone has an ugly expression on his face. Would you do that for me?

What about your mommy? Are you having a better time right now than you ever had with her?

Kids, here goes.

Kids, here's Dagwood. Dagwood is in his office.

Kids, did your parents vote for me when I was running for mayor? Did they vote for me when I was running for governor? What was the expression on their faces *as* they voted for me for mayor? Do you remember, kids? Can you try to search back in your minds to the day when they voted for me? The man is signalling to me. It's time to read the funny papers. Don't worry, I know how to select funny papers.

Kids, here's Dagwood. Dagwood is in his office with a total idiot. I've written about this man, kids. I've exposed him for what he is: the scum of the earth. What is he doing here? They ought to send him to Mars! This man or other men.

I'm going to tell you something you will remember for the rest of your lives, something I told also to Cyrus Vance, King Hussein, Hosni Mubarak, Vice-President Mondale, Golda Meir, Vice-President Nixon, President Carter, Bess Myerson, Randy Merriman, Wink Martindale, David Letterman, Vice-President Johnson, and UNICEF. Big shots who go to turkey shoots. *Not everybody goes to the shore for the summer.*

Kids, I'm going to postpone the comics, because I have a point that's more important. Potholes stay here in the summer and they don't tell me what to do. Think about the summer—how hot it is. It's hot! I suffer the heat! I'm only human! What did you think I was, not made out of material? I wish you could see me sometimes.

Kids, these aren't what I would call comics or funnies. If I were doing funnies, I would make them smoother, with more about the comfort of life. I would have a comic about a big comfortable hotel on the ocean with waiters and waitresses in uniform and a view of the beach through the windows in the dining room. There could be funny incidents in the kitchen—just lighthearted.

These comics are dull. What do these people know? They are totally isolated from interesting problems and ceremonies, completely out of touch. I'm glad that a certain kind of person doesn't like me. I take it as a compliment.

Are you listening to me quietly? Are you sitting still? Eyes open? That's it.

Kids, it would be a help to me if you would try to quantify in some way the good time we're having. I want you to think of a number. From one to a hundred. O.K.? *One hundred* would be the best time you ever had or could ever possibly hope to have. *One* would be the worst possible time. For instance, if someone bullied you . . .

No, let's start over, so it will be clear. Once or twice, kids, I have had to do something that was *almost wrong*. I had to throw my weight around. Imagine what that would be like, kids! To be in a room with me and suddenly I was throwing my weight around! My weight totally out of control! You didn't know where it would be next! Pinning you to the wall!

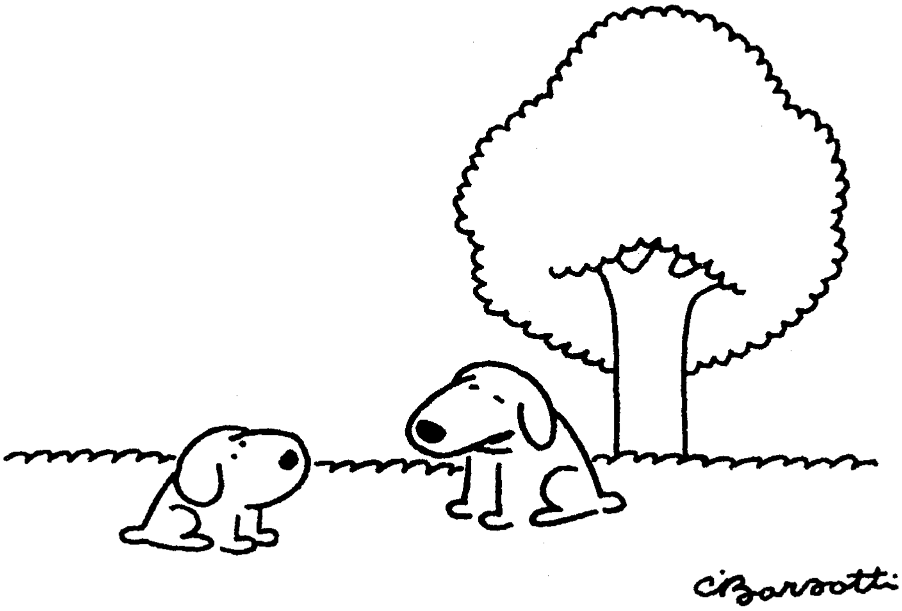
I had to make a woman cry, for the good of the city. She was an honest person, and so forth; trying to do her job, and so forth; but she was a total idiot. I couldn't think about her, because I had to think about the city. I had to think about each sidewalk, and the way each fire hydrant sits on the sidewalk: the nice old squat ones; the newer ones. So imagine what it would be: to be that woman, and suddenly I'm throwing my weight around; you don't know where I'll be next! I'm pinning you down, so you can't breathe; I step back out of mercy. Now you start to cry, which is a complete upheaval of life for you. That would be a *one*.

I wonder if you know what it's like, kids, on Election Nights, which are so lonely. To be a person like myself on Election Nights.

Now I'll guess the number. It's *ninety-nine*, isn't it? You picked the number *ninety-nine!* Isn't that great! Isn't that great!

Just one thing, kids. Nobody knows what it is, Election Night. I am so tired and drawn out on these Election Nights! How do people look—what expressions do they have—around your house? Could you try to search back and remember?

—GEORGE W. S. TROW



"*My advice is to learn all the tricks you can while you're young.*"

"RIGHT now you're what I'd call marginal," Mariana Nassar said. We were standing alongside a dumpster she was painting yellow. It was about noon. I had spent the morning cleaning my apartment, and I'd come out with a plastic bag stuffed with garbage. She poked the bag with her brush. "That about a week's worth?"

"Just breakfast," I said, pulling the bag away from her.

Mariana was forty, and looked half of it. She owned a small apartment complex where I'd lived with my first wife, so when the second marriage went I rented an apartment from her. She was wearing khaki shorts and a lime-green tube top, and she was prettier than I remembered.

I angled my bag into the mouth of the dumpster.

"We're painting this thing yellow," she said. "We think that'll make it more attractive to passersby. On this thoroughfare here." She looked up and down the alley, then balanced her brush across the lip of the can. "You ready for our big talk?"

We went into the courtyard and sat down by the pool. She sat on the edge, dangling her legs in the pale-blue water. I took a chair.

"So, Henry," she said, watching her feet distort in the ripples. "You got trouble. Just like old times. Have I got it straight—your first wife stole your second?"

"And my child," I said. "You don't know Rachel, do you?"

"No," Mariana said. She rocked her hips and edged backward a little, then lifted her legs out of the water. "So we're working on tactics right at the moment."

"Right," I said.

The water glittered and shone as breezes got its surface. Mariana sighed and slapped the water with her feet. "What's our worst case?"

"I get a new start."

"Whoopee," she said, turning to look at me over her shoulder.

I grinned. "You busy or anything?"

She laughed and pulled her knees up, putting her feet on the pool ledge. She wiggled her toes. "But what are you doing to these women? How come they *like* each other better than you? Looks like you need some high-quality advice." She got up, stretched, then slid her hands into her back pockets.

I got up, too. "I remember. You gave me a lot of high-quality advice when Clare left. You told me to go get her."

"My John Wayne period. Doesn't work in the new world." She slapped my stomach with the back of her hand. "First we got to lose a little of this. Then, something about the hair—what is that, a Bruce Dern makeover? And the pants, Henry. It's the eighties, right? We don't have to wear jeans anymore. We can get some regular pants. Maybe a shirt with some kind of color, or pattern, or something. And we can get our things dry-cleaned, you know? Give us a crisp look. There's a lot to do here." She walked in circles around me, pulling at my clothes, poking me with stiff fingers.

"This touching stuff—is this part of the treatment?"

She pinched a section of my shirt. "You're still doing all cotton, right? Right. But—what color is this, anyway?"

"White," I said.

"Just kidding. Just playing around. Actually, you don't look bad at all." She stopped right in front of me and tapped my lips with her fingers. "Spread 'em."

"What?" I started backing away from her.

She came after me, matching my steps, laughing and clicking one of her long, clear fingernails on her front teeth. "Gums," she said. "Open up. Open up."

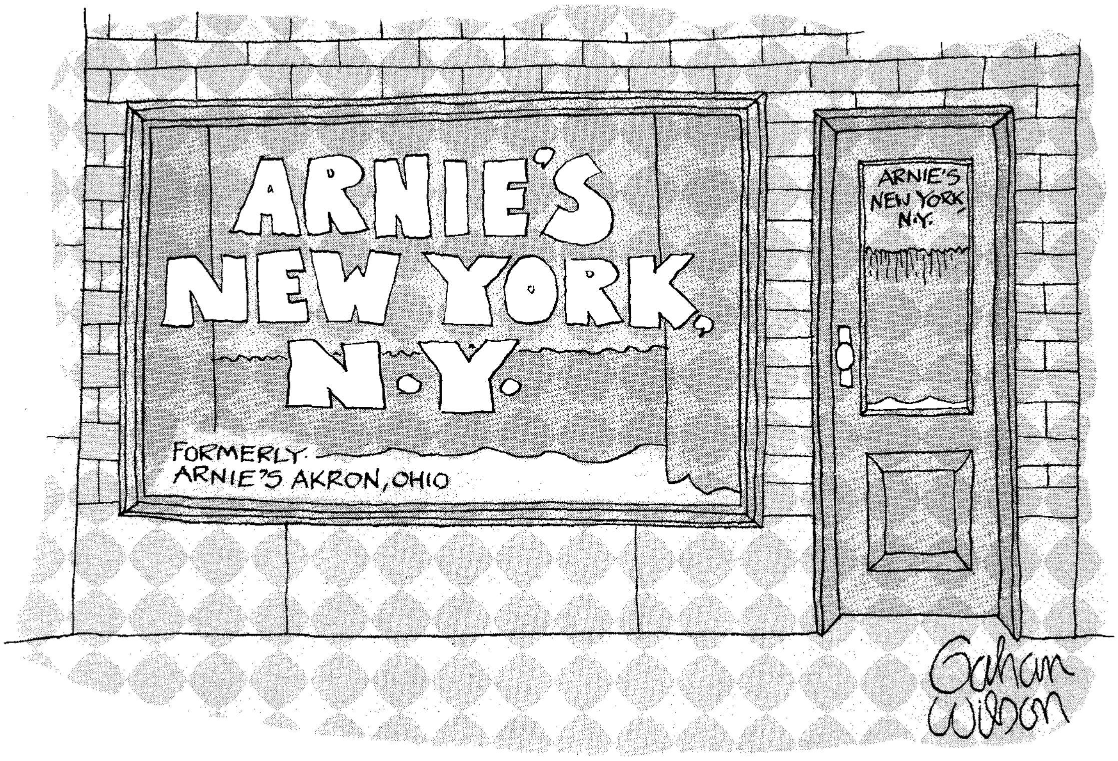
WE drove to the mall, the fish market, then a shop across town that was having a sale on French shoes. As we were leaving the shoe store, a deaf-mute came up selling ballpoint pens. I gave him a dollar and got a red pen with a small flag attached to its clip. Mariana said, "There's your problem right there, Henry. Couldn't be more clear."

"Habit," I said. I watched the guy go down the sidewalk toward the A. & P. "You don't want to make too much of it."

"Question of style. You're a born pussycat."

"I'm gonna pussycat you. You want me to get the dollar back?" I turned around and took a couple of steps toward the guy with the pens.

"Eek, eek," she said, putting her hands on her hips. She gave me her bored-to-death look and then spun around and started for the car.



I followed her across the faded blacktop. "I was going to take my dollar back from the pen guy," I said, getting into the car.

"We noticed that. They got you coming and going, don't they?"

"Who?"

"Never mind. Forget it." She reached across and knocked on the dashboard in front of me. "Hand me that pistol out of the glove box, will you?"

"I'll *bet* you've got a gun in here." I released the latch and peered into the compartment. There was a gun in it.

"Just kidding," she said. "It's not loaded. It doesn't even work. Don't worry."

I rolled my eyes, but she wasn't looking, she was backing the car out of its slot, so I waited until she turned around and I rolled my eyes again.

"Saw it the first time," she said. "Why don't you just take it easy here awhile, huh? Kind of ride along, enjoy the scenery—you know, relax. I don't think you're doing so bad. I mean, you could've lost an arm instead of a wife, somebody could've been killed, big shootout over to the One Hour, you know what I mean? You could've been caught with some little Twinkie friend of your daughter's—"

"Never touched her," I said. "I swear."

"There it is again," Mariana said, taking her hands off the wheel and holding them up, palms forward, in front of her. "Maybe you should have jumped her, showed her who's boss. Show the wife. Might be fun."

I found a St. Christopher medal behind the gun in the glove compartment. I brought the medal out to look at. Mariana stopped too close to a traffic light and had to lean forward to see it out of the windshield. "So can we change the subject now?" I said.

She grinned and slapped me on the thigh. "We're just getting started, Bucko. We've got restless nights in the apartment. One after another in a long, endless parade—get that? Long and endless, both of those. We got daytime in the kitchen with four red plastic pebble-finish glasses that you bought because they seemed sensible. We got light in there looks like it's trying to kill you. It's ordinary light, coming in windows and stuff, but it's so dusty and dry it's gonna soak you right up off the face of the planet." She switched lanes very quickly, slipping in in front of a mustard-colored BMW. "So then you put on the radio and what comes out is high school, real soft and sexy. You switch on the lights just to get some red into the room. You get a lot of cupped-up breasts in your mind, from the music, so you put on a record. But the record is old and reminds you of something, or it's new, and hip, and you bought it at Eckerd's drugstore."

"But I've got the light going," I said.

"The light's no better," she said. "You burn up the TV trying to get some color into the place, but nothing works. It's a desert in there. You're a thousand miles away, like the song. You ache. You get a woman in and she smells funny. I mean, she doesn't really smell funny, she just smells funny to you. You tell her that and she gets mad."

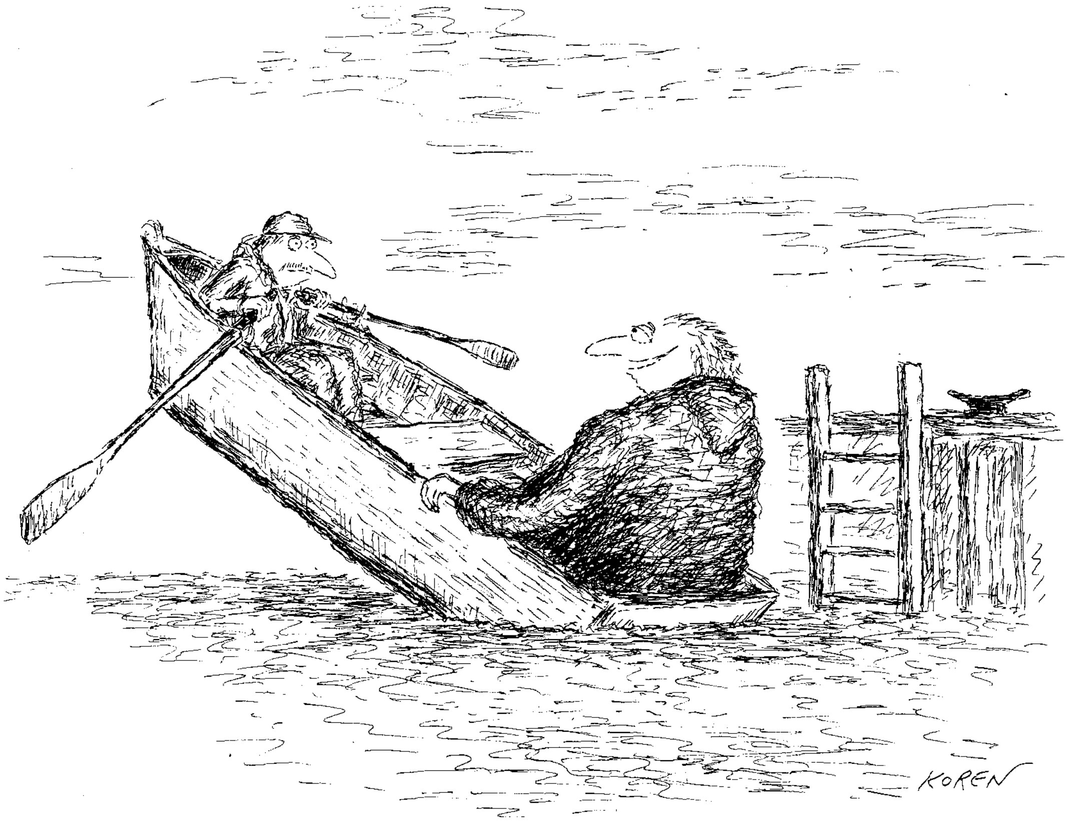
I pointed to the speedometer. "We've got a thirty-mile zone here."

She took her foot off the accelerator and let the car coast until the orange pointer got down to forty.

"So this woman packs up and leaves in a hurry. The apartment looks like the inside of a Bake-Q-Matic body shop at full tilt and you're in the bedroom with this smell in the sheets and the light looking medical, and you got in your head this picture of a sweet-smelling girl you danced with about twenty years ago on the lawn of a rich kid's house. It's a misty night, fall—cold and sparkly, with the patio lights putting tree-trunk shadows across the grass—and this soft girl is up close, her mouth in your neck, and she says something, or you think she says something, so you ask her 'What?' and she rocks her head back and forth, pulling her lips up over the lobe of your ear, and says 'Uh-huh' in a voice that feels like a little bit of warm water going down your legs—"

I put a hand over Mariana's mouth. "I get the picture."

She struggled a little, then playfully slumped forward onto the wheel. The car veered off to one side, narrowly missing a blue mailbox that seemed to come out of nowhere. Mariana spun



"*I guess it's last night's second helping of German chocolate cake.*"

• •

the wheel, yelled a muffled “Jesus,” and sat up, all at once. “Don’t mess with the driver,” she said when we were going smoothly again.

“Sorry,” I said. “I had to stop you.”

“Stop me what? I was dramatizing your plight. I was working.” She looked at me, and I looked at the car’s headliner. “So what are you telling me —that you don’t want to go back?”

I rolled down my window and adjusted the outside rearview mirror. “Not a good question,” I said, closing my window again.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. You want to answer anyway?”

Her blouse had come unbuttoned. I could see the curve of the bottom of her breast and the line above it where her tan cut across the pale skin.

She caught me looking. “So what’s the answer, Henry?” she said, buttoning the shirt with one hand.

“Don’t know,” I said.

She nodded and pushed the hair up and away from her forehead. “I thought so. All the men say that. The women don’t say that at all, see—that’s the thing.”

I shook my head.

“Sure it is,” she said. “You got girls flying away in droves, caterwauling—going away as if shot from guns is what I mean.” She illustrated by wagging her hands in circles and then batting them into each other. “Love doesn’t know your name, fella. You’ve got a serious problem here, and you’re thinking levelheaded’s gonna get it.” She turned to inspect a guy who had pulled up alongside us at the light in a GMC truck. I watched him realize she was looking him over. He was rubbing his neck, and when he saw her he raised his eyebrows a fraction and at the same time dropped his head, acknowledging her attention.

I couldn’t see what kind of look she gave the guy, but after he’d done his hello there was a pause, then a smile spread slowly over his face. He looked away, then past her to me, then at her again. His smile turned into a chuckle.

“He’s about a two,” Mariana said, still looking at the guy.

“You’d better quit or he’ll run that truck up on the back of here and start two-ing you,” I said. “What are you doing?”

She turned around. “Practicing.” She twisted the wheel back and forth. “Where was I?” She started fast after the light changed to get the jump on the guy in the truck. “Oh, yeah. I was helping you. I was being seductive.”

A HILL

Hacked out of sandy soil to make a pool,
A new outcropping left a shelf of roots—
Ungainly razor cuts, whacked scissor shavings,
A haircut of the awful, lacking both
The plain and crooked virtue of the natural
And the studied beauty of a formal landscape.
We made a hill of it, brought topsoil in,
Uprooted rhodos and transplanted them
To form a marginal crest, and tamped
The whole thing down into a rolling dune.
But it is still all stone and earth out there,
Less loam than a sandy grout for rocks
The glacier left in one haphazard fling,
A wild thing wanting to get back to wilderness
No matter how we try to tame it with a green
Wig of fan junipers, dwarf spruces, yew,
And violets we hope will take, their roots spread nets
To hold the whole oncoming wave together.

—Howard Moss

• •

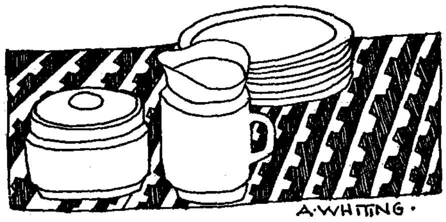
I squinted at her. “That’s very flattering,” I said, but it didn’t sound right, so I said, “That’s nice.”

“You’re welcome,” she said.

She propped her elbow on the door and her head on her hand and drove more slowly. I looked out the window at the hamburger places, fried-fish places, barbecue places. An old guy with a bicycle decked out like a five-and-dime wheeled by on our right with one of his two overcoats tied up into a cowl over his head and a small TV strapped with duct tape to the handlebars of his bike. I reached over and touched Mariana’s shoulder.

She shrugged my hand off and then laughed, a lovely short laugh that flickered over her face and ended in a small, tight smile for me. “Yes,” she said. “We have decided to take your case. Our people will be in touch with your people. Not to worry.”

We took an eighteen-passenger flight to Brownsville, then rented a car at the airport and drove over to Port Isabel, a coast town in extreme south Texas. We went for the weekend. There were palm trees lining the highway. People pulled carts in the dirt alongside the road. Very quaint. Mexico was about twenty-five minutes away. The rain was thick and blue, falling constantly, relentlessly, as it had done since we left home. I had called Rachel to tell her I was going out of town to think things over. Rachel said, “That’s what I’m supposed to tell Mom?”



When we got into Port Isabel, we dropped our bags in the lobby of the Alamo Hotel and went for a drink at a club called the Tim Tam, which was full of prostitutes. They were dancing together, circling clumsily in dots of light from a fifties beer advertising display. We drank Superior and watched the women dance. Mariana said, “How about this one?” She indicated a woman in a black sheath slit over the hip. “You want us to wrap her for you, Henry?” She fiddled with the thick chips in a gold basket on the table.

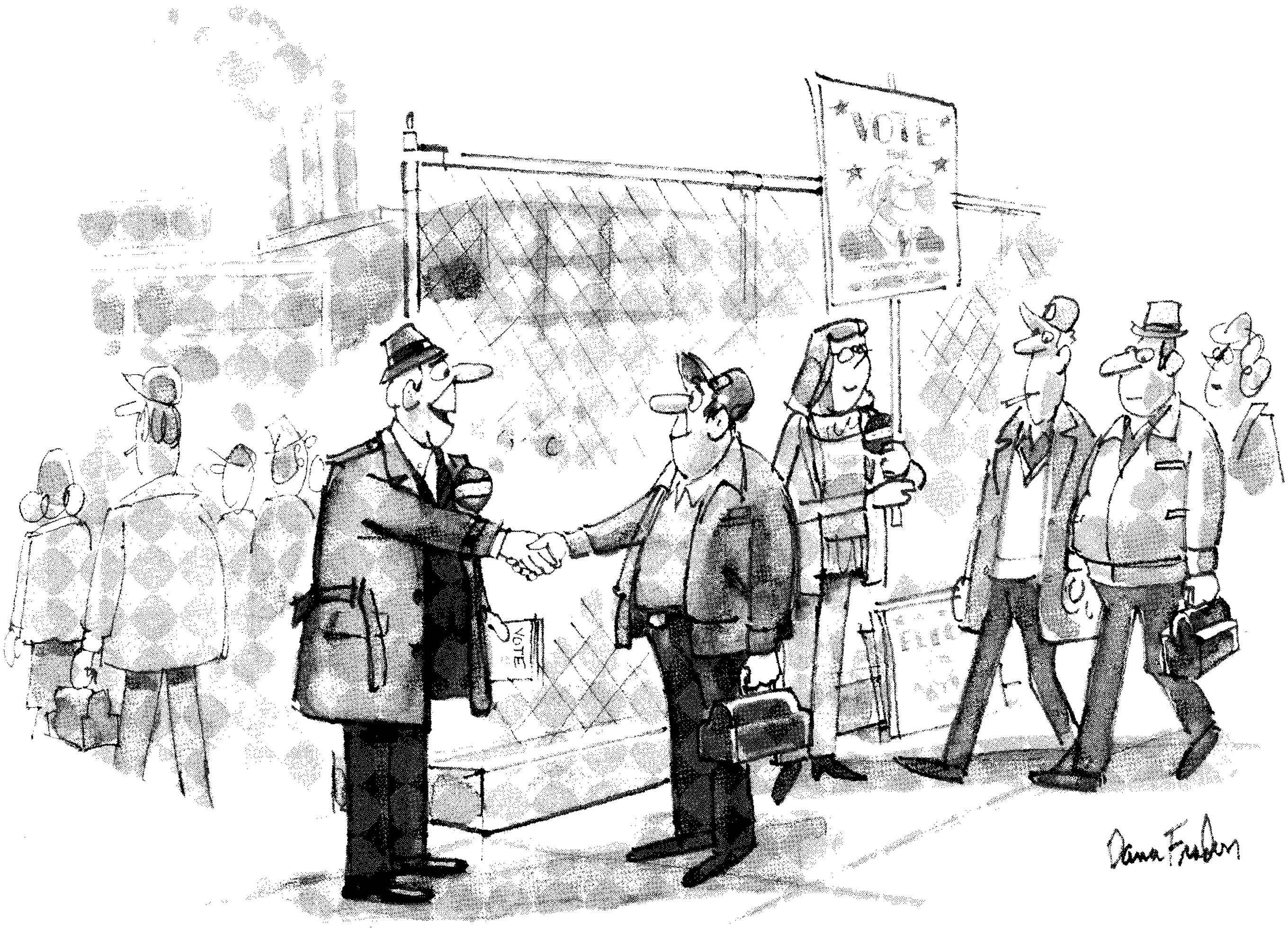
“Maybe we should walk around, see the town,” I said. I glanced out the yellow saloon-style doors at the rain. “No, I guess we shouldn’t.”

“We can run to the hotel, if you want.”

One of the women we had been staring at, not the one in black, came to the table and leaned on the third chair. She had on elbow-length gloves and a T-shirt with no sleeves. Her nipples were large circles against the shirt. “This your first time?” She glanced around at the little bar, which was dark and used-looking. “Ain’t much, is it? Good against rain and not much else. I’m saying we got a perfect roof, though. Tight as a drum.” She waved at the ceiling.

“Just taking a look,” Mariana said.

“That’s what I see. I’m Felice.”



"I can't promise you an ambassadorship, but if elected I certainly will consider you."

* * *

She winked at me. "I figured you weren't—you know, customers, in the usual sense of that term."

Mariana said, "My name is Mariana. This is Henry. We just got here. For the weekend."

"Uh-huh. And you ain't Texas, are you? I can tell Texas-born. Except Houston. Those folks always sound like they're from L.A., or either Michigan. One of the two."

I said, "We're at the hotel a couple of blocks over here." I pointed toward where I thought the hotel was.

"Are you, now?" Felice said. "The Alamo. I've been in there. Seen some of my better days there, matter of fact. You kids having another beer?"

We thanked her and said no, and she thanked us and said to keep her in mind, business-wise. We said that we would, and then all three of us laughed.

THE hotel was a six-story brick building on a square that opened on its fourth side to a seedy little dock where people got boat rides. The trees in the square were tall, but they had thin trunks. The man behind the hotel desk was Hawkins. He had a built-up black shoe on his left foot, and a back about twenty degrees off the vertical. We had used Mariana's card to register, so he called me Mr. Nassar.

Alongside the desk, a sleepy-looking girl about twenty was shaking a clear plastic rain hat. She said, "Sweet Jesus. He's really after me this time."

"Who is?" Hawkins was staring at the wall of slots behind the desk, trying to find our key.

The girl grinned at Mariana, then at me. "Him," she said, pointing up. "Big Guy. It ain't rained like this since I was a kid in love with Rodney Beauchamp. I did naughty things for Rodney Beauchamp in his pickup—he was the football captain at my school. The Big Guy rained on me nearly a month. On that occasion."

Hawkins introduced us. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Nassar. Mariana and—is it Henry? Henry. Meredith Rotel. Meredith does the night work on the desk here. She's a local girl."

"Eighty-per-cent local," Meredith said. "The rest of me's entirely rayon."

I signalled hello, and Mariana stepped around toward the side of the desk to shake the girl's hand.

Hawkins wiggled his head back and forth as if to dismiss Meredith's remark. "She'll run you ragged if you give her a chance. Won't you, Meredith? Don't ask her about hot spots, whatever you do."

"I'm the hottest spot I know," Meredith said. She flapped the collar of her printed shirtwaist. "Only at the moment I ain't so hot. More wet, like."

"Well, I guess we'll be talking to you," Mariana said, grinning at the girl. "I want to hear more about the pickup."

"Me, too," I said.

Mariana slapped my chest. "Settle down there, pard."

We got the key and squeezed into the elevator. The trim was brass and badly stained, and there was some kind of AstroTurf on the walls. We got off on the third floor and found our room, which was large and sour-smelling, with two windows overlooking the square. I took a chair by one of the windows and cocked my feet up on the radiator.

Mariana sat on the bed. "We shouldn't have gone to the bar first thing, right? So I think what I'll do is shower and take it easy for a bit." She unbuttoned the front of her blouse, then its cuffs. She pulled her suitcase onto the bed and popped it open, bringing out a plain leather travel kit. She loosened her belt, then stood by the bathroom door, one hand on the frame. "Well," she said, straightening her blouse with her free hand. "We could just forget it if that's what you want. I think it'll get better, but it's no big deal."

"It's a fair-size deal, isn't it? It's not routine—maybe for you, not me."

"Oh, heck yes," she said, turning away, entering the bathroom. "I come here all the time. I always come here. I was here last week with this guy who plays pro hockey."

"Sorry," I said.

She looked back into the room and waved off the apology, then closed the door.

I sat in the chair and scanned the square, listening to the water sizzling in the bathroom. Somebody knocked at the door. I answered, and a big guy in a khaki uniform introduced himself—C. E. "Fred" Corbett, sheriff of Olympia County. He was six-five, easily. I nodded at his badge and then invited him in, but he stayed in the hall. "You Joseph Butcher?" he said.

I said I wasn't. When he asked for identification I gave him my wallet.

"Vacation?" he said. "Or business?"

"We're having a small vacation. Just a weekend."

He was like a giant William Bendix, with the slablike jaw and the limp mouth. He glanced up and down the corridor. "You met any people here, staying here?"

"We met the desk guy and a girl who works nights—Meredith. That's all."

He handed me my wallet and stuck his hands in his jacket pockets. "Fine. Thanks. Sorry to bust in."

I said, "I wish I could help you," then waited for him to move away from the door before closing it, only he didn't move. "Is there something else?" I asked.

"Nope. You can go ahead and shut her down. We appreciate your coöperation." He smiled but didn't move.

It was awkward closing the door in his face, but there wasn't anything else to do; so I did. When it was shut, I locked it and stood there, listening. For a minute I heard nothing, then I heard his boots shuffle away, and then the sound of his knock next door.

Mariana stuck her head out of the bathroom. "Who was that?"

I was still facing the door, bent forward. "He said he was the sheriff. I sure was glad to see him, too. I'm just glad I'm not Tuesday Weld, or I'd be in real trouble right about now." I went back to my chair. "How did we dig up this place?"

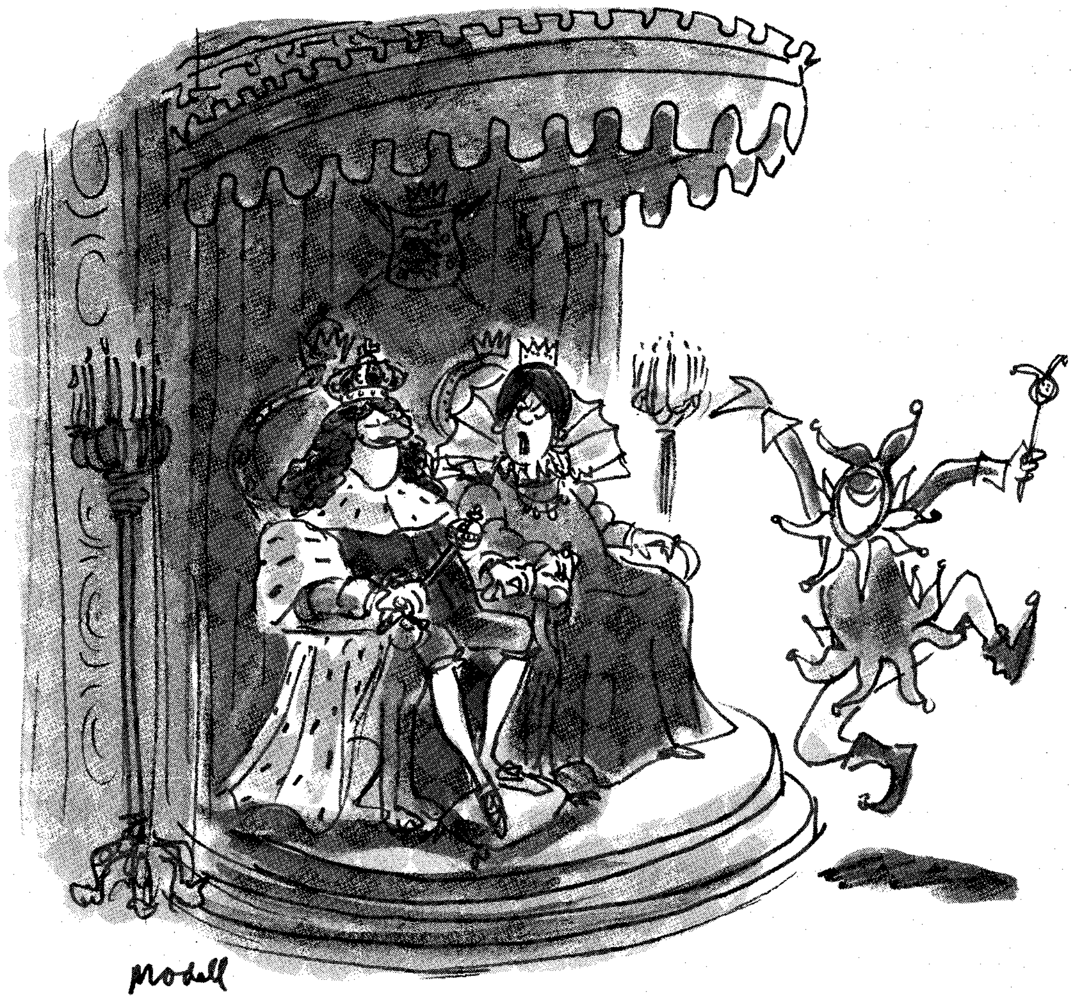
She stepped into the room with a hotel towel pressed against her chest. "Sheriff? I don't believe you."

"He had a badge and everything. I checked it out. I was tough on him, studied the badge. It was a star on something that looked like a horseshoe—it wasn't a horseshoe, but it was shaped like that." I drew the shape in the air. "It had those balls on the star points."

"So he wouldn't hurt himself." She lifted her wet hair, pushed it back above her ear.

"Well," I said, slapping the arm of the chair and then standing. "I'm ready for the big checkout. Find a Holiday Inn or something. Down by the beach—which way is the beach? Over here?" I pointed toward the square.

"Don't be silly. Just because a single sexually potent peace officer knows where we are?" She made a face and came across the

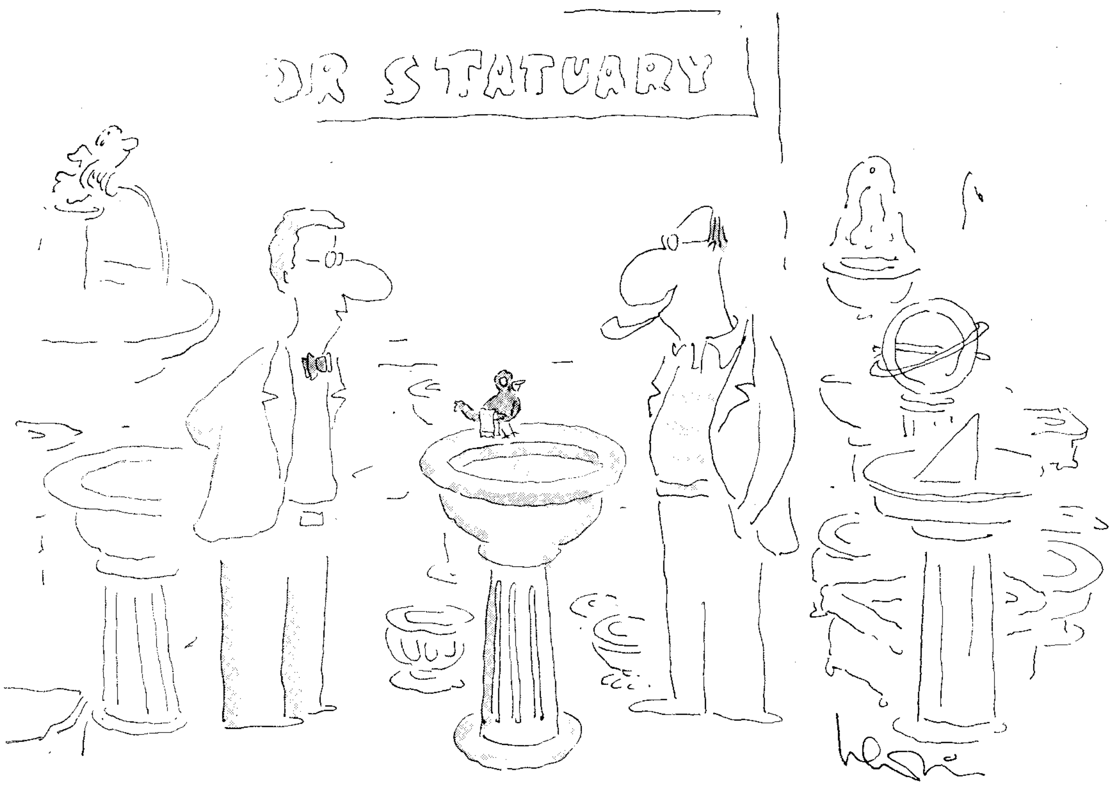


"You don't have to smile to be polite, you know. You're king."

room. "Wait a minute. I didn't mean that the way it sounded."

When she was ready, we went out hunting for a restaurant. Meredith suggested Motor Bill's, a seafood house two or three blocks away, along the harbor. "It's my type of a place," she said. "Kind of a more natural atmosphere."

It was a pretty evening. There were people in the street, even though it was still sprinkling. They were walking in twos and threes, enjoying themselves. The sky was a breathtaking silver. We were about half a block from the hotel when the square suddenly filled up with police cars. They slid around corners and out of alleys, without sirens, engines sounding like wind as they accelerated, then stopped hard and diagonal in the street, their top lights flicking the buildings with reds and blues. People started gathering in a circle around the Alamo's entrance canopy. The street lamps were already on, dropping freezing green circles of light on the pavement. Across the small square, pleasure boats pulled dully at their ropes.



"Perhaps you would care for a demonstration, sir?"

We went back and joined the people in front of the hotel. I heard someone say that somebody was the daughter of a Latin who ran the largest rancho in Panama. Two other guys were talking about a business deal; one said, "Hey, the deal is cut, I'm just down here for the signature," and the other said, "Sure you are. And they're talking about sending you to Cairo. That must be swell."

The cops stayed on either side of the hotel, next to their cars, lights still swivelling, flashing. They seemed less concerned with us than with the park and the street. We were in a circle, but there wasn't anything at the center, so I guessed we were waiting for somebody. I said to a small man in a gray chalk-striped suit, "What's the story?"

The guy turned and looked at me, then at Mariana. I put my arm around her. He said, "Out of town?"

"Right," I said. "What's this about?"

"Nothing for you to worry with," he said. His tie had a gold clip in the shape of a musical note about three-quarters of the way down. He fingered the clip as he talked to us. "It's a local situation. You're visiting, so you've got no reason to worry." He took a business card from his vest pocket and handed the card to Mariana. "I am Muhal Richard Cisco. Export. If I can help, please call me. Don't hesitate."

I peeked over Mariana's shoulder at the card, which had on it his name and a ten-digit phone number. Nothing else. Then a tall Mexican guy whispered something to Cisco, who eyed us as he listened, nodding and patting the tall guy's arm. A squinchy kid in high white pants and sparkling red shoes pushed his way out through the hotel's revolving door. He stayed close to the building. Several people from the group pressed forward, closing around him. They talked nervously, several at once, until the tall guy who had been with Cisco handed the kid some folding money, a lot of it, and the kid managed a toothy grin and slipped back into the hotel.

Mariana said, "I'm thinking maybe you were right about this place. Shall we go?"

We crossed the square and walked down along the dock until we found the restaurant Meredith recommended. It was a tiny wood-frame building with a tile floor, bum furniture, and plastic tablecloths decorated with farm animals. We sat in a corner under a hanging jade plant that was on its last leg. Our table butted up against a window that had been painted brown, but a couple of fist-size peepholes had been scratched in the paint. Outside, there was a timber dock that had three white rowboats tied to it. A guy wearing a full-length apron over an undershirt came out of the back of the restaurant and said something to the girl who had seated us, then brought over two bond-paper menus sleeved in plastic.

Mariana ordered fried scallops, and I said I'd try the snapper. The guy took our menus and disappeared back through the swinging doors, each of which had a half circle of dirty glass in it.

There weren't any other customers. On the opposite wall there was a kind of altar—a black sombrero surrounded by photographs, palm leaves, statues, a rosary made of nuggets of red glass, airplane postcards, other stuff. Mariana got up to take a look. I watched the boats through the scratched brown window. Coming back, she said, "So what do you say, Henry?"

"It's sweaty for my taste," I said. "Colorful, but sweaty. We could go out where the rest of the tourists are, wherever that is."

"It's not like I remember it, that's true. That guy was probably just a lottery guy—the kid, I mean."

She slid her jacket off her shoulders onto the spindles of the ladder-back chair. Outside, I saw the man in the apron trot past the boats and around the corner of a rusted steel shed. I waited for him to come back. When he did, he was carrying a stack of white containers like those used for take-out food. Two Mexican kids wearing khaki pants and open shirts ran alongside him, talking and gesturing. I said, "I think Motor Bill just ran out and picked up dinner."

Mariana leaned across the table to see, but the guy was out of sight.

The kids were about thirteen, Rachel's age—maybe a little older. They came in from the kitchen laughing, then saw us and got very quiet as they sat down at a wobbly table. The guy who had taken our order came out and said something in Spanish to the boys, and they screeched their chairs across the floor and followed him into the back.

The food was served on colored plates—mine was peach, Mariana's was lime—and it wasn't bad. She kept telling me to slow down, that I was eating too fast. Out the window I saw the Mexican kids running along the pier away from the restaurant carrying garbage bags twisted down to the size of footballs. The undershirt guy came out to see how things were going.

"Very tangy," Mariana said. "I love the butter sauce."

"Thank you," the guy said. "You would like to have a jar of pulque? I have a pulque that you would never forget in a thousand years."

"He's going to get us on the flies," I said, half muttering.

The guy heard me and didn't think it was funny. He swatted at the next table with the dish towel he carried over his arm, then put on a too polite smile. "You do not have to drink the pulque, my friend. I have only offered it to the lady who you are with. If she does not want the pulque, then I am sure that she will not have it."

"I think I won't, today," Mariana said, smiling at the guy. She dabbed at the corners of her mouth with her napkin. "But thank you very much. It's kind of you."

"You are welcome," he said, and he bowed at the waist, giving us a view of the top of his head, where a scab the size of a quarter was tucked in under the damp hair.

When he was gone I apologized. "Uncontrollable urge. The flies, I mean. It was stupid. It just leapt out. I'm covered with embarrassment."

"You're gonna be covered with pulque if you don't settle down."

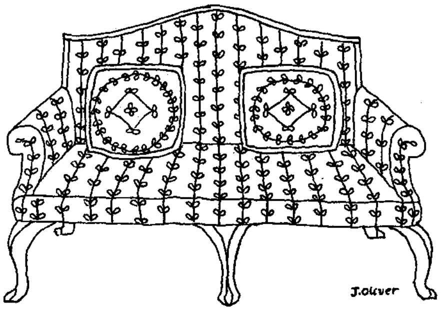
The guy put a guitar record on an old turntable propped up behind the bar, but the music was hard to listen to because a CB radio cut in and out. Mariana turned around and smiled at the guy anyway.

We finished dinner pretty quick and went back out into the drizzle. Mariana had her hair pulled back tight to her scalp. Drops of the mist settled in the wiry hair above her forehead, making her younger and prettier. She took my arm and steered us down a crooked street lined on either side with buildings painted hot, chalky colors. The cars were parked crazily, in the road and up on the sidewalk. At first, we climbed around them, then we gave up and took to the middle of the street. I was watching my feet when the two Mexican kids appeared out of a low doorway and asked us if we wanted to buy vegetables. Very fresh, they assured us.

I was all ready to say no when Mariana said yes. She got out her wallet and gave one kid a five-dollar bill, while the second kid ducked back into the doorway and fetched one of the garbage bags I'd seen them with earlier. The bag was green and a little bit transparent, and through it I could make out carrots and round things that might have been peppers or red onions. Mariana took the bag and peered down into it, then grinned at the kids. "Terrific," she said. "Wonderful. Thank you."

They thanked her in Spanish and vanished through a royal-blue door.

We went on walking, arm in arm, along the curving, sloping road. The rain was so light I could barely feel it.



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KITING: A REVERIE

The only play is for keeps: the way the red-tailed hawk
curls a thousand feet over the stream and hurls himself in a chalk-
line down to bunch against the magnified neck, a minuscule drifter
stark in the pebbly waters of the stream-brain; the way Ophelia

herself weeps neither for wage nor the lover's eye, leaving

the wings for good, the play forever, the irretrievable comfort of make-
believe; the way we drop in dreams to take
our place in the kingdom of the lost, to wonder beside the great stones
at the mica glints, the lost gazing before the shroud hovers in bones

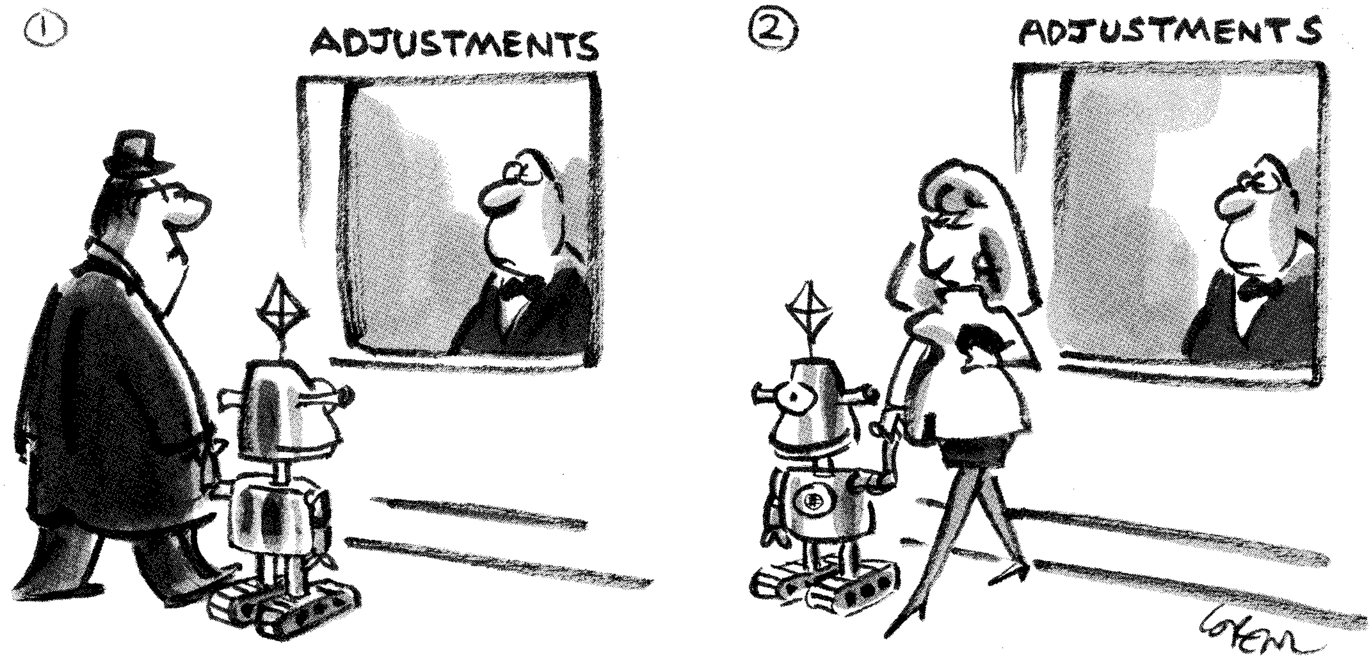
of light over the back of our head, takes our neck in its mouth

to do with what it will; the way we drop into each other's arms
from the day's events, the hours polishing the table at the empty farm
turning our throats to the mouth's kisses, the goddess come again
for the love of gods, for mercy's sake, the human dream.

This must go on we say, this keep-in-touch, this tangled play

of lobes and nipple-burls, this fingering light
play of flesh opening and closing down from a great height,
handing ourselves over—oh, yes, to the hawk's breath
on our fragile neck, and our tongue's stealth.

—Donald Junkins



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but I was getting cold. "This goes down to the Gulf. That's what we want?"

"I want to play cards in bed tonight," Mariana said. "I love to do that. It slows everything down."

My heel skidded on a badly set paving stone, and I would have fallen on my face if she hadn't held me up with her arm. "I'm ready when you are," I said, freeing myself. "I need to get me a pink suit and duck shoes to walk around down here."

SATURDAY morning I went down to the lobby and called Rachel. She didn't sound happy to hear from me. I asked about her mother, and about what was happening, and so on, and her answers were terse—single words. Finally, I said, "What's wrong here? What are you mad about?"

"Oh, nothing. Only, where are you? What are you doing down there? Who's with you?"

"Texas, nothing, and for me to know," I said. "I'm just taking some time off." Hawkins was about twenty feet away, behind his desk, stealing glances at me.

"You're taking a ride on the Reading, is what you're taking. I suggest you get your story together. What am I supposed to say to Mom?"

"I told her what I was doing," I said.

"Yes. And she told me, but she's not dumb about it."

I waited a second, then said, "This is great. I feel lousy, so I call you up, and what I get is worse than what I started with. Thanks a lot."

"So jump a plane. I'll set it up for you."

I found a wad of grape-colored gum somebody had stuck to the wooden wing of the telephone enclosure. "I'll be back tomorrow afternoon," I said. "You can take me out to dinner."

"What if I don't want to?" I didn't answer that, and she waited for a few seconds, then said, "O.K. Sorry. Tell me how big a deal this is. I mean, what's the correct level of anxiety for a child like me?"

"You could probably guess. I'm calling you up in the middle of it. Not high."

"Good," she said, her voice softening. "In that case, go ahead and have a really wonderful time."

"Thanks, amigo," I said. We hung up and I sat there for a while, feeling better.

It was still raining when we got the car out of the shedlike garage and drove out to the beach for lunch. Mariana was driving and being quiet. I stared out the window. I liked the desolate, broken-down look of things. The land was empty, and in spite of the rain I could see that it stretched miles in all directions. We passed a big, shallow hill that was a field full of wrecked cars, and around the cars there were black-and-white cows grazing, and birds strutting quickly in the rain. I knotted my hands together and grinned at how lovely that was. We made a turn onto a road that was straight and thin to the horizon. The palms that staked either side were a hundred yards apart and forty feet tall, curved by the wind.

Mariana glanced around, then turned back to the highway. "Feeling better?"

"I called home. Rachel wanted to know about you. I didn't tell her."

"Oh. Not feeling better. I see." She changed her position behind the wheel, then curled her fingers around her hair, dragging it away from her face. "Do you want to go back today?"

I watched a truck in the rearview mirror on my side of the car. "No. I don't think so. We've got cards to play. You think I'm letting you get away with the big winner?"

"No," she said. "I don't."

She turned and smiled at me—a wry, sad smile that made me long for her and for other things. I started to cry and covered it by looking out the window at the stiff trunks of the trees, and the delicate grass, and the helmetlike sky. The tires ran on the highway, and the windshield wipers clacked, and I waited a minute before I faced Mariana again.

"Easy," she said, reaching to circle her hand around my wrist.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME

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If you feel litigious, you have a wide choice of instruments: there are 626 lawyers in the U.S. for each one of us.
—*Asbury Park Press.*

It just seems that way sometimes.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

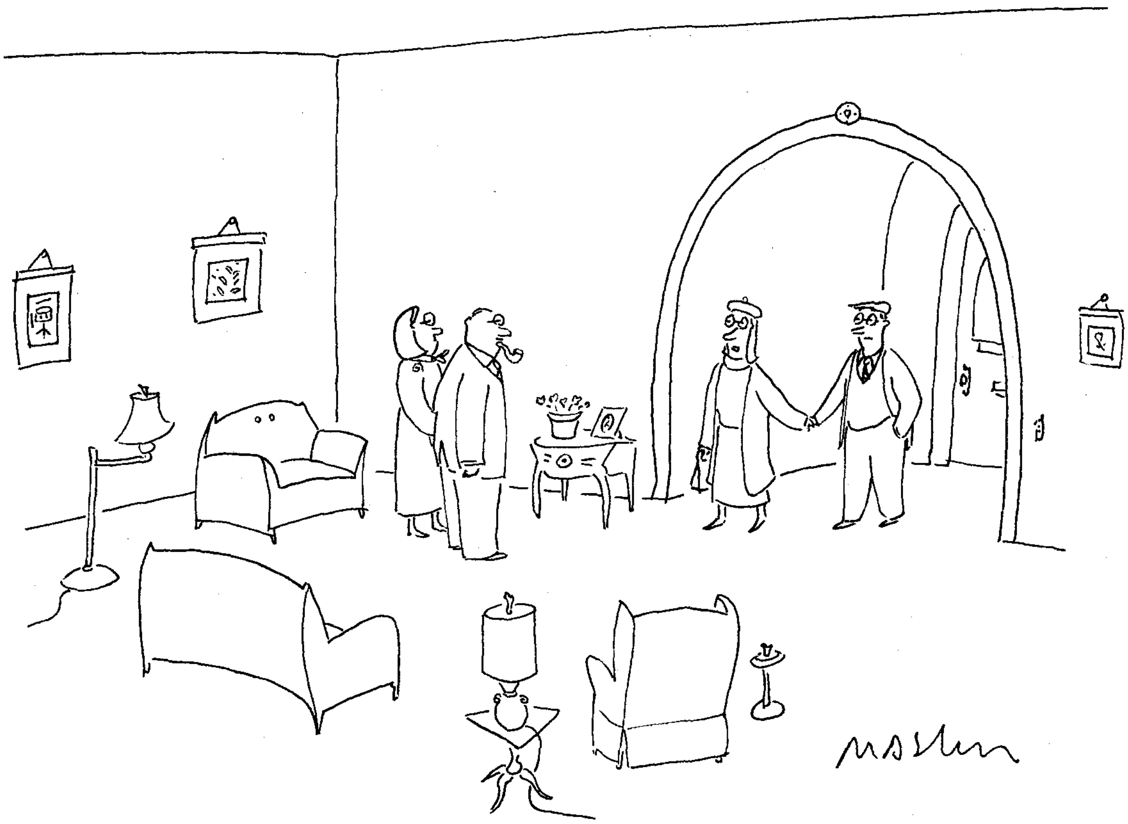
A KIND OF COMMONS—I

The vulnerability of microorganisms to antibiotics is a kind of commons—a resource which if we consume it by the use of antibiotics for non-medical purposes in animals is diminished in man. The benefit of using these drugs routinely as over-the-counter products to help animals grow faster, or in prophylactic programs, does not outweigh the potential risks posed to people.—*Donald Kennedy, Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, 1977.*

MILLIONS of years ago, certain single-celled organisms dwelling in the soil developed the ability to produce within themselves compounds that could either inhibit the growth of or kill competing microorganisms. This ability, which was probably acquired through random genetic mutation, was an extraordinary evolutionary development. The microorganisms that could produce these compounds, which have come to be known as antibiotics (a term derived from the Greek and meaning literally "against life"), gained an immense advantage in the struggle for survival. But, as if in illustration of the Newtonian principle that to every action there is always opposed an equal reaction, other microorganisms—principally bacteria—acquired a defense. Once the ability to produce antibiotics had given the first group of microorganisms an initial advantage, nature's evolutionary one-upmanship endowed the second group with the ability to resist the effects of the antibiotics.

There was a wide variety of antibiotic-producing organisms, each able to elaborate a different antibiotic, and the surrounding bacteria responded by acquiring a wide variety of resistance strategies. For instance, resistance to penicillin, which kills a bacterium by inhibiting the production of its cell wall, takes several forms. Some bacteria are able to produce a powerful degrading enzyme called penicillinase, which chemically breaks down the antibiotic so that it can do no harm. In others, a mechanism prevents the drug from reaching its target in the cell, the target being certain proteins essential in cell-wall synthesis. In order for penicillin to be effective, it must adhere to these proteins, but some penicillin-resistant bacteria modify the proteins so that the penicillin can no longer attach itself to them. The mechanism for resistance to tetracycline, another common antibiotic, is completely different. Instead of breaking down the invading bactericide with degrading enzymes or denying it access, tetracycline-resistant bacteria use an efflux system that operates something like a ship's automatic bilge pump, expelling the substance from the interior of the cell as fast as it comes in. Because tetracycline is not actually destroyed by this efflux system (as penicillin is by penicillinase) and is a relatively stable compound, some researchers fear that it is accumulating in the environment, and that this growing reservoir of released tetracycline may be exerting more and more pressure on the bacterial pool to "select for" resistant organisms: those bacteria that are not resistant to tetracycline will stop growing and die, while those that are will flourish.

When the various resistance mechanisms first evolved, they were of relative insignificance in the big biological picture, for, besides soil and a few other places where antibiotic-producing microorganisms lived, there were no ecological niches where it behooved a bacterium to acquire these traits. The competition between microorganisms occupied an obscure corner of the ecological battlefield, having no impact on human beings or other animals until modern times. It was not until the nineteen-forties, almost two decades after Sir Alexander Fleming's accidental discovery of penicillin in 1928, that antibiotics began to be produced and used in large quantities—a development that disrupted the balance between naturally produced antibiotics and resistant bacteria. As the biologist Marc Lappé pointed out in his book "Germs That Won't Die," there were only twenty-nine pounds of manufactured penicillin in existence in 1943; by 1953, eight hundred and sixty thousand pounds had been pro-



"Mom, Dad, you remember Ed Fendeburg—the man I married."

duced; between 1960 and 1970, domestic production trebled. At present, more than nine million pounds are produced annually in this country alone.

As these new drugs were manufactured in ever greater quantities, they began to deluge first the human and then the animal bacterial pools, killing vast numbers of those bacteria that were sensitive—that is, vulnerable—and leaving to reproduce only those whose genes carried resistance factors. As the antibiotic era proceeded into the nineteen-fifties and sixties, doctors began to encounter pathogenic, or disease-causing, bacteria that would not respond to "the drug of choice"—the commonly accepted, first-line therapy for a given illness. In some cases, patients died before anyone discovered that the bacteria they harbored were resistant. By the end of the sixties, less than twenty years after antibiotics began to be widely used both as human medicine and as feed additives for livestock, epidemics caused by drug-resistant bacteria were being reported around the world.

"Oh, splendid—a comedy of manners!"

• •

In 1968, for instance, an extremely virulent form of dysentery broke out in Guatemala. Three years later, the offending microorganism—*Shigella dysenteriae*—was still not under control. It had spread throughout Central America, infecting at least a hundred and twelve thousand people, of whom more than twelve thousand died. Perplexed when patients did not respond to the normal drugs of choice—chloramphenicol, tetracycline, streptomycin, and the sulfonamides—doctors presumed that they were faced with an epidemic of amebic dysentery, which cannot be cured by these drugs. It was only six months after the onset of the epidemic that they discovered they were dealing with resistant dysentery bacteria. As the World Health Organization noted in a 1978 report on resistant intestinal bacteria, "this delay in diagnosis contributed greatly to the formidable mortality."

In 1972, a prolonged typhoid epidemic broke out in Mexico, where a strain of *Salmonella typhi* infected thousands of people. Even though most were treated, several thousand died, because the bacteria were resistant to chloramphenicol, which was the first-line drug for this disease. Although samples of *S. typhi* were subjected to drug-susceptibility tests almost immediately, the outbreak was so extensive that it took months until word spread from the laboratories in Mexico City and doctors discovered why they had been administering chloramphenicol in vain. (Susceptibility tests are not a normal procedure in remote regions of Third World countries, because they are costly and pathology labs are few and far between.) The 1978 W.H.O. report noted that "the case-fatality rate early in this epidemic was similar to that experienced before the antibiotic era." After the tests revealed these typhoid bacteria to be resistant to chloramphenicol, doctors switched to ampicillin, and the death rate declined dramatically.

Even in the industrialized countries, epidemiological studies began showing alarming increases in resistant organisms. By mid-1982, the British medical journal *The Lancet* was reporting that in the United Kingdom ninety per cent of all strains of *Staphylococcus aureus* (bacteria that are a major cause of infection in sutured surgical incisions) were resistant to penicillin and thirty-five per cent of *Escherichia coli* (common and relatively harmless intestinal bacteria) were resistant to ampicillin, a member of the penicillin family. In its 1978 report, the W.H.O. had noted ominously, "Outbreaks of infection due to drug-resistant organisms are an increasing problem in both the developing and the developed countries. This problem has been brought into prominence by the recent widespread outbreaks of enteric diseases caused by drug-resistant organisms; delayed recognition of drug resistance has, on several occasions, caused unnecessary suffering and loss

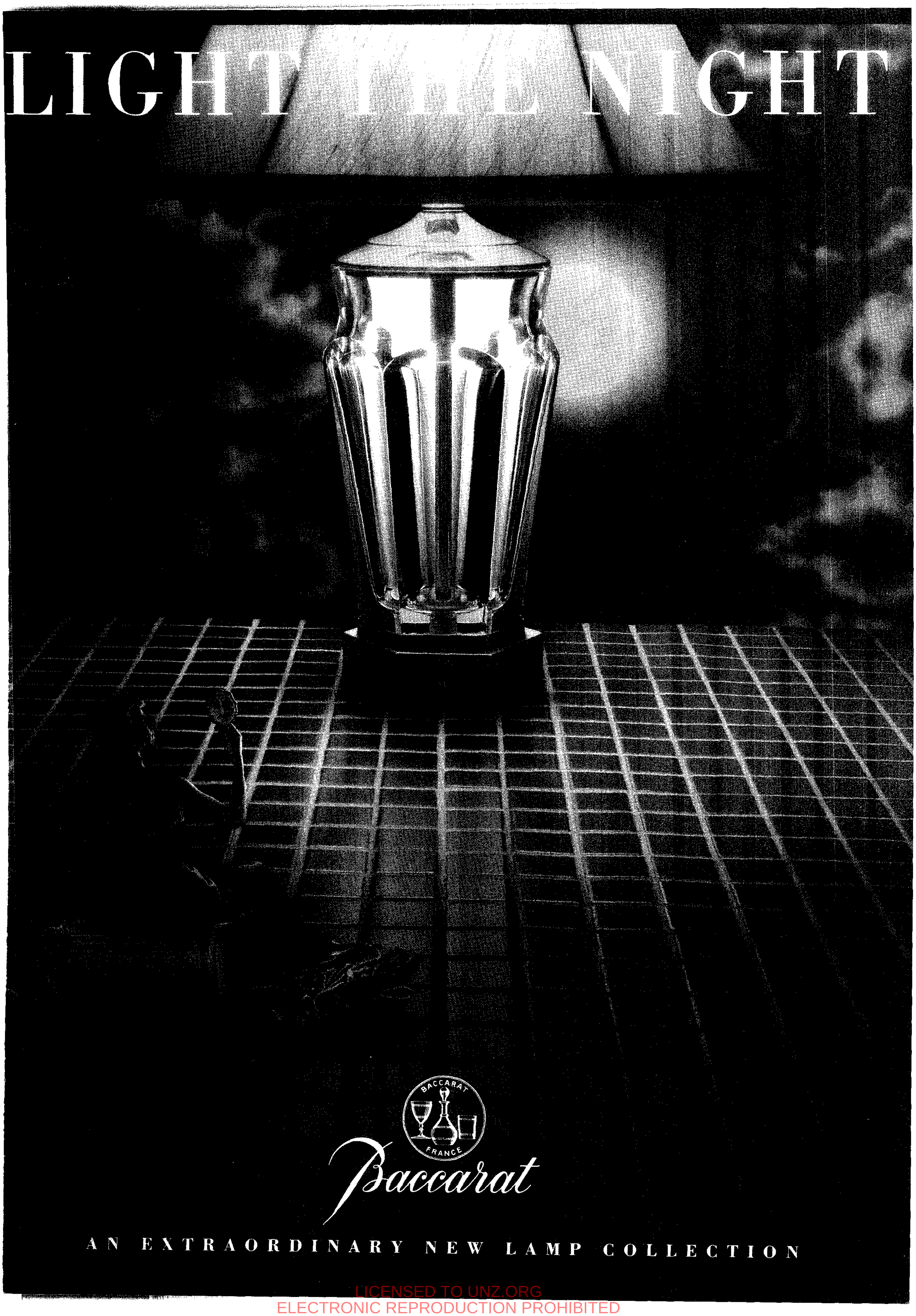
"Go away, Crawford. We've already merged with Dynotech."

• •

of life. . . . The problem is global and is the result of the widespread and indiscriminate use of antimicrobial drugs in man and animals." A recent unpublished study—as yet unevaluated by the scientific community—done by Victor Lorian and Barbara Atkinson of the Bronx-Lebanon Hospital Center was presented to the 1984 meeting of the American Society for Microbiology. This paper contends that antibiotic resistance levels in most bacterial strains have not risen in the United States over the last thirteen years. Using data from Massachusetts General Hospital, the Bronx-Lebanon Hospital, and a commercial computer firm that monitors susceptibility tests from two hundred and forty-two other American hospitals, Lorian and Atkinson suggest that—at least in this country—resistance levels have not changed. When reached by phone, Lorian noted, "In my judgment, the situation is stable, but still there is no denying the fact that we have resistance problems, and periodic epidemics in hospitals, because of which people are dying." Asked about the situation in the Third World, Lorian replied that there were very few reliable data available.

As early as the nineteen-fifties, many members of the medical profession were becoming alert to the increasing levels of drug resistance in both pathogenic and nonpathogenic bacteria, and the common assumption was that the problem was simply one of overuse and misuse of antibiotics in human medicine. After all, it was known that many doctors prescribed them recklessly and that in Third World countries, where people often took them for headaches, antibiotics could be bought without prescription. By the nineteen-sixties, biologists and clinicians who were concerned about the problem were aware that the practice of feeding antibiotics to livestock "subtherapeutically"—that is, at dosage levels below those required to treat an actual disease—was becoming widespread, both in this country and elsewhere in the industrialized world. Initially, believing that the reservoirs of animal and human bacteria were essentially separate, they were little worried by this procedure; though resistance levels in animal bacteria were high and rising higher, the rise seemed to have few possible consequences for human beings. There were certain species of pathogenic bacteria—such as various strains of salmonella—that could and frequently did migrate from animals and infect people, but such well-travelled microbial species were few. Then, as research on the subject grew in the sixties and seventies, the notion that the bacterial universes of animals and human beings were relatively discrete began to come into serious question.

THE practice of feeding antibiotics subtherapeutically to livestock was adopted by farmers in the early fifties, not only to prevent and treat "subclinical" diseases—those that may not cause evident symptoms but are nonetheless taxing to the animal—but also to promote growth. A report issued by the National Academy of Sciences in 1980, entitled "The Effects on Human Health of Subtherapeutic Use of Antimicrobials in Animal Feeds," stated that almost half the antibiotics manufactured in the United States were being fed to animals. The Office of Technology Assessment, a research arm of the United States Congress, issued a report in 1979 noting that virtually all the commercially raised poultry, sixty per cent of the beef cattle, and ninety per cent of the swine and veal calves reared in this country were given such additives as part of their daily feed regimen. According to the Animal Health Institute—the Washington trade organization for companies that produce pharmaceuticals for animal use—American manufacturers sold more than two hundred and forty-five million dollars' worth of antibiotic feed additives in 1982. The use of these additives has in itself been responsible



LIGHT THE NIGHT
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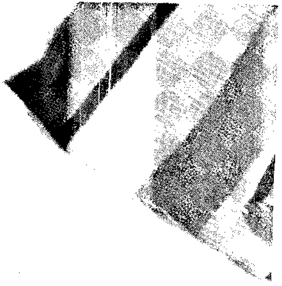
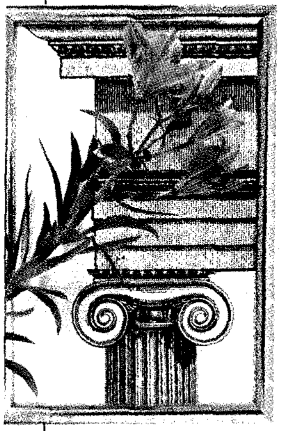


The true colors of Ionic, Doric and all their persistent offspring.

Since its first flowering several dozen centuries ago, the Greek style has been making successful comebacks in almost every era from the Romans on. The latest "return performance," after a disappearance of some decades, is going on right now. Hardly a "new" room can be seen without a column or two standing around.

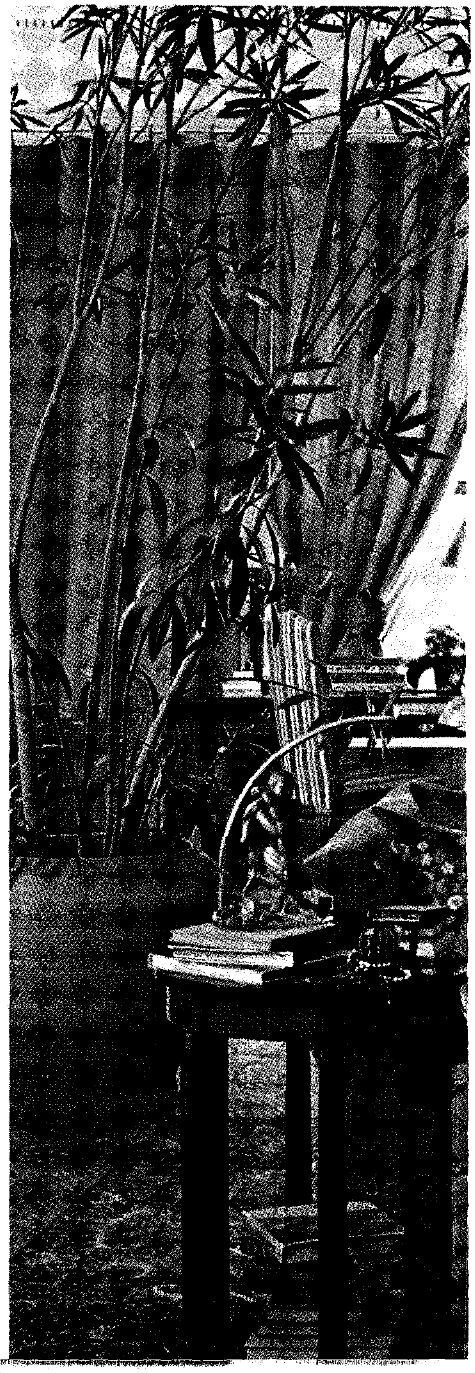
One of the surprising things about the perennial Greek revivals is the chameleon-like adaptability of the style to all sorts of often widely divergent national sensibilities. All those columns and capitals and caryatids, those processions of Greek keys and scrolls, easily become French, English, German, Russian and American details. And, mysteriously, these details are recognized forever after as being distinctively characteristic of each "national" style. You can't envision Napoleon without his Empire trappings; nor England without its brothers Adam; nor ever imagine Scarlett O'Hara without her Tara.



Today's neo-classicism however seems to be an international phenomenon, sprouting and flourishing independently all over the globe. Some say that designers all over the world are simply reacting against the spare and minimal fashion that's been another international phenomenon in recent years. Many of the definitions and uses of classicism currently popular seem to provide just the warmth, wit and links with traditionalism that acute modernism is accused of being short on.

Probably even more of a surprise than the Greek style's ubiquitous adaptability is the lively and exhilarating color palette that characterizes the present revival. Past revivalists, no matter what their national hue, seemed to take their color inspirations from the pallid bones—all those romantic ruins—of the art they sought to revive. They ignored the evidence of the dramatic and exuberant colors that sheathed those classic columns in their prime. When Elsie de Wolfe first saw the Parthenon she is said to have exclaimed, "Why, it's beige! *My* color!" But when Aristotle and friends looked at *their* Parthenon they saw it ablaze with real color—sea-blues and orange-reds, sun-yellows and leaf-greens, all spiked with gold and brass. The Greeks, as writers have been pointing out for centuries (and which may account for the Hellenic hold on healthy imaginations through the ages), were very interested in life and *its* many colors; they had little interest in bones.

In the grand living room of the nineteenth century Tribeca penthouse shown here, designer Jeffrey Weiss has taken his Greek cue from the architectural detailing of the fireplace wall. You can see the Greek style's adaptability in the comfortable mixing of Empire, Biedermeier and over-stuffed modern furnishings. And you can see what can be done with all these neo-classic elements when the palette is true Greek rather than some revivalist's latter-day romantic interpretation. The sunny, rainbow-hued selection of fabrics, papers and carpet would surely have been right up Aristotle's alley. And they certainly fit in with



Schumacher's Illustrated Notes on 20th Century Taste. One of a series.

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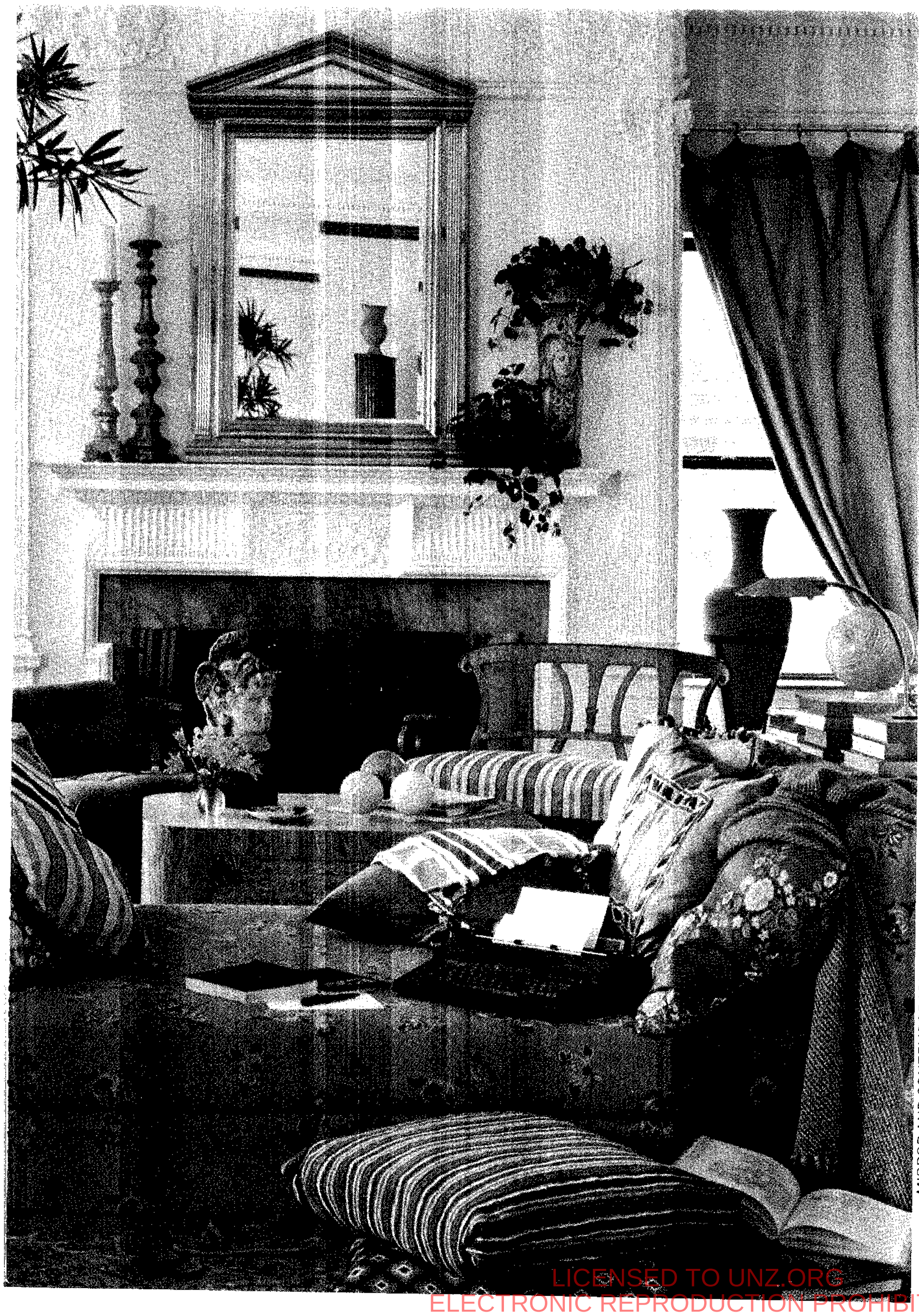


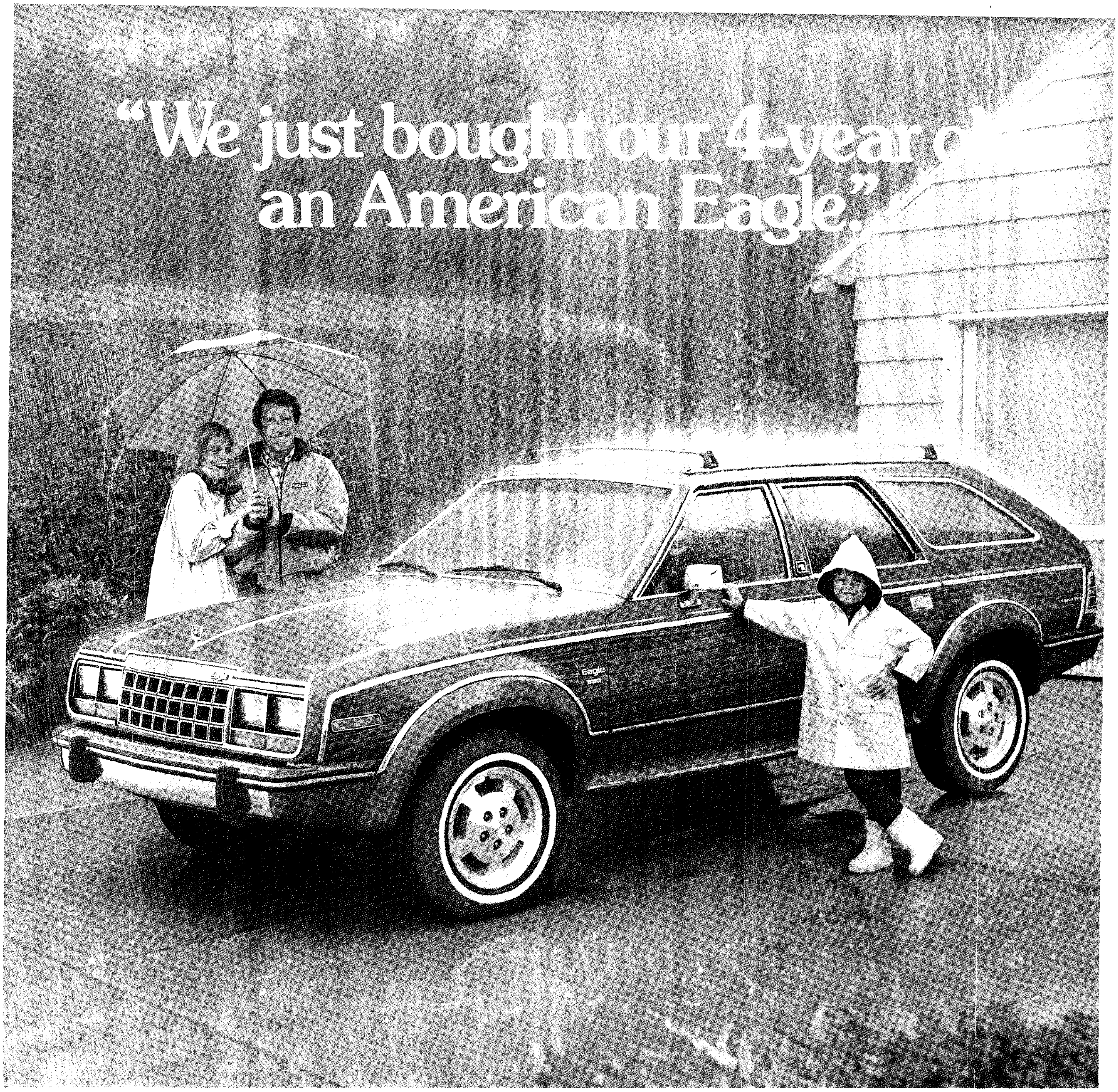
MIRROR AND CONTEMPORARY FURNISHINGS FROM LCS, NEW YORK

today's more informal traditionalism.

The fabrics used include a lacquer-red cotton sateen print with embroidery motifs, on the daybed. There's a surprising melange of colors, patterns and textures, on the cushions. A slubbed stripe on the settee. Seen in the mirror, a wallpapered wall provides a calming and very modern background (a close-up of the chalk-dabbed paper pattern and the red-navy-yellow Greek key border can be picked out in the swatches shown at the top of the page). The draperies of rosy-sand and sky-blue taffeta make a serene yet also colorful backdrop for the room's many color splashes.

The modern temperament is also reflected in the durability of the azure 100% Dupont Dacron® polyester that covers the tufted chair and on which the sandaled foot is perched in the inset picture on the left-hand page. Its qualities would more than likely also have intrigued the luxury-loving yet logical Greeks.

Since the 1890's when columns and their progeny were in one of their many heydays, F. Schumacher and Company has continued to be a primary mainstay of decorators and designers with a mission to achieve interiors of distinction and harmony, whether classically new or classically traditional. Schumacher's unequalled library of fabrics includes prints and wovens of every conceivable school of design and an exhaustive color palette to please even the most innovative colorist. In addition, Schumacher offers a wide range of unique wall-coverings and a representative hand-picked selection of the fine rugs of the world. Finally, Schumacher's own mill can turn out specially commissioned fabrics to fulfill unique design requirements. (You want Napoleonic bees on purple silk? A reproduction of a rare eighteenth century damask in the original colors? Talk to Schumacher.) Undoubtedly when the next emanation of classicism takes the world by storm a decade or so from now, you'll hear designers and decorators continuing to say, "...surely, Schumacher."



“It was the only logical choice, really. Because Eagle does certain things no ordinary automobile could begin to do, *some* of which the little guy appreciates a *lot.*

Like Eagle's ability to switch from 2-wheel drive into 4-wheel drive to take him places other cars just couldn't go. His favorite campsite on Squirrel Lake, for example.

Of course, *we* happen to be impressed with Eagle's 4-wheel drive traction for other reasons, as well. Especially for the feeling of confidence it gives us when the weather is stormy...when the roads are wet or icy...and *he's* with us.

Frankly, he doesn't really care much that Eagle switches back into 2-wheel drive for excellent gas mileage.* (Some day he'll appreciate the value of a dollar!) But it's something that meant a lot to us.

He also *claims* to be indifferent to Eagle's luxurious amenities. (“What's an amenity, Mom?”) But you should have seen the look on him when he saw the optional leather seats, stereo tape deck and power windows!

Why'd we buy him an Eagle instead of an ordinary car? Purely selfish reasons. After all, he lets us use it, too!” SAFETY IS A SNAP

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THE 2-WHEEL/4-WHEEL DRIVE Eagle

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*(24) EPA EST MPG, 30 HWY EST. 4-cylinder/4-speed. Use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway figures are probably lower.

for changing the way livestock is raised in the United States; it has also alarmed a growing number of scientists, who worry about the effects of introducing such large amounts of antimicrobial drugs into the environment.

In 1948, at Lederle Laboratories, a division of the American Cyanamid Company, the first of the tetracycline family of drugs was discovered: chlortetracycline, which is marketed as Aureomycin. The discovery completed the initial quartet of antibiotic "wonder drugs"—penicillin, streptomycin, chloramphenicol, and tetracycline—which subsequently transformed the face of modern medicine. With the advent of these drugs, doctors had available inexpensive and effective remedies, with few harmful side effects, for previously incurable bacterial diseases. In 1949, Dr. Thomas Jukes, Lederle's director of nutrition and physiology research, was looking for a microorganism that could produce substantial quantities of B_{12}, a vitamin largely absent from the usual soybean-based livestock diet. One of the organisms he was experimenting with was *Streptomyces aureofaciens*—the organism that elaborated the newly discovered antibiotic. Discovering relatively high concentrations of Vitamin B_{12} in the wastes from the fermentation process that produced the chlortetracycline, Jukes and his colleagues decided to feed some baby chicks the mash and see what happened. They were surprised and elated to find that the chicks quickly showed weight gains of anything from ten to twenty per cent above normal. They surmised that this was due to the increased level of Vitamin B_{12}. But Jukes wondered if there might not also be some relationship between the weight gain and the antibiotic residues, since the chicks that were fed the mash gained more weight than those fed other sources of Vitamin B_{12}. Because the mass production of antibiotics was still in its infancy and there was a shortage for human use, Jukes was forced to scavenge for more fermentation wastes to continue his testing, this time on pigs.

Stauffer

"I'm missing and presumed dead."

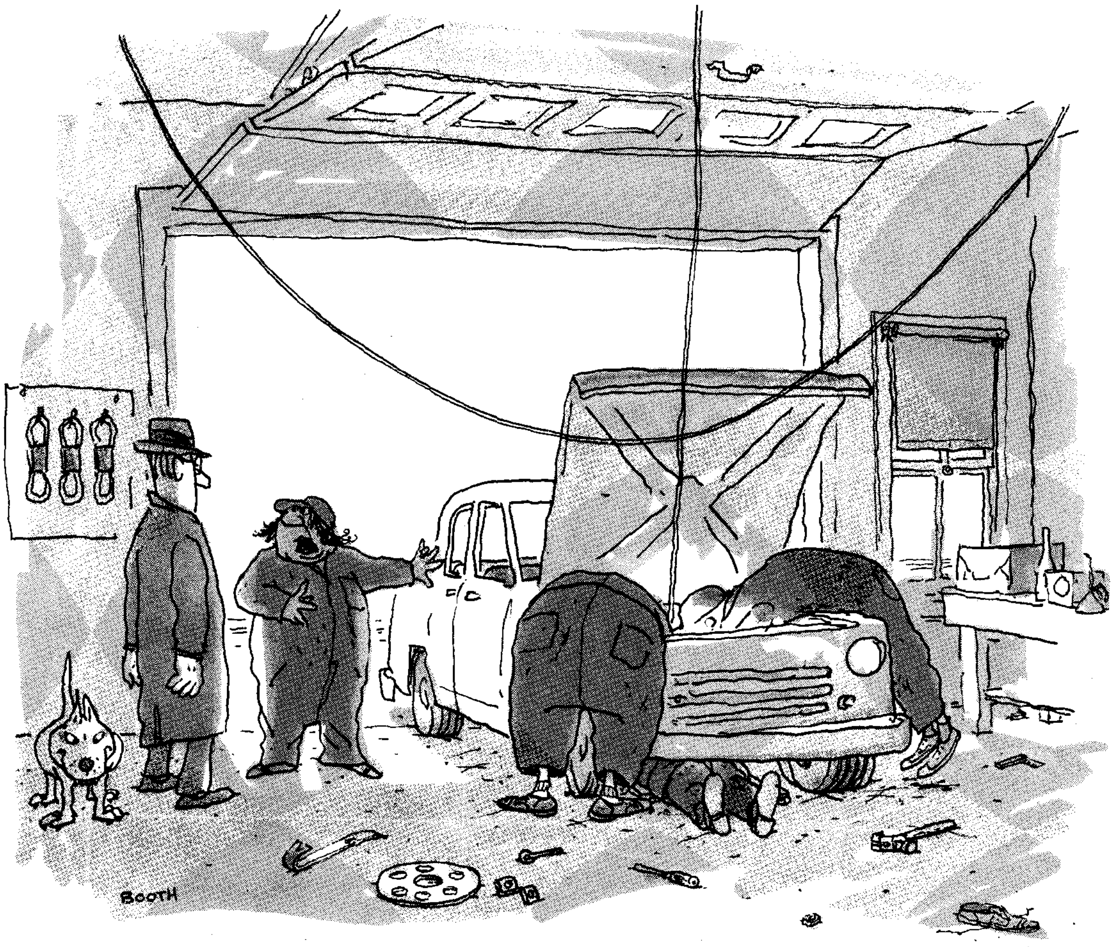
• •

"The effects were even more spectacular with piglets than with the chicks," Jukes—who is now a professor-in-residence in the Departments of Biophysics and of Nutritional Sciences of the University of California at Berkeley—told me when I went to visit him at his office. "We still don't know exactly how the weight gain came about," he continued. "The only interpretation I can give you is that the antibiotic must have caused a depression of harmful bacteria in the animals' intestines and this helped to control subclinical diseases that we otherwise might not have noticed. In our experiments, several antibiotics were effective. The growth-promoting effect was not specific to any one drug. While antibiotics are all different chemically, they have the common characteristic of antimicrobial activity, and the animals responded remarkably to most of them."

Antibiotic feed additives appeared to be particularly useful in promoting weight gains in animals that were at risk from infections or stress because of crowded conditions—a finding that influenced the livestock industry in the most profound way. "It was the discovery of the effectiveness of the drugs as feed additives in these conditions which led to the concentration of the meat industry," Jukes told me, with a touch of pride in his voice. "For the first time, farmers could confine a large number of animals and still keep them healthy." In the past, livestock had been raised for the most part on relatively small family farms; now it was possible to run huge intensive operations, since diseases that would formerly have been caused by crowding could be efficiently controlled with drugs.

Even in the early years of antibiotics, researchers like Thomas Jukes were familiar with the problem of resistance. They knew that once an antibiotic had been used for a while, it would kill nearly all sensitive microorganisms in an animal's gut, leaving those microorganisms which were resistant to the drug to survive and multiply. "At first, we didn't think the antibiotics' growth effect would last very long," Jukes recalled. "We of course assumed that once the bacteria in the animal became largely resistant, the animal would cease to benefit from the drug. But this did not happen. Although we still don't know why, the animals continued to gain more weight, on less feed, year after year, even after their bacterial flora showed very high levels of resistance."

Jukes and his colleagues were perplexed. How could a drug work if bacteria were resistant to it? In an article in the October, 1973, volume of "Advances in Applied Microbiology," Jukes called the growth effect "illogical," and continued: "What we were not prepared for was the fact that the changed and resistant flora were in



"We see ourselves as a team. Wes may discover you have a radiator that won't make it through the summer, while Smitty may decide your transmission needs work, and at the same time Jamie just may come to the conclusion that your whole front end has been twisted out of shape."

some way beneficial. It took us some time to adjust to such a concept."

When I asked Jukes if he still believed in the efficacy of antibiotic feed additives, he replied, "I think the continuing usefulness of subtherapeutic antibiotics has been amply demonstrated. The usefulness of antibiotic feeding can be measured in the marketplace. If too many resistant pathogens develop, the economic advantage will disappear, and so will the use of antibiotic additives. In the meantime, I don't think we have so many cattle, pigs, and chickens that we can afford to stop feeding them by the most economical means."

Jukes and his colleagues began publishing their results, which attracted considerable attention in both the scientific and the agricultural communities. In April of 1950, the New York *Times* ran a front-page story on Jukes' findings. So widespread had word of Jukes' work become that the *Daily News* ran a political cartoon that showed Harry Truman administering a growth-promoting dose of chlortetracycline to a pig—a symbolic representation of the President's presumed complicity in the ballooning of the national debt.

The country's leading pharmaceutical firms sensed a great business opportunity, and soon began building plants to manufacture antibiotics for feed-additive use. Recalling the results of his early experiments in a 1977 article entitled "The History of the Antibiotic Growth Effect," Jukes noted that "the results produced on farms were so spectacular, especially with pigs, that we could not begin to supply the demand." By 1954, six years after the discovery of chlortetracycline's growth-enhancing effect, American farmers were using roughly four hundred and ninety thousand pounds of antibiotics a year in livestock feed. By 1960, a million two hundred thousand pounds were used annually. The present figure is between twelve and fifteen million pounds, and it is now the exception rather than the rule to find a farmer who does not use antibiotic feed additives on his livestock.

AS the use of antibiotic feed additives increased, so did the concern of many clinicians and researchers, who feared that the multiplication of bacterial genes that code for resistance was being dangerously accelerated through the use of such additives. (Bacteria, which reproduce by simple cell division, proliferate extremely rapidly. Under optimal conditions, certain species can produce a billion copies of themselves within a twelve-hour period.) Bacteria that normally reside in animals and are resistant to antibiotics may colonize human beings directly; or they may transfer their capacity for resistance to other species of bacteria within the animal, which may then colonize human beings; or resistant animal bacteria that end up in the intestinal tracts of human beings may transfer their capacity for resistance to indigenous human bacteria. The paths are numerous, and inadequate knowledge of the various ways that drug resistances are transmitted has in no small measure been responsible for the misunderstandings that have plagued the growing dispute over the use of antibiotics in animal feed.

In 1955, a Japanese woman returned to Tokyo from Hong Kong with a case of dysentery caused by *S. dysenteriae*, the same pathogen that would cause the 1968 Guatemalan epidemic. When doctors tried to treat her, they found, to their surprise—as the doctors in Guatemala did later—that the causative bacteria were resistant to all four drugs of choice: streptomycin, tetracycline, chloramphenicol, and sulfanilamide. Perplexed by this finding, Dr. Tomoichiro Akiba, a professor of bacteriology at Tokyo University, decided to investigate the

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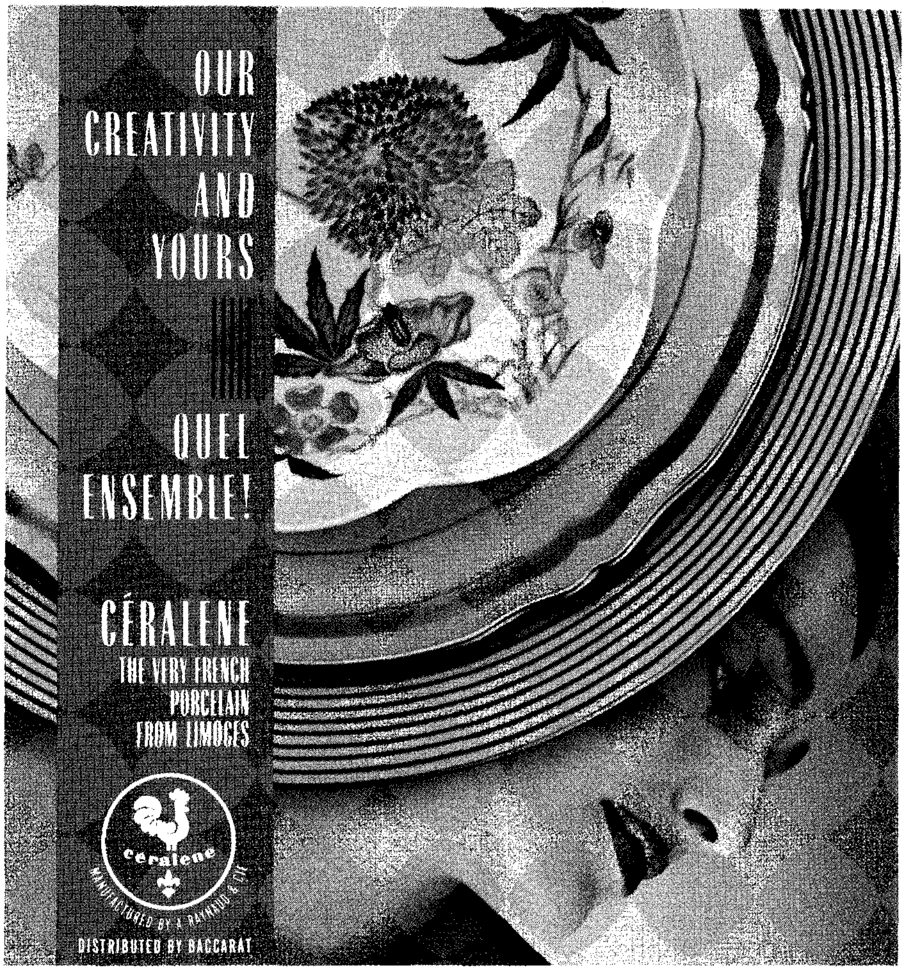
phenomenon of multiple resistance. Conducting susceptibility studies on a variety of bacteria isolated from hospital patients who had contracted the disease, Akiba found that some intestinal *E. coli* in these patients were also resistant to the same four drugs. He wondered how it was possible that two such different bacteria as *E. coli* and *S. dysenteriae* should suddenly acquire multiple resistances to exactly the same set of drugs. Was it conceivable that multiple spontaneous mutations had occurred in the chromosomes of both species of bacteria, making them simultaneously resistant to those four drugs? Akiba thought not. He knew that the mutation of a drug-sensitivity gene in a bacterium's single chromosome could occur only once in anything from ten million to a billion cell divisions, and when it did occur it could alter that bacterium's sensitivity to only one or possibly two drugs at a time. But here were two different species of bacteria which had simultaneously acquired four resistance traits. Where did these duplicated patterns of resistance come from? Was it possible that resistance itself was transferable from one species of bacteria to another, like an infectious disease?

In the next few years, several more epidemics of intractable bacillary dysentery broke out in Japan. Each time, the disease organism revealed resistance to the same quartet of drugs, and again *E. coli* from the intestines of the patients showed the same resistance patterns. Trying to unravel the reasons for this phenomenon, two research teams—one headed by Dr. Akiba and another led by Dr. Kunitaro Ochiai, of the Nagoya City Higashi Hospital—began mixing liquid cultures of drug-resistant *E. coli* with cultures of drug-sensitive *S. dysenteriae*. The researchers found that the resistance from the former was being transferred to the latter—just how, they could not immediately determine. It remained for another Japanese microbiologist, Dr. Tsutomu Watanabe, of the Keio University School of Medicine, to probe the mystery further. Watanabe soon confirmed that drug resistance was indeed being transferred from one cell to another, via what he termed *R* factors ("*R*" standing for resistance), which are tiny pieces of DNA—deoxyribonucleic acid, the material of which genes are made—that reside within a bacterial cell but outside its chromosome. Dr. Stuart Levy, a physician and microbiologist at the Tufts University



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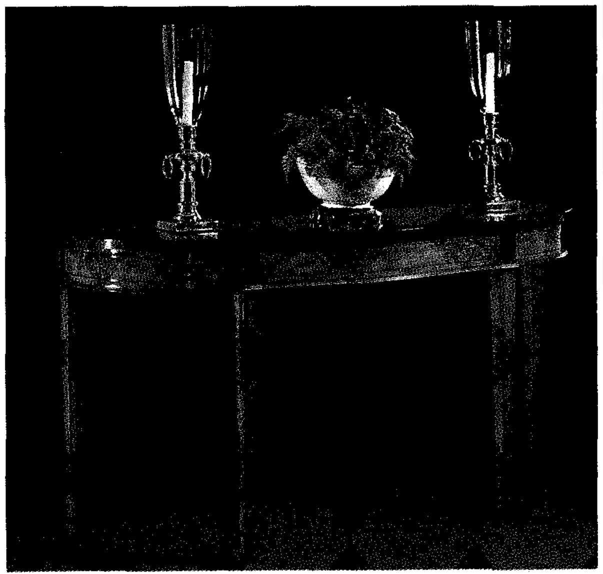

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School of Medicine, worked with Watanabe for a short period in Tokyo during the early nineteen-sixties, and recalled for me the research climate there. "It was one of indescribable excitement," he said. "We were dealing with a concept—Watanabe called it 'infectious drug-resistance'—that seemed almost unimaginable to us, since it flew in the face of so much accepted biology and genetics. It was completely new territory. Whenever we had an idea, there was nothing to do but to go right to the lab and test it. We were never sure what we were going to find."

Watanabe's work was concentrated on a whole new fund of genetic material, known as plasmids. Plasmids reside in the cytoplasm of the bacterium, replicating and carrying on a life of their own, independent of the chromosome. Many are capable of causing the host bacterium to conjugate, or mate, with other bacteria, including those of a different species—not a reproductive act but one that results in the transfer of plasmids that carry a number of traits—including drug resistance.

These errant pieces of DNA brought about a fundamental reëvaluation of evolutionary theory. Until their discovery, scientists had assumed that evolutionary changes came about slowly, as a result of a species' taking advantage of infrequent random mutations of chromosomal genes, but Watanabe and other plasmid biologists demonstrated that—at least in bacterial genetics—free-floating genes, unconnected to the chromosome, could move from one microorganism to another with great speed and substantially alter the genetic makeup of their new host. Geneticists, who had been used to thinking of evolutionary changes in terms of millennia, were now confronted with evidence that at least some traits could be acquired by bacterial cells in a matter of minutes.

The discovery of *R* plasmids caused a few members of the scientific community to begin making another reevaluation; namely, of the advisability of continuing to use as animal-feed additives large quantities of those drugs important in human therapy. For the first time, they faced the possibility that resistance generated in animals could transfer itself, by means of plasmids, to bacteria that cause human disease. Battle lines were soon drawn between those who believed in the advisability of curbing nonessential uses of such antibiotics as tetracycline and penicillin in livestock feed and those

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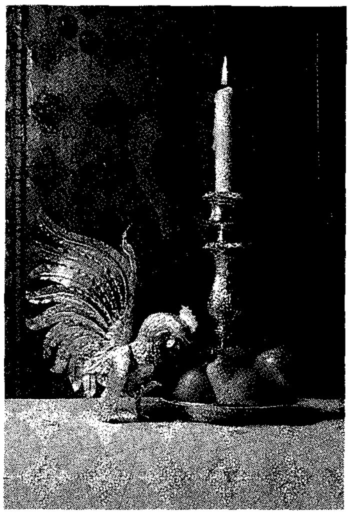

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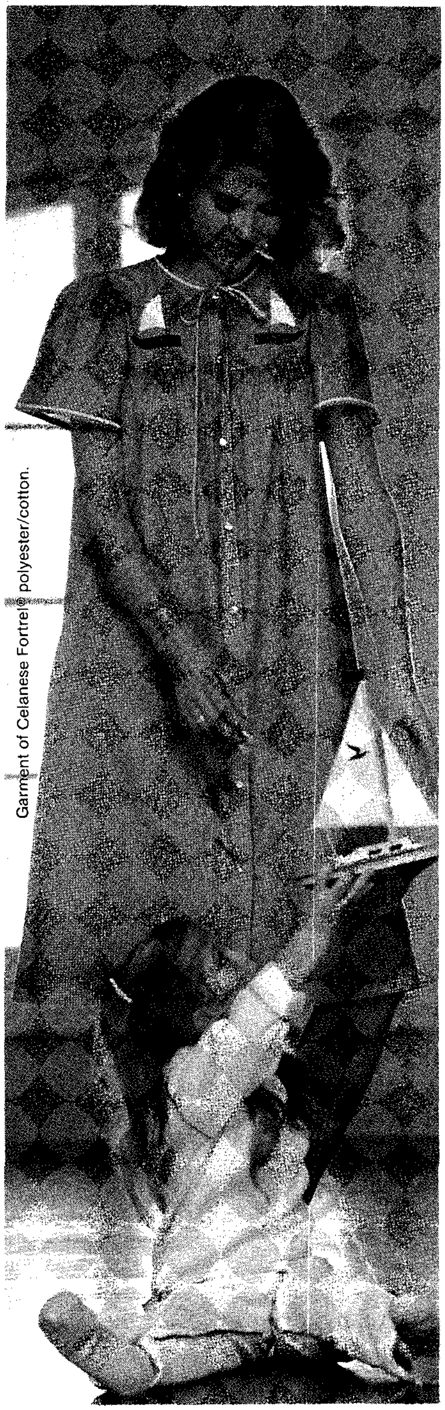
who felt that credible evidence of significant animal-to-man plasmid transfer was still lacking and that the benefits of antibiotics should not be denied to farmers, who presumably passed those benefits on to consumers in the form of lower meat prices.

Watanabe himself was troubled enough by what he called the “ominous phenomenon” of infectious drug-resistance to write in the December, 1967, issue of *Scientific American*, “Unless we put a halt to the prodigal use of antibiotics and synthetic drugs, we may soon be forced back into the pre-antibiotic era of medicine.”

“Indiana Loves Pork—Welcome A.P.C.,” proclaims a political-campaign-style button on the lapel of a bus driver waiting just outside the baggage-claim area at Indianapolis International Airport. The initials “A.P.C.” stand for American Pork Congress—an organization that is holding its 1982 gathering at the Indiana Convention Center, in downtown Indianapolis. The bus driver has been hired by the Elanco Products Company (a division of Eli Lilly & Company, one of the nation’s largest manufacturers of antibiotic feed additives for livestock) to shuttle arriving hog farmers from the airport into the city.

By the time I arrive at the Convention Center, the registration area is jammed. Before this four-day event concludes, some nine thousand “pork producers” (a term that the sponsoring National Pork Producers Council would like to see replace such traditional appellations as “pig farmer” and “hog farmer”), from all across the country, will have participated in a crowded schedule of lectures and seminars, ranging in topic from “How to Avoid a Financial Disaster in a Recession” to “Does Testes Size Influence Reproduction?” The Pork Congress not only provides hog farmers and their families with a welcome occasion for leaving their farms and socializing with friends and acquaintances but also enables them to keep abreast of the multitude of new techniques, drugs, chemicals, and equipment that have made the raising of swine one of the most modern sectors of American agriculture. At the annual banquet, on the closing night, the 1982 Pork All-Americans (model hog farmers chosen from each of thirty-three major pork-producing states) will be announced, and the Pork Queen will be selected, crowned, and presented with a three-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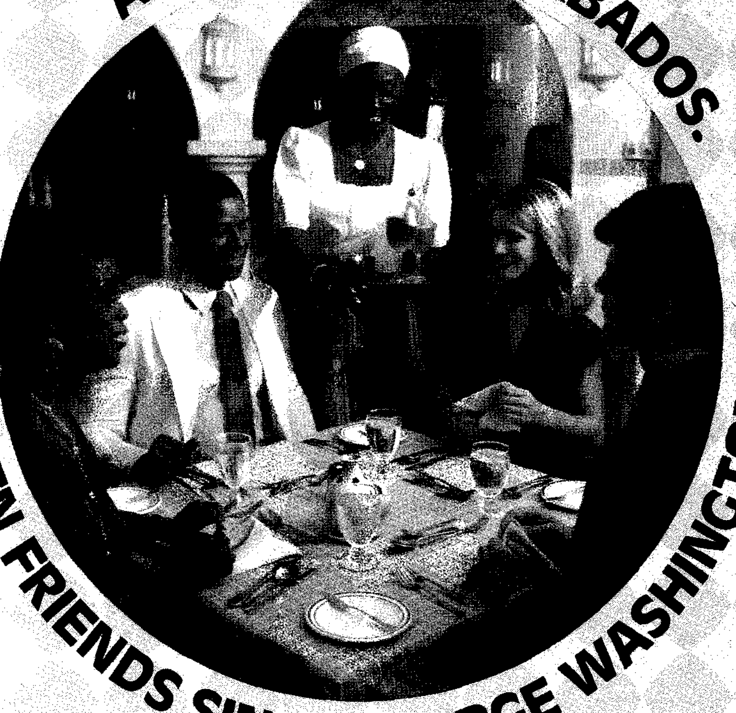
thousand-dollar scholarship check from American Cyanamid, another large manufacturer of animal-health products—an industry with annual sales of more than eight billion dollars.

Of all the activities at the Pork Congress, by far the best attended is the trade show, in the Convention Center's Main Hall—a vast indoor exhibition area. Here some three hundred and seventy companies have erected almost two acres of commercial displays, spread out along carpeted corridors on the open floor. When one is surrounded by an expanse of booths and a crush of farmers whose shovel-billed caps bear labels advertising swine-related products, it is not difficult to forget where one is; in fact, to an outsider, the place seems almost dreamlike. It is as if one had stumbled into a surreal theme park for people who loved pigs, where the steeds on the merry-go-round were pigs rather than horses, the arcades along the midway all had porcine themes, and even the food concessions (here serving the "Official American Pork Congress Sandwich") had been mysteriously transformed to correspond to the prevailing motif.

There are pig posters, pig statues, silhouettes of pigs, slide shows and video cassettes of pigs, displays of food for pigs, medicine for pigs, and paraphernalia for pigs. Dekalb Swine Breeders, Inc., has erected a display that consists simply of a large glass meat cooler with the carefully dissected remains of two pigs propped up inside. Only the back sections of the two demonstration pigs are left. Their hindquarters have been sawed diagonally from the middle of the backbone to just under the anus, so that one can peer right into the middle of the hams. These halved pigs, which still wear their skin, give the unsettling appearance of being neither alive nor dead—of being animals who are trying without success to make the metaphysical transition from beast to meat. Apparently, the object of the display is to illustrate the superior musculature of the genetically improved pig on the left, which is identified as the Dekalb strain, while the considerably thinner pig on the right is identified simply as "Other." Rising up over most of the exhibits is the American Hoechst Corporation's display, a seventeen-foot stack of fifty-pound sacks of Flavomycin—a feed additive containing the antibiotic bambermycin—which lists slightly, like the Tower of Pisa. At the base of this precarious promotional



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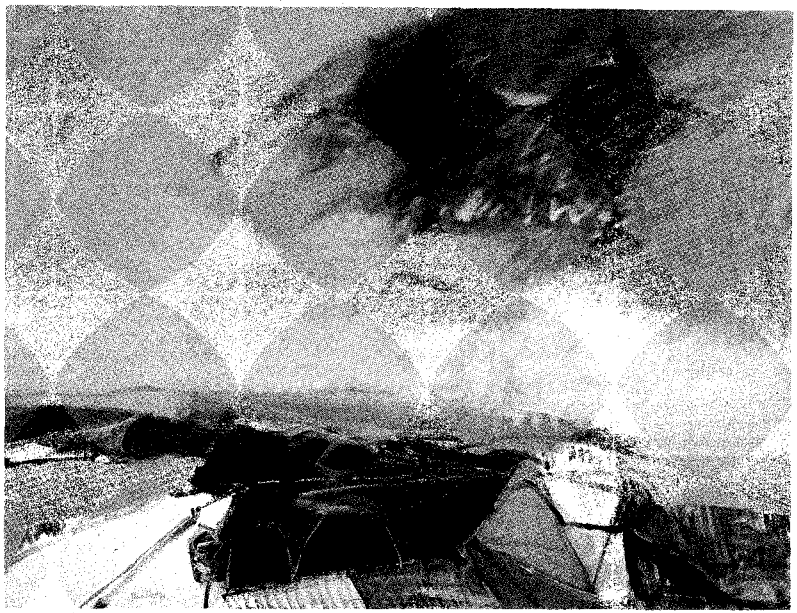

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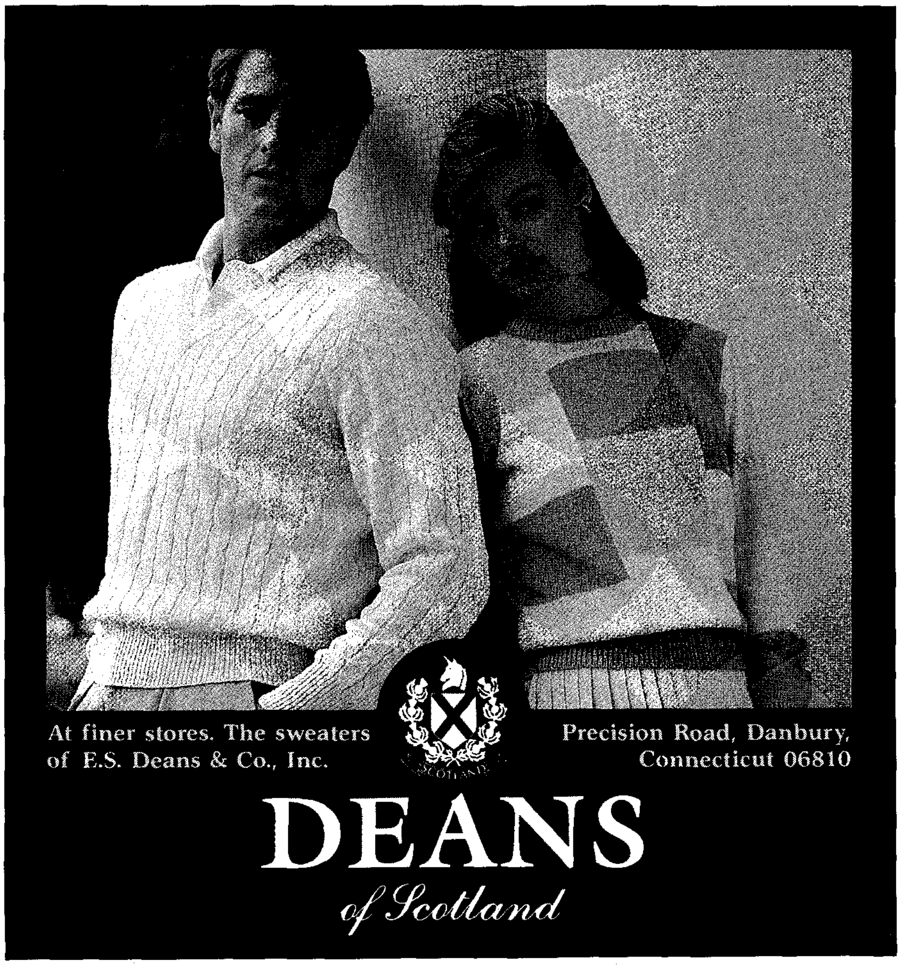

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edifice is a sign proclaiming, "Feed saved with Flavomycin over other antibiotics really adds up." Toward the center of the hall, a salesman from Continental Animal Health, a division of the Schering-Plough Corporation, wades through the crowd passing out badges that depict a cheerful pink pig pressing a set of barbells, above the slogan "Gleptosil Double Strength Iron."

Every imaginable hog-farming accoutrement is on display, including feed grinders and mixers, manure separators, irrigation systems, a trailer-sized portable hog barn, livestock prods, ear tags, mechanical ejaculators, automatic watering nipples, electronic pregnancy-testers, and a wide panoply of drugs. Like hikers accumulating clusters of burrs on their woollens as they walk through brush, many of the hog farmers roaming the Main Hall floor are festooned with promotional badges, buttons, and stickers:

"PORK PRODUCERS HAVE PERSONALITY PLUS."

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"I'M A PUSHOVER FOR PORK."

The displays of the smaller firms are little more than counters with banners as backdrops and piles of free literature. The large firms, however, have created elaborate indoor environments, which sit on the hall's floor like re-created décors in a department-store showroom. Across the densely packed floor, thickets of placards rise above the various booths like gas-station and motel signs at interstate cloverleafs, but it is almost impossible to overlook one particularly prominent sign—a large, revolving semicircle of Masonite emblazoned with the white profile of a pig and the words "Aureo S·P 250, Granual Premium." This marks the booth of the American Cyanamid Company, the maker of Aureo S·P 250, which is a granulated antimicrobial feed additive for swine, containing chlortetracycline, penicillin, and sulfamethazine; Aureo S 700, which is a feed additive for cattle, containing chlortetracycline and sulfamethazine; and a host of other livestock drugs. It is one of the largest booths and in fact cannot really be called a "booth" at all, since it takes up the entire end of one block of the hall and is completely furnished, with a red rug, coffee tables, lamps, plants, and a stylish living-room set of white Naugahyde and chrome. The display would resemble a doctor's office or a corporate lounge were it not that the room has no walls. American Cyanamid occupies a choice piece of the hall's real estate. Bounded on three sides by aisles and situated near the front of the hall, the display is one that the crowds flowing through the entranceway are likely to encounter before they fan out to remoter regions and the booths of smaller and less prosperous companies.

The prominence of American Cyanamid—the nation's largest manufacturer of tetracycline for use as a livestock feed additive—at the American Pork Congress is fitting. And, in view of the increasingly important connection between animal husbandry and the pharmaceutical industry, it is hardly surprising to find that many of the largest displays at the Pork Congress are those of the agricultural divisions of such companies as Eli Lilly, Pfizer, Upjohn, American Hoechst, Diamond Shamrock, and SmithKline Beckman, all of which manufacture antibiotic feed additives. American Cyanamid's sales staff has set up a small white plastic table outside its make-believe lounge, with a poster proclaiming to passersby, "Prizes! Prizes! Prizes! Win one of the valuable Cyanamid premiums!" The premiums include key chains, pens, and plastic coffee cups, all embossed with the American Cyanamid logo; American Cyanamid caps; and bright-yellow T-shirts decorated with a pig profile and the legend, in green, red, and black letters, "AUREO S·P 250. TOTALLY GRANULATED. EACH GRANULE A COMPLETE PREMIX." A number of people have gathered around the table and are studying a color poster of the booty that can be "won." (Since Cyanamid wishes everyone to win and thus become a walking advertisement, anyone who fills out a name card is sent a gift.)

As I pause at the table, a white cannister that looks like a large industrial vacuum cleaner with a plastic fishbowl affixed to its top rolls across the Cyanamid lounge and lurches to a halt in front of a woman inspecting the poster. Making a series of preliminary bleeps, it suddenly begins to speak. "I can tell you're a winner," it says, addressing the surprised woman, who recoils into the aisle as if she had been bitten. "Just fill out a card, honey, and you'll be a winner for sure," proclaims the voice from the cannister, sounding like a broadcast from a very inexpensive radio.

The woman's expression reflects a mixture of curiosity and embarrass-

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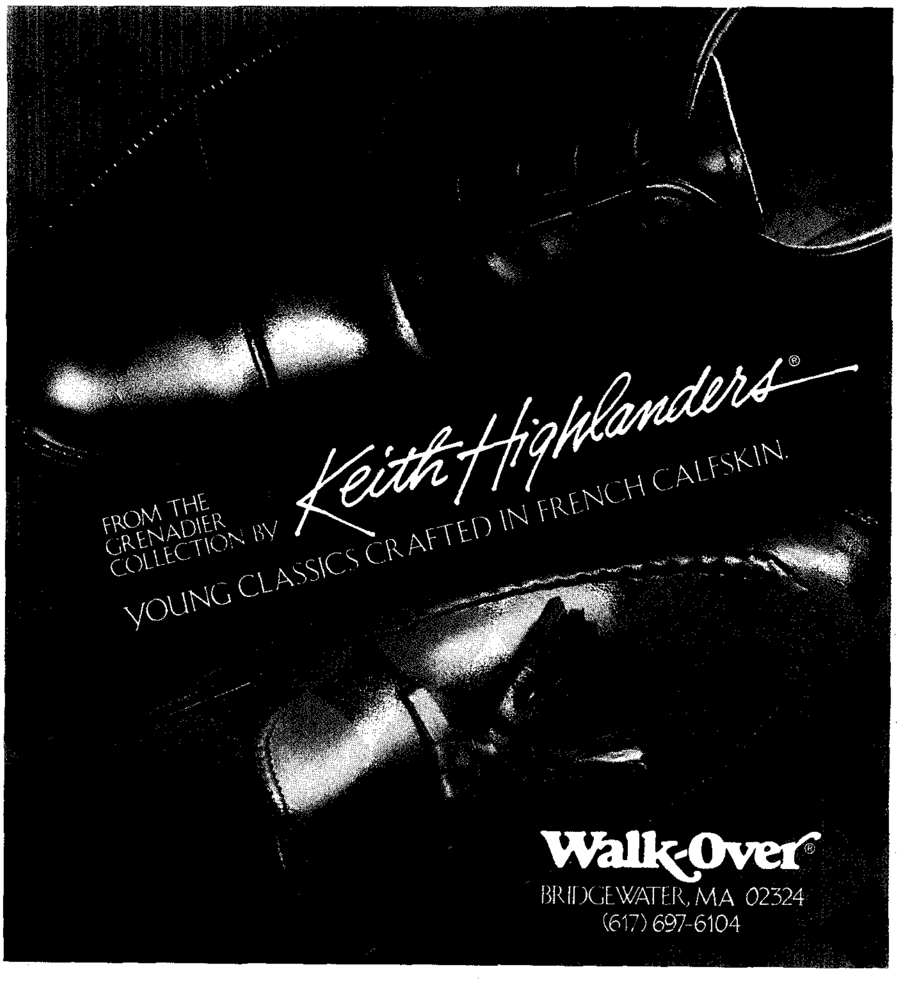
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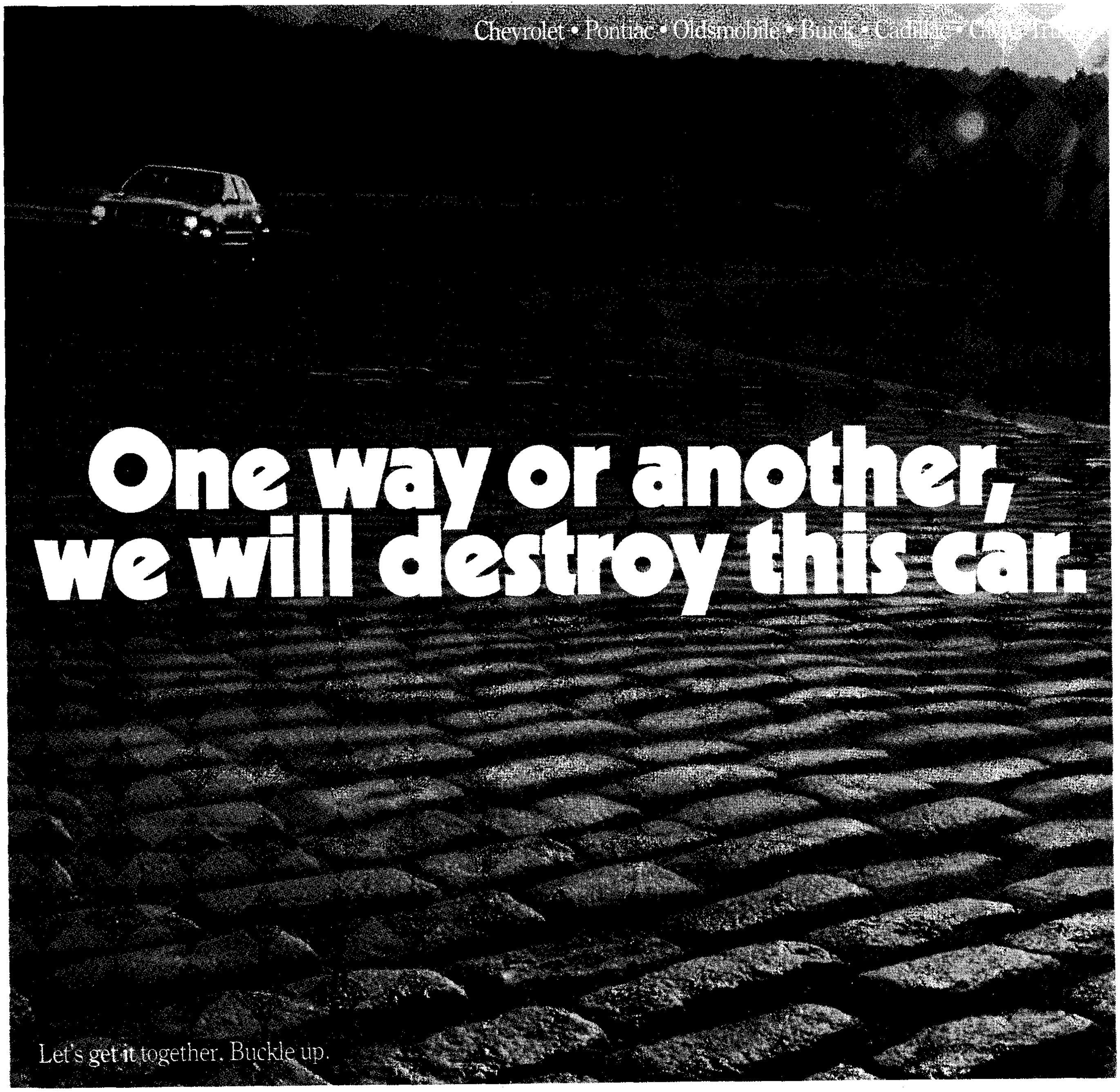
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ment, but the cannister is undaunted.

"What's your name, you sweet thing, you?" it continues relentlessly.

The woman is now grinning foolishly but remains mute.

"Oh, come on, now! How's about a name?" it insists. The woman looks around at the growing crowd of hog farmers, who, stopping to stare at the strange spectacle of a small mobile machine trying to engage a woman in conversation, have gridlocked the aisle. "Don't you have a name?" asks the cannister.

"Yes. It's Mabel," the flustered woman says reluctantly.

The garrulous white cannister is Big Cy, a robot hired by American Cyanamid to liven up its display and publicize its drugs at the Congress. Covered with American Cyanamid decals, this contrivance is radio-controlled by a roboteer behind a rattan screen at one end of Cyanamid's lounge and is capable not only of talking and rolling about on casters but also of bleeping, blinking, moving its arms of corrugated plastic tubing, and twirling its spheroid head.

Leaving Mabel to collect her wits, Big Cy turns and glides over to another young woman, who is eating an ice-cream cone while she watches the fun. "Hey, sweetheart, how ya doin'?" he asks provocatively as he rolls to a stop in front of her. "Big Cy's the name, and Aureo S·P 250's the game. And remember, my dear, 'Once on the lips, forever on the hips.' "

The young woman stops licking her ice-cream cone and blushes.

The next thing I know, Big Cy is heading toward where I am standing taking notes. "What's up, big boy? You from the C.I.A. or something?" he asks.

I am confounded by the absurdity of engaging in conversation with a machine. Trying to turn the encounter to my advantage, I decide to attempt an interview with Big Cy about his company's products. "Well," I begin, not unaware that dozens of eyes are fixed on me, "I'm a journalist writing about antibiotics in animal feed. Maybe you can give me some information."

"Antibiotics in feed—that's me," says Big Cy. "Give Aureo S·P 250 to your pigs and it'll make 'em perky as hell."

"How does it work?"

"Oh, it just gives those little piggies all the high-energy factors they need to grow," replies Cy cheerfully.

"But how does it actually work?" I repeat.

"I understand it's about people like us, who have problems like ours. Except it ends happily."

The audience grows silent at such a seriously insistent question.

"O.K., partner. Now you're getting just a little technical on me here," Big Cy says, his voice suddenly losing some of its jocularity. He turns and rolls toward a white Naugahyde couch where two Cyanamid representatives sit talking.

"Hey, B.T. Come here a sec," says Big Cy, coming to a halt just short of a coffee table and addressing one of the men.

As if he were responding to another member of the sales staff, the man called B.T. walks over to talk with Big Cy. For several unlikely moments, they confer in lowered voices, as if they were two human beings making an important policy decision. Then Big Cy slides away toward the other side of the display, and B.T. strides over to where I stand.

B.T. introduces himself as Booker T. Alford, a technical-service consultant from the Animal Industry Department of Cyanamid's Agricultural Division. On his lapel he wears the official American Pork Congress badge, inscribed with the slogan "America Is Leaning on Pork"—a play on words suggesting that America is both relying on pork and becoming thinner by eating it. He greets me cordially, with a firm handshake. When I explain to Alford that I am interested in the subtherapeutic use of antibiotics in animal feed, and in American Cyanamid's role in this aspect of the animal-health industry, he suggests we retire to the couch to chat.

"What can you tell me about Aureo S·P 250?" I ask.

"Well, sir, our Aureo S·P 250 is a feed additive combining Aureomycin—chlortetracycline—with penicillin and sulfamethazine, which we recommend that farmers use for young pigs up to one hundred pounds," Alford begins. “After animals reach one hundred pounds, most of your producers will switch over and use our straight Aureomycin up until slaughter. We feel that this gives the producer the best shot at growing a healthy pig.”

“What is the point of feeding these drugs to animals if they are not sick?” I ask.

Alford seems a little startled by the question, and emits a barely audible sigh. “What you are asking me, sir, is ‘What do these drugs do?’ ” he responds. “Well, it’s hard to say—but there are theories,” he goes on. “One theory is that antibiotics make pigs and other animals grow faster and more efficiently by limiting subclinical disease. Another theory is that somehow the drugs increase the animals’ metabolism. A third theory is that they increase the absorption rate of nutrients in the animals’ guts. Frankly, we don’t quite know how or why they work. But I can tell you that if you took these drugs away from the farmer you would be costing the consumer over three billion dollars in increased meat prices in the first year.”

Alford reaches across to the coffee table and pats the top of a stack of brochures. I open one up. Inside is a photograph of a small pink pig asleep in the arms of a farmer. “Healthy and happy. You and Aureo S·P 250 will keep him that way,” the caption reads.

“We’re the largest producer of tetracycline in the country,” Alford continues. “We were the ones who originally developed the drug, although, now that the patent has lapsed, other companies have started to manufacture it as well.”

“How many pounds of tetracycline does Cyanamid manufacture each year?” I ask—though every other official at Cyanamid to whom I have put this question has declined to answer it.

“Well, frankly, you’d have to get those figures from someone else,” Alford replies. “All I can say is that we produce tons and tons and tons of the stuff.” While the tonnage is still a mystery, F. Eberstadt & Company, a New York firm of securities analysts, issued a research report in 1981, entitled “The Animal Health Products Market,” which gave sales figures for the industry. In that year, American Cyanamid sold approximately a hundred and twenty million dollars’ worth of antibiotics for animal use in this country and a hundred and forty-five million dollars’ worth abroad. About half of these sales were of tetracycline-based products.

“What’s your attitude toward those scientists who believe that antibiotics in animal feed are creating resistance that is showing up in human bacteria?” I ask.

“All right. You want to talk about resistance.” Alford pauses for a moment, reflectively cradling his chin between forefinger and thumb. “Well, it’s an unproved theory,” he announces finally. “If you feed antibiotics to anything, some resistant bacteria will result. They’re the ones that survive. But if you’re asking whether resistance can be transferred from animals to men—well, that’s another question. I don’t think that any cases of transferrable drug resistance have been documented in the United States. That is, nothing has ever really been proved.” Alford eyes my notebook with what I take to be distress. I am beginning to feel that my insistent questioning is a little unfair to him, since he is, after all, neither a researcher nor a policymaker at American Cyanamid but simply a member of the sales staff. “Listen, this whole business about antibiotic resistance really isn’t my field,” he says, as if he were reading my thoughts. “It’s a very heated issue, and I’d rather not say anything about it. I think you ought to talk to Bud Loats.” He rises from the couch and walks over to the white plastic table, where a tall, solid man is helping people fill out name cards.

E. F. (Bud) Loats, central-regional manager of Cyanamid’s Animal Industry Department, also greets me with a firm handshake. His lapel is adorned with a yellow sticker saying “SURPRISE ’EM WITH GROUND PORK.” Lowering his large frame onto the couch beside me, he gives a preparatory smile, but before he has a chance to say anything Alford begins a summary of our conversation. “All right, Bud. Just for the record, I want to run through what I’ve been talking about with this gentleman. I’ve gone through the three theories of the growth-promoting effects of Aureomycin as a feed additive, and we were just starting to brush on the question of resistance. I told him that it was, of course, a timely issue, but that as far as I knew we had never—”

Loats appears uninterested in Alford’s efforts at summation and at this point takes charge of the discussion himself. “Now. This resistance thing. It’s not a question that your farming people ask about much,” he tells me. “We don’t usually sell to the farmers direct. We sell our product through feed companies. It’s a very competitive business, because, as you know, there are many other companies who manufacture antibiotic feed additives. Now, the thing to remember is—”

“How do you view the findings of those researchers who are now cautioning us that the indiscriminate use of antibiotics in animals as well as in human health may be destroying their effectiveness?” I put in, bringing Loats’ exposition to a halt.

Loats purses his lips. “All right, let’s talk about what Aureo S·P 250 does. Let’s face it, hog-farming, like cattle-feeding, has become almost completely confined. The pigs are indoors together in barns their whole lives. The situation is sort of like kids at school. You know, one kid gets sick with the sniffles and then all of ’em get it. Now, what we want for our farmers is for them to get their young pigs through that early period of their lives when they get sick easily. We want the pigs to start healthy, stay healthy, and gain as much weight as they can. But don’t get me wrong.” He raised his hand from his lap in a cautionary gesture. “I’m not saying that our drugs are a substitute for good management or a solution to crowded, unsanitary conditions in the barn.”

“No way!” cries Alford antiphonally. “The antibiotics help farmers raise well-fed, well-cared-for animals more efficiently.”

“But what about the question of antibiotic resistance and the transfer of resistance from animals to human beings? What are your views on this, as people involved in the sale of antibiotic feed additives?” I ask.

“Who’s ever proved that bacteria transfer their resistance?” retorts Loats.

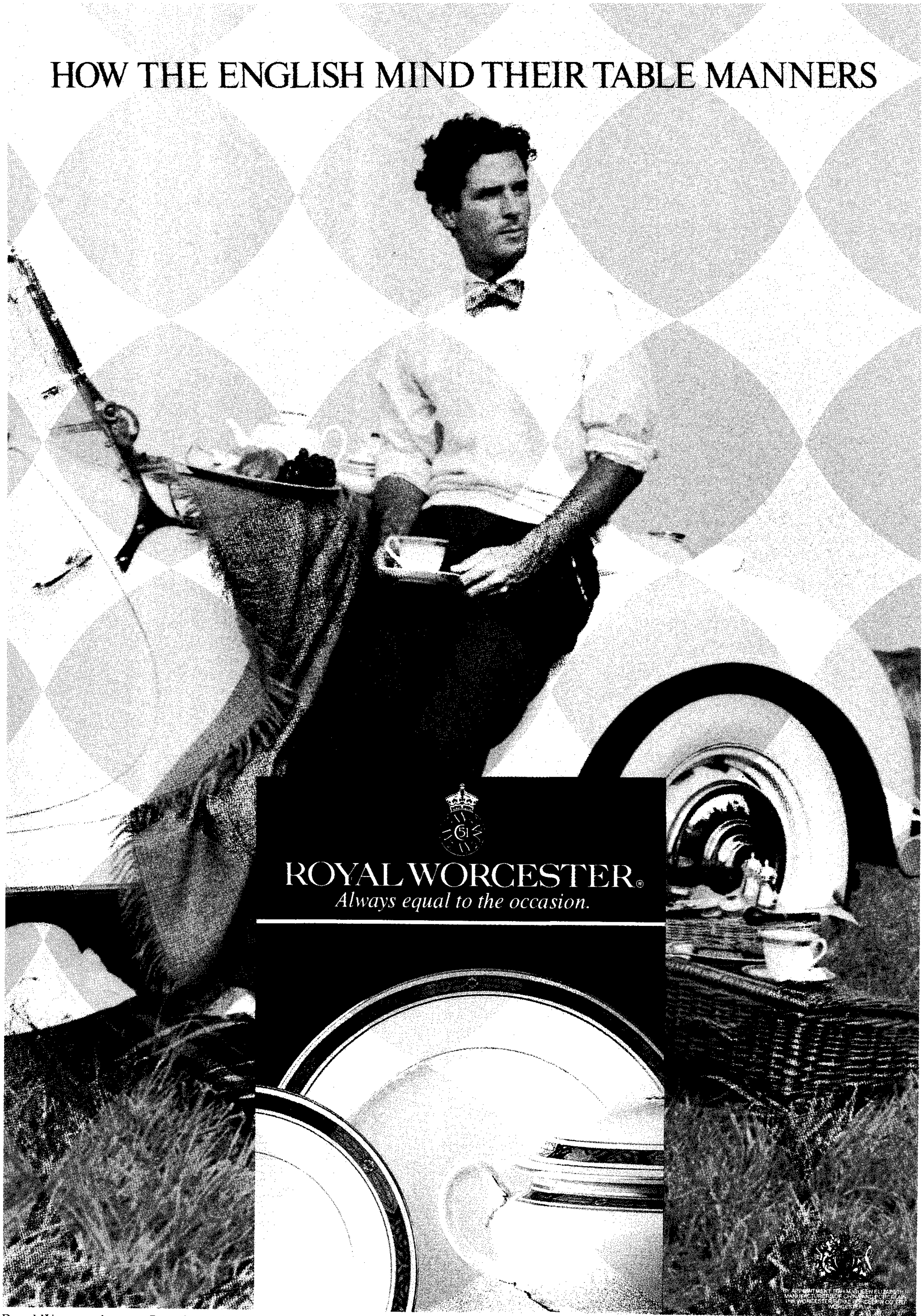
“Well, there have been a number of studies that seem to suggest that—”

“I don’t think transferable resistance has been proved yet,” interjects Alford.

“Well, we do have some studies that show some level of antibiotic resistance, but the drugs are still working,” says Loats.

“What I think Bud, here, is trying to say is that we have been doing tests all along,” Alford says. “All we know is that the stuff still works.”

“Do you mean that you assume that the resistance levels couldn’t be significant or otherwise the antibiotics would

HOW THE ENGLISH MIND THEIR TABLE MANNERS

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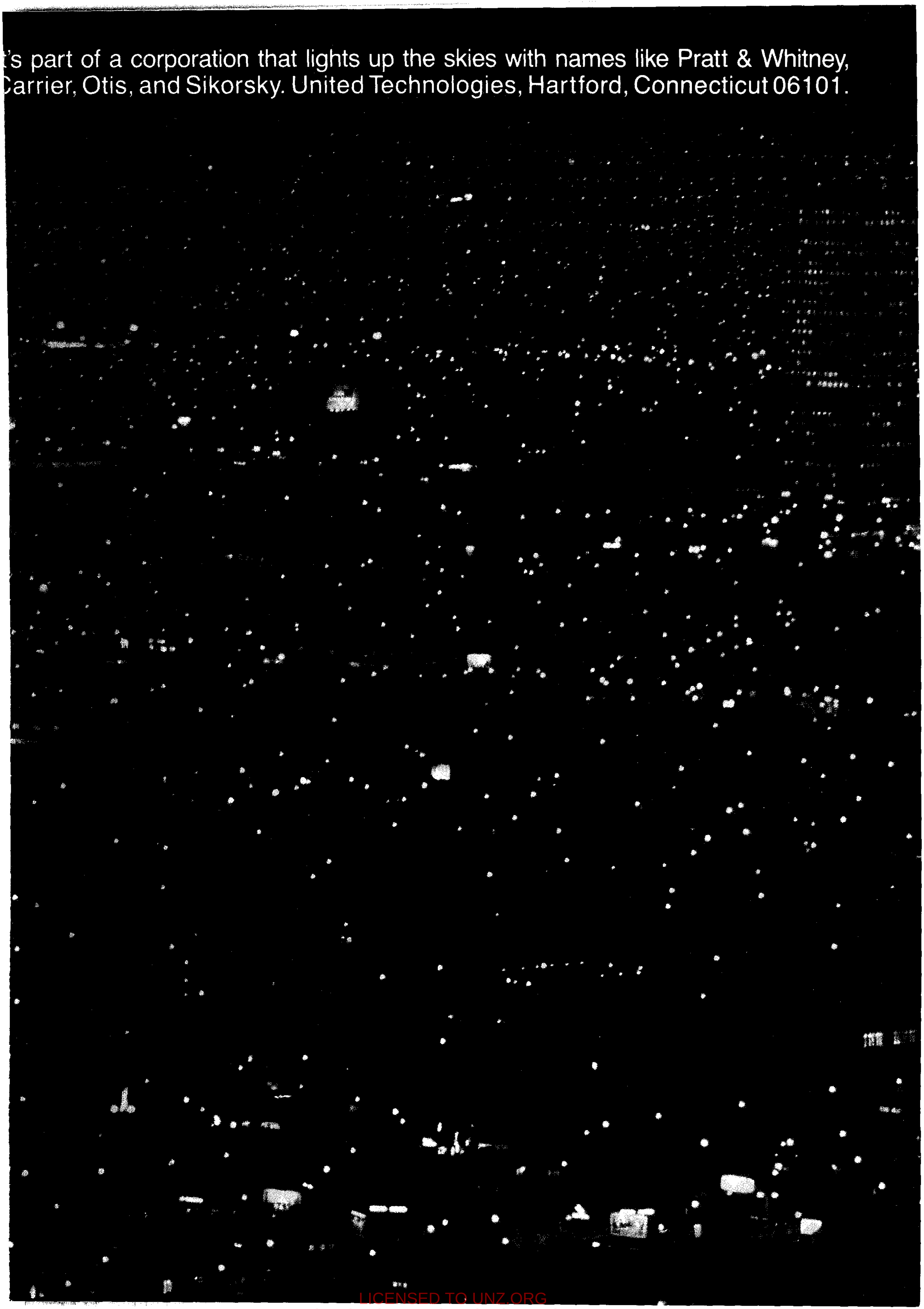

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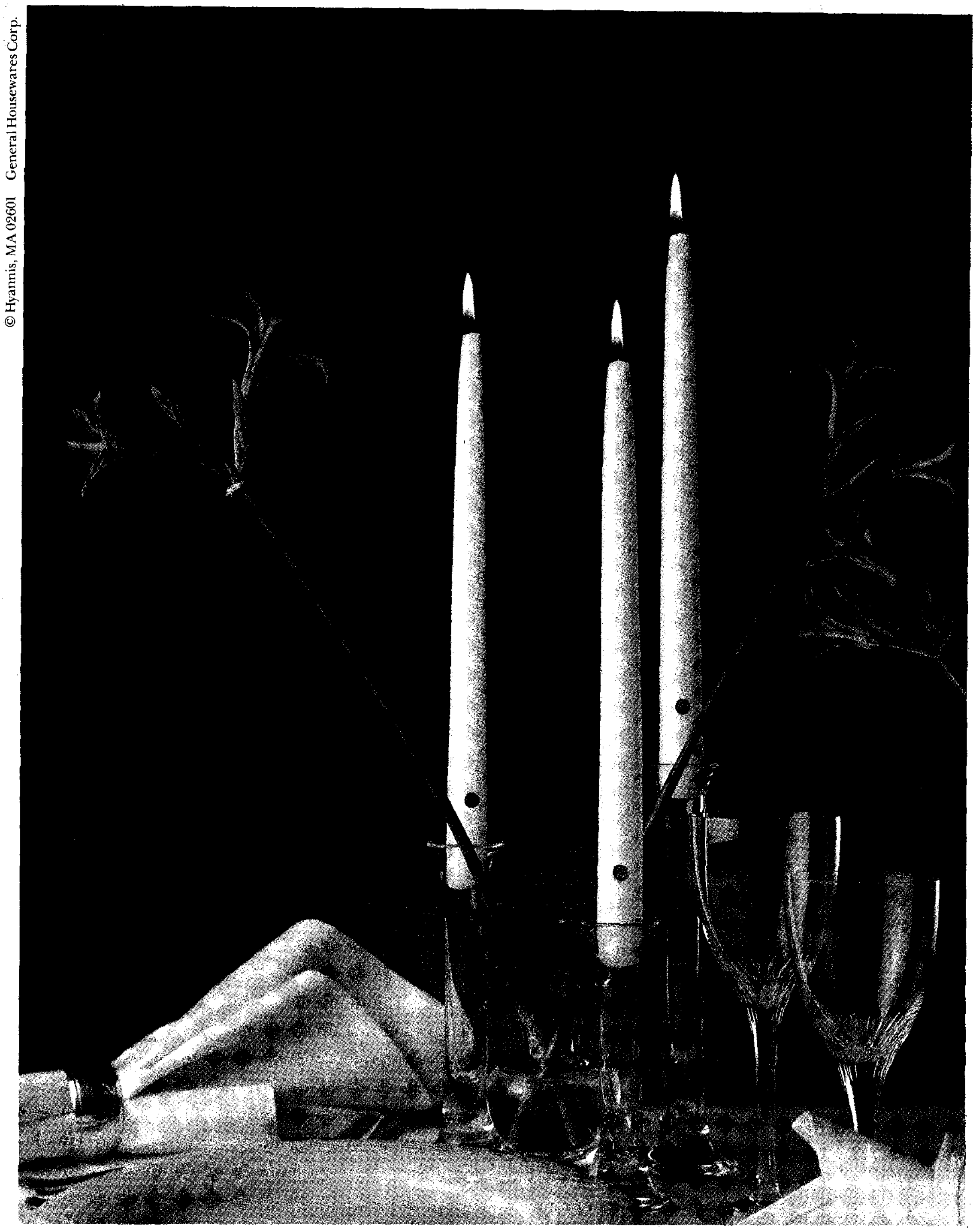

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have no growth-promoting effect?" I ask.

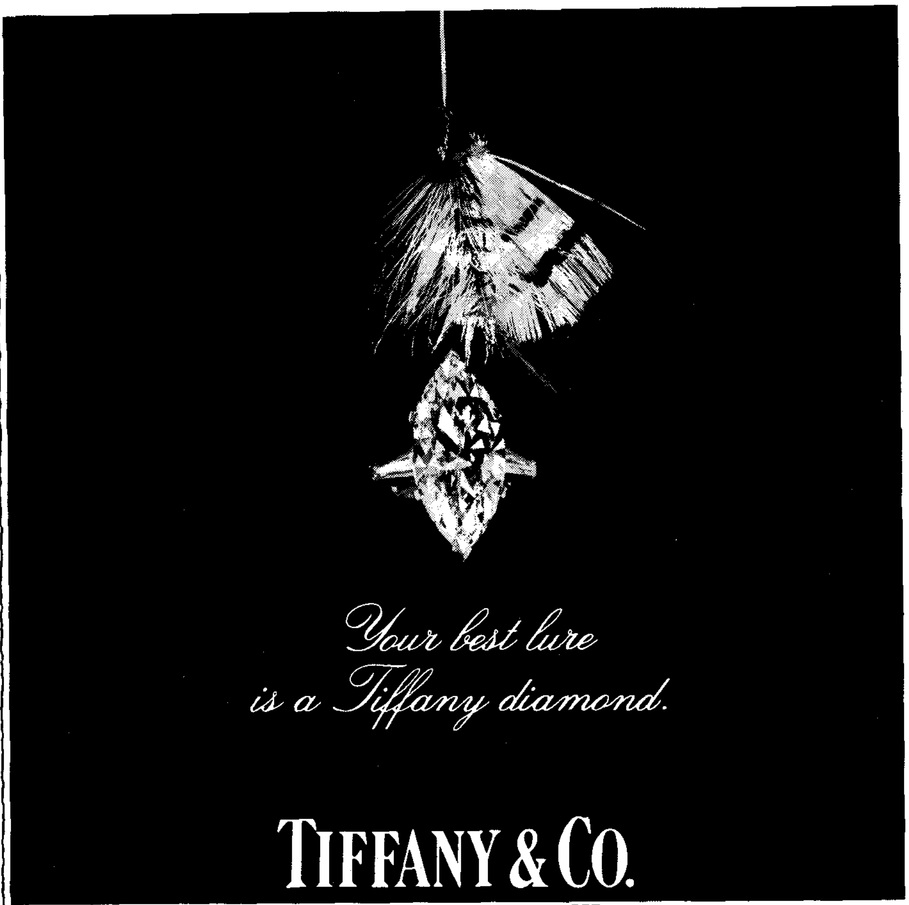
"Let me just put it this way—your average American farmer today is pretty smart," Loats replies (although not to the question), wagging an admonishing forefinger in my direction, as if he thought I was insinuating that farmers were being duped. "Why would these farmers pay money to us if they weren't getting results? Our Aureo S·P 250 costs about two dollars and fifty cents a pound, and about eighty-five per cent of all hog farmers are using some sort of subtherapeutic antibiotic like Aureo S·P 250. You tell me why these guys would be putting out all this money if they weren't getting any returns. We think that with our product farmers are looking at a ratio of four to one. We calculate that for every dollar they put out on drugs they get four dollars back. That speaks for itself."

Still hoping to elicit a response on the controversial subject of drug resistance, I probe Loats again for his own views.

"I'm not sure what all the ruckus over drug resistance is about," he says. "I mean, you've got these animals on drugs in their feed. Then, five months after they're weaned, they're on a truck. Then they arrive at the packing plant and—*boom!*—they're gone. That's the end of that." He sweeps both hands upward, describing a mushroom cloud in the air.

WHEN it comes to discussing the potential dangers of the overuse of antibiotics, one of the most outspoken members of the American scientific community is Richard P. Novick, M.D., a plasmid biologist and the director of the Public Health Research Institute of the City of New York, an independent nonprofit research corporation supported by grants and contracts from such organizations as the American Cancer Society, the National Institutes of Health, the National Science Foundation, and the Food and Drug Administration.

I became aware of Dr. Novick's concern over the use of antibiotics as feed additives when he wrote a letter to the *Times* in November, 1977, in support of efforts that the F.D.A. was making under Donald Kennedy, then its commissioner, to regulate the unrestricted use of penicillin and tetracycline in animal feeds by making their sale and use contingent on veterinary prescription. (The effort ultimately failed, and feed mills and livestock-



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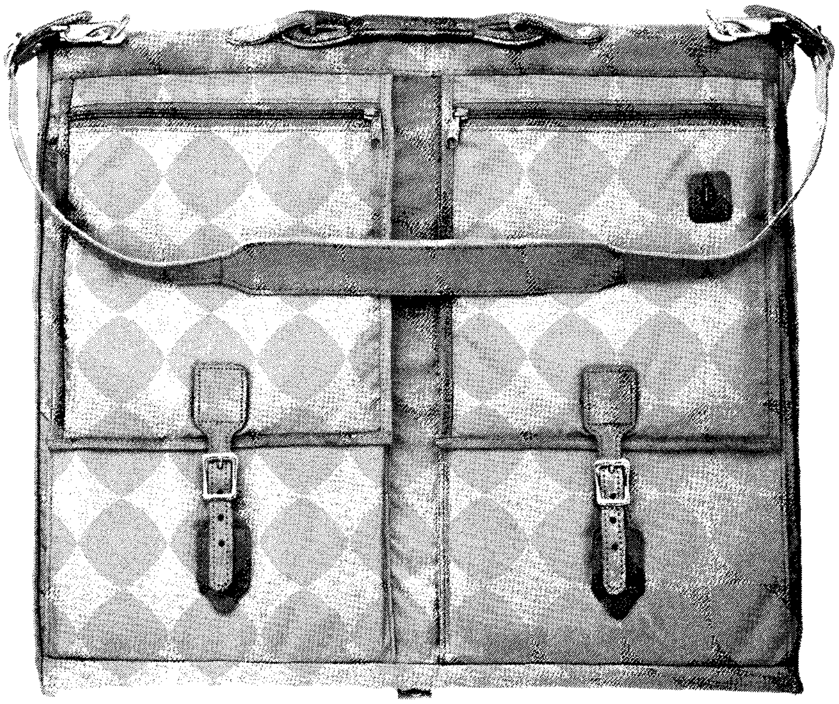

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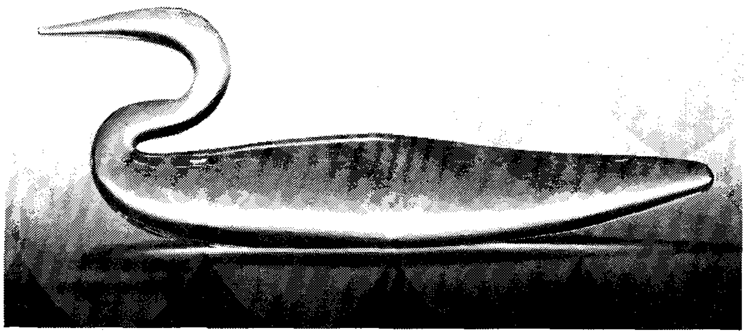

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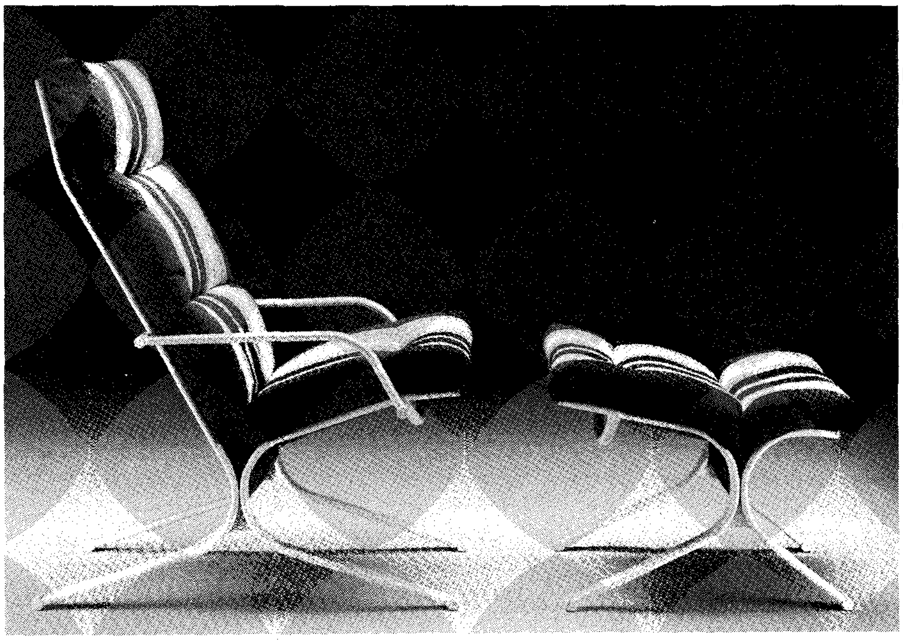

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supply houses continue to market these drugs today in any quantity to anyone who wishes to buy them.) "Recent years have witnessed massive increases in the use of antibiotics for livestock as well as for human medicine," Novick wrote the *Times*. "These practices have caused the development of vast populations of disease-causing bacteria that are simultaneously resistant to many different antibiotics and are becoming a greater and greater threat to human as well as animal health."

Novick's name appears repeatedly in the literature on the subject of antibiotic resistance. In an article in the July-August, 1979, issue of *The Sciences*, he wrote, "Antibiotics have been (and still are) given for everything from headaches to ingrown toenails; they are swallowed, sucked, injected, and smeared; they are painted on cuts, dumped into wounds, fed to the chickens and pigs, and sprayed on the floors of hospital wards.... Through a characteristically human combination of shortsightedness, greed, and ignorance, we are now well on the way to negating totally the usefulness of antibiotics."

The offices and laboratories of the Public Health Research Institute are in a modern high-rise at First Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, across from Bellevue Hospital. Richard Novick's office is lined with shelves of scientific texts and scholarly journals; there is a scattering of plants and a mishmash of unmatched furniture. He is a mustachioed man in his early fifties, whose energy and youthfulness belie the strands of gray that radiate from his temples through his bushy head of hair. Like the room in which he works, he evinces little attraction to the formalities and grand effects of his executive position. He is clad, the day of my visit, in an open-necked shirt and bluejeans.

When I ask his views on the hazards of modern antibiotic use, I find him plainspoken, almost shocking, in the bluntness of his assessment. "I think that the evidence is overwhelming that what we have been doing with antibiotics in both animal and human use is very dangerous and entirely self-defeating," he begins without hesitation, speaking in rapid-fire bursts of words, as if what he wanted to say were both so urgent and so self-evident that punctuation was a waste of time. "I think our experience in this age of chemicals has made it abundantly clear that we can't keep spewing biologically active substances into

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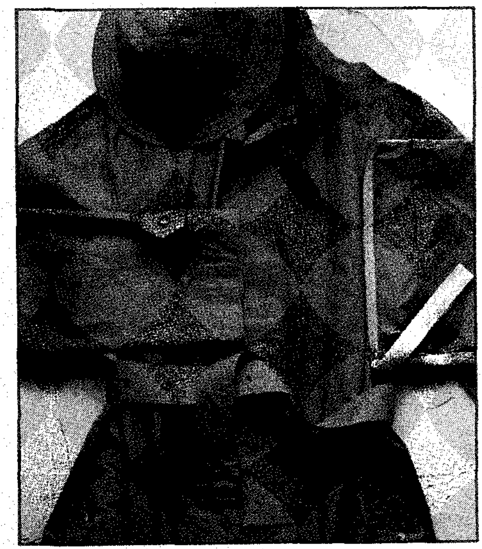

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the environment without paying a high price in undesirable modifications of the biosphere. What is happening to animals on antibiotic feed is having an effect on the levels of resistance in human beings, because of the plasmid trade-around. And I myself am far from convinced that these antibiotic additives are all that effective in promoting growth anyway. Basically, I think, the farmers have been sold a bill of goods and are squandering an extremely important human resource. As far as I'm concerned, the drug companies are responsible.

"The discovery of plasmids did unlock some extraordinary mysteries," he continues, when I ask him what a plasmid is. "However, we still have a hard time classifying them. In many ways, they're like parasites, in the sense that they are totally dependent upon the cells within which they live, although they do not actually harm them. And they are ubiquitous among both pathogenic and nonpathogenic bacteria in plants and in animals, including human beings."

Although a single plasmid usually accounts for only two to ten per cent of the total genetic material stored in a bacterium, Novick estimates that the common *E. coli* bacterium can harbor up to twenty different types of plasmids, which together are capable of introducing several hundred different genetic traits into another bacterial cell. In certain bacteria, the plasmid-borne genetic material may equal, or even surpass, the entire DNA content of the organism's chromosome.

Plasmids besides those that carry antibiotic resistance or initiate conjugation have also come to light. They are responsible for an interesting collection of accessory characteristics—functions that are not specified by the chromosome—such as resistance to the toxicity of heavy metals (lead, cadmium, mercury); the ability to degrade insecticides and other petroleum products; and the ability to cause certain diseases, like traveller's diarrhea, staphylococcal impetigo, and possibly tetanus.

"Some bacteria are just jammed with plasmids," Novick continues. "There's theoretically no limit to how many a cell can harbor. Moreover, the vast majority of plasmids carry unidentified genes. There are many plasmid-determined functions yet to be discovered, besides the ones—like antibiotic resistance—that we know about." As he speaks, Novick picks up my notebook, draws an oblong shape, and writes the word "Cell" above it. At one end of the cell, he draws a single asterisk and labels it "Chromosome." Then, still speaking, he draws a whole galaxy of small x's at the other end of the cell, and scrawls an arrow into their midst connecting to the word "Plasmids."

"The thing about plasmids is that they are so beautifully specific to their task," Novick says, his expression brightening, like that of a salesman who finally arrives at the moment when he can make a pitch for the most positive aspect of his company's product. "Take a bacterium that happens to acquire resistance to a particular antibiotic through a mutation affecting the antibiotic's target. If the chromosome is modified even in this theoretically beneficial way, the modification almost always compromises the vital cellular function that the mutated gene controls, inhibiting growth and reproduction. Mutations often end up making a cell an evolutionary cripple. On the other hand, if a cell acquires that same trait from a plasmid, its over-all health and adaptability will be only minimally, if at all, compromised, and thus its capacity for survival is not really impaired."

While adding x's inside the cell he has drawn, he goes on to say, "Plasmids are also capable of making numerous copies of themselves. This is an area in which we have done some work here at the lab, and we have found that a plasmid can replicate as much as two thousand times inside a single cell. Oddly, the cell doesn't seem to mind this very much and keeps on growing just about as well as it would without the plasmids."

I ask Novick how plasmid-borne resistance factors actually leave one cell and take up residence in another.

He reaches over to a shelf, pulls out a biology text, and opens it to a section on bacterial conjugation. A photograph shows two bacteria in a cellular embrace, their fuzzy caterpillarlike bodies docked close to one another and connected by a threadlike appendage called a pilus. The pilus, Novick tells me, closely joins the cells so that the plasmids from one can cross over to the other. Moving his pencil point from the body of one of the cells to the other, he explains that since many different types of plasmids are responsible for initiating conjugation, and since bacteria containing these plasmids mate not only with partners of their own species or genus but with other types of bacteria as well, the potential

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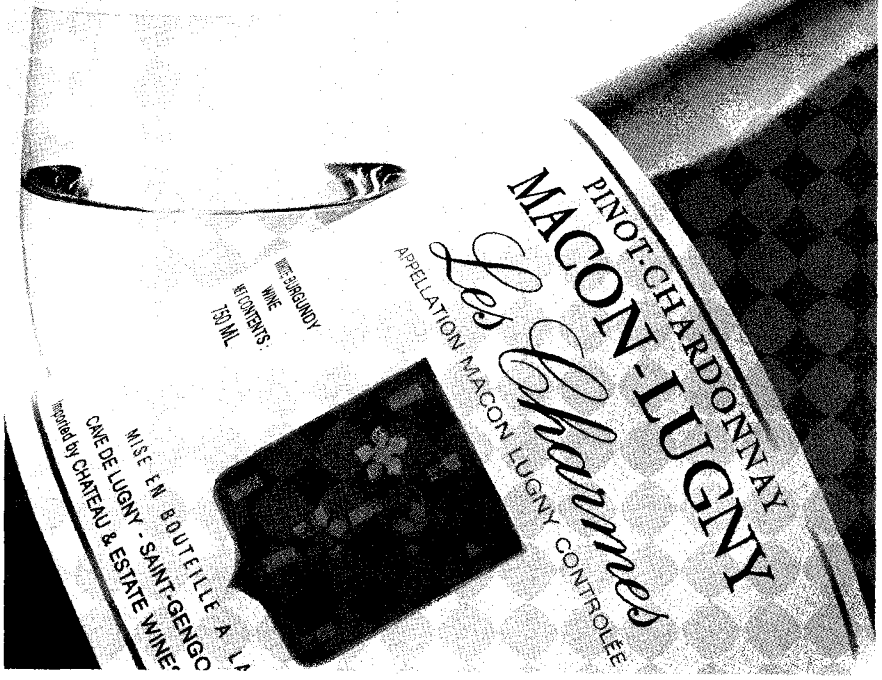

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for spreading plasmid-borne genetic material far and wide in the bacterial world is great.

Once inside the gut of a pig or a cow, for instance, a plasmid carrying antibiotic resistance may move from its original home in a harmless *E. coli* into an adjacent dysentery-causing microorganism. Or it may trade up from bacteria that live exclusively in animals to some that can colonize human beings. Like cowbirds laying their eggs in the nests of other birds—one in this nest, one in that—*R* plasmids, through the act of bacterial conjugation, insinuate their DNA into the interstices of a limitless number of alien cells. There they wait until the animal or the human being in which their host bacteria reside is given antibiotics. Then, suddenly, their hour arrives.

"What happens is actually quite simple," Novick says. "When an antibiotic is introduced, it immediately starts killing off the sensitive bacteria. But it can't kill those bacteria that have acquired *R* plasmids. Cells with these plasmids are the ones that survive and multiply when their competition has been wiped out. This is why we say that antibiotics 'select for' resistant organisms. Once the sensitive organisms have been destroyed, the antibiotic serves merely to maintain a favorable environment for the resistant ones."

I ask Novick to explain how bacteria can develop multiple resistance through the acquisition of plasmids.

He turns, rummages through a file cabinet, and extracts a sheaf of eight-by-ten glossy black-and-white photographs. "These are electron micrographs of plasmids magnified—oh, let's see." He flips one of the pictures over and reads a notation on the back. "This one is magnified thirty-two thousand times."

The plasmids in Novick's micrographs appear as loopy strings of minute beads. Novick traces the outline of one plasmid to a place where it loops over on itself. "Plasmids include segments of DNA called transposons," he says. "They are able to detach themselves from one plasmid and hop over, or transpose themselves, onto another plasmid, or even onto the bacterial chromosome. Let's say you have an *E. coli* that happens to harbor plasmids with genes that code for tetracycline resistance. Then along comes another *E. coli*, harboring plasmids with genes for chloramphenicol resistance. The cells conjugate and trade *R* plasmids, so that each cell now has

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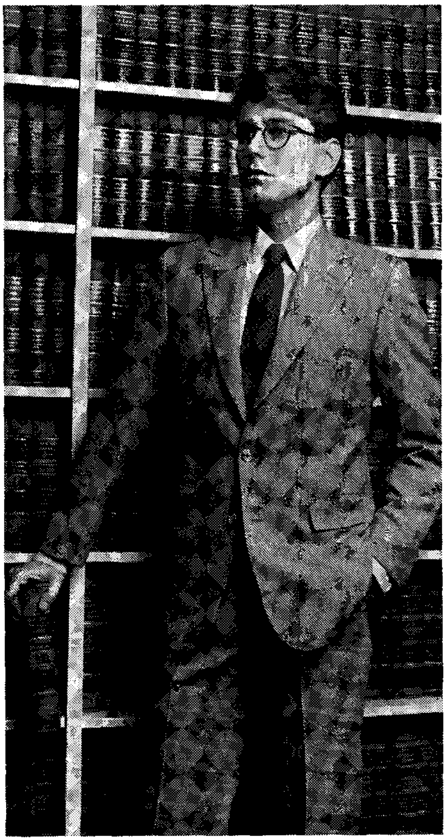

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both *R* factors. A transposon containing the gene for tetracycline resistance can now hop off its plasmid and climb onto the plasmid that previously contained only chloramphenicol resistance. Presto! You've got a plasmid that codes for resistance to both drugs at once. In this way, you can get genes for resistance to a number of antibiotics all on one *R* plasmid. Then that plasmid can replicate and transfer a copy of itself to a new bacterial cell during conjugation, and in that way these multiple resistances can spread like wildfire."

Next, as if the gymnastic feats of plasmids and transposons which he has been describing were not enough to create a legend of biological agility, Novick describes another, involving bacteriophages—viruses that have a specific affinity with bacteria. "Viruses are the tiniest of organisms, existing as simple submicroscopic particles in which the genetic material is encapsulated within a protective shell, usually made up of proteins," he explains. "A virus is the ultimate parasite, since outside a suitable host cell it becomes totally inert. But once inside a host cell it sheds its protein capsule and begins to reproduce its DNA, commandeering the host cell's metabolic energy for its own purposes. After manufacturing a few hundred new copies of its DNA, it encapsulates them in protective protein shells, which it also manufactures, and then causes the cell to lyse—or dissolve—releasing the new virus particles to repeat the process when other suitable cells are encountered. This basic reproductive strategy is essentially the same for all viruses, whether they infect human cells—causing, for instance, polio, yellow fever, or rabies—or plant cells, or bacterial cells, except that certain bacterial and animal viruses sometimes make mistakes in the encapsulation process. When this happens, they may encapsulate some particles containing DNA from the host cell instead of viral DNA. Since each infected cell yields a few hundred new phage particles in less than an hour, the phage can afford to be somewhat sloppy in its encapsulation process. As a result, about one particle in a hundred contains host DNA rather than phage DNA. This particle can itself enter a suitable new host cell, where its DNA—perhaps including a transposon with an antibiotic-resistance gene, or even an entire *R* plasmid—may be incorporated into the genetic makeup of the new cell. We call the

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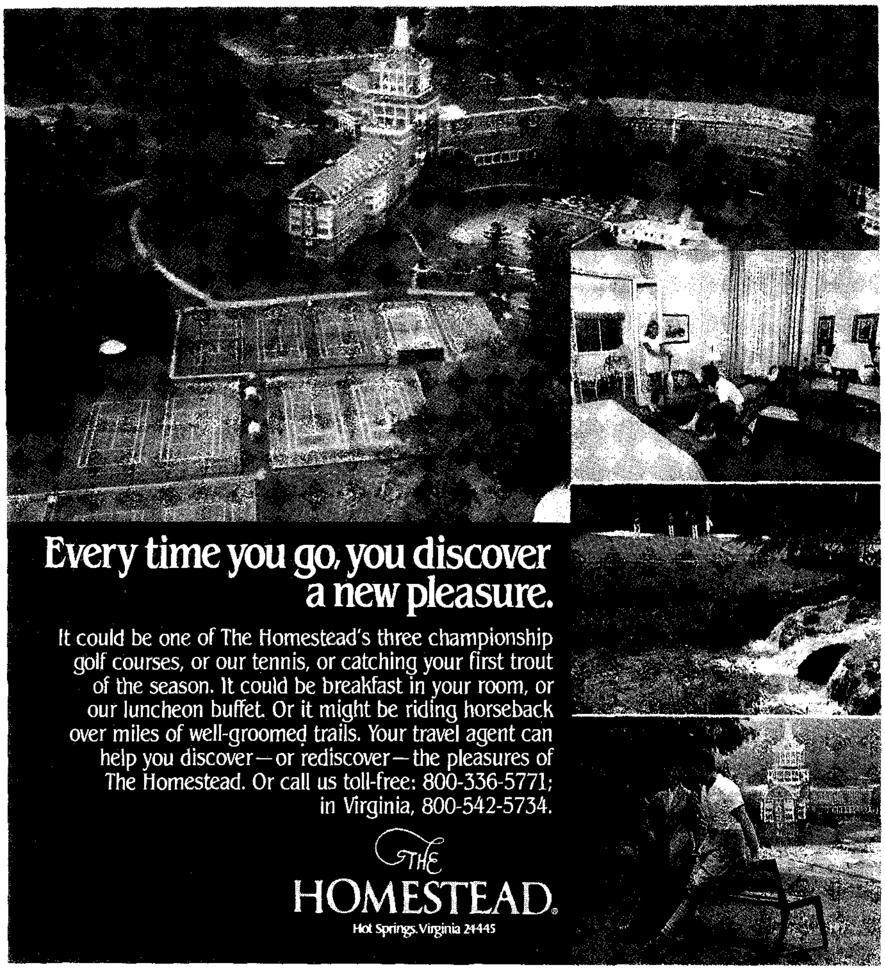
phenomenon transduction. We're not quite sure how often this particular delivery system works in nature, but we know that it can happen, and that it provides another avenue of genetic exchange by which antibiotic resistance can be spread." Still another means that cells have of exchanging genetic material, Novick continues, is known as transformation. Bacterial cells sometimes lyse spontaneously; like bursting piñatas, they splatter their plasmids, transposons, and chromosomal genes around their microenvironment. Other cells in the neighborhood may acquire *R* factors simply by incorporating through their walls bits of this free-floating DNA, so that their own genetic endowment is altered.

In the pre-antibiotic world, a cell that had to maintain several *R* factors it did not need might have had difficulty surviving the competition, because of a slight increase in its metabolic load. To be resistant to an antibiotic that is not present is not an asset; in fact, it can be a liability, because the maintenance of an unnecessary genetic trait may to some extent tax a cell, even though the degree of debilitation may be trivial. If, however, antibiotics are suddenly added to the equation, the cell's investment in resistance proves well spent. Whatever price it may have paid to maintain the new trait is suddenly negligible, compared with its ability to survive in an antibacterial environment.

"All this genetic trading must sound as if it takes place quite without inhibition," says Novick, smiling. "But there are natural limits. Some cells will defend themselves against accepting these newly arrived genes. For instance, a cell may mobilize to destroy a plasmid because the new addition stresses or unbalances it by increasing its genetic burden. But before it is able to get rid of the new plasmid, a transposon may hop off and attach itself to an indigenous plasmid, and thus preserve itself while the alien plasmid perishes. Stanley Falkow, a medical microbiologist at Stanford, has shown good evidence that this is what happened in penicillin-resistant strains of *Neisseria gonorrheae*, which suddenly appeared about eight years ago. We think that the *R* factor may have been transferred from an ordinary *E. coli* via a plasmid that came across during conjugation and couldn't survive but left a gene for penicillin resistance behind as part of a transposon. Then, under the selective pressure of all the penicillin that was being thrown at the disease, the new resistant organism obviously had a tremendous advantage and multiplied like crazy. When you look at the transposons in *N. gonorrheae* that carry the penicillin-resistance factors, you can see that they are very similar to the ones we usually find in *E. coli* plasmids. But when we compare the sequential arrangement of nucleotides—the building blocks of DNA—on the plasmids themselves we find the sequences are totally different. So that's what makes us think that a plasmid was the vector, and that it perished, but not until the transposon carrying penicillin resistance jumped ship. All this is corroborated by some other evidence that Falkow uncovered; namely, that this same transposon which codes for penicillin resistance in *N. gonorrheae* has got into plasmids carried by *Haemophilus influenzae* bacteria, which cause meningitis in small children."

Like lodestones gathering iron filings around them, plasmids appear to have an unlimited capacity for incorporating new transposons into their genetic sequences. It is the unique ability of plasmids to introduce new genetic material into bacterial cells without significantly compromising the cells' existence which first attracted the attention of researchers interested in genetic engineering. In many ways, the plasmid was the gene splicer's dream come true: here was an example of nature already doing exactly the kind of recombining of DNA that scientists were trying to do—inserting new genes into a bacterial cell to reprogram it in a specific new way. Since plasmids had already proved themselves to be prodigious vectors for genetic exchange on their own, researchers eagerly began working with them. Plasmids were marvellously convenient genetic units to manipulate, being infinitely less complex than chromosomes. And, in fact, it was a plasmid that scientists first used as the vehicle for successfully introducing foreign genes into a bacterial cell—the scientific breakthrough that inaugurated recombinant-DNA research.

Such advances led to much discussion among scientists about the dangers of unregulated meddling with the genetic determinants of life. After several years of debate, guidelines for recombinant-DNA research were set by the National Institutes of Health. But, ironically, while the regulators concerned themselves with the potential dangers of gene-splicing research, genetic trading caused by the widespread



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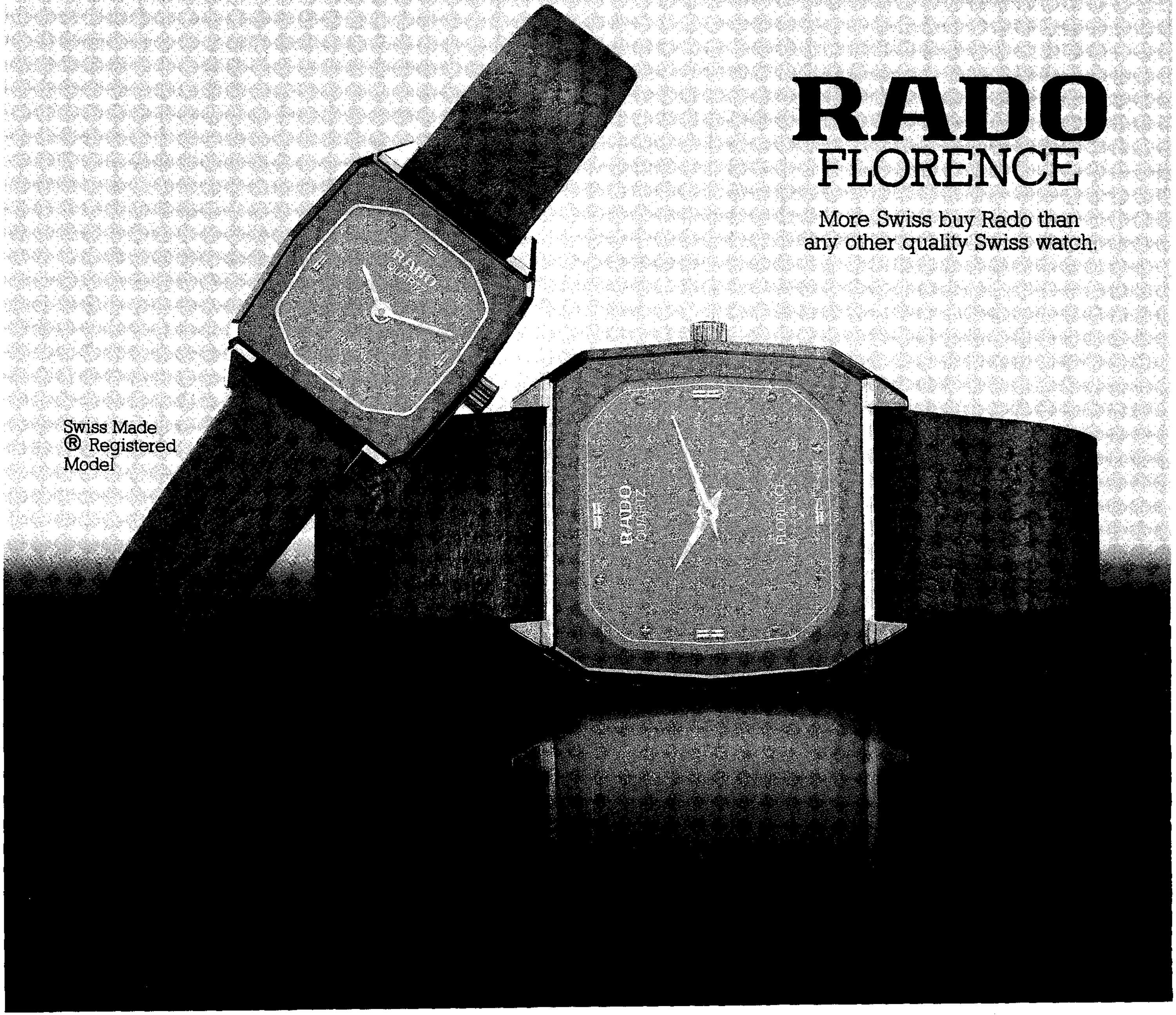
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use of antibiotics went on unabated, by means of *R*-plasmid transfer. In a November, 1977, article in *The Sciences*, entitled "Genetic Loose Change," Stanley Falkow, then a professor of microbiology at the University of Washington Medical School, and a colleague, Lynn Elwell, a microbiologist with the Burroughs Wellcome Company, noted that "while committees of scientists and laymen banter about recombinant DNA around conference tables, Nature, in introducing *R* plasmids in *H. influenzae* and *N. gonorrheae*, has been conducting experiments prohibited under the N.I.H. guidelines for recombinant-DNA research."

"We used to see only one or two resistances on a plasmid at a time," Novick concludes, with a sigh, toward the end of my visit. "Now we're getting as many as twelve. That has all happened in the last thirty years. What's frightening is that there seems to be no limit to the number of resistances that these *R* plasmids can carry. Why it is that people in the drug industry cannot see the obvious danger in the subtherapeutic use of antibiotics is beyond my comprehension. What I would hope is that the drug companies would start to acknowledge not only the danger but also the uselessness of these drugs for growth promotion and, especially, for prophylaxis against disease. If I had any reason to believe that subtherapeutic drugs were effective, I would have second thoughts about pushing for a ban on feed-additive use. But the voluminous data on the emergence of resistance indicates beyond the shadow of a doubt that antibiotic prophylaxis is a total waste of time and money when it is aimed against the kinds of organisms that usually cause disease and threaten herds of livestock. I do not deny that there are bacterial pathogens that have not yet become resistant, and I have no objection to using antibiotics against these. However, the only hope of maintaining the usefulness of antibiotics is to use them for specific purposes in a limited and carefully controlled manner, and only against organisms that are known to be sensitive to them. And while I think that doctors are beginning to appreciate more and more the importance of using these drugs sparingly, so as to protect them, I see no evidence that the drug companies and the farmers are willing to make a similar effort." —ORVILLE SCHELL

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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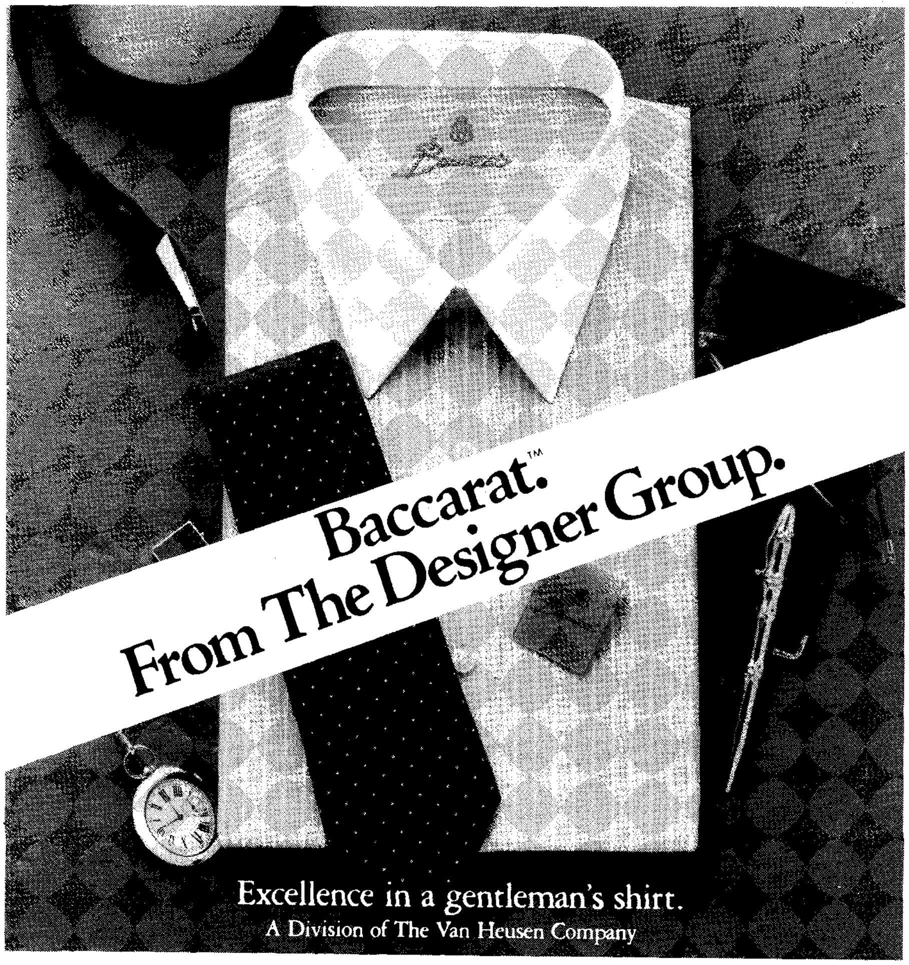

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ONE day not long ago, I ran into Willie Ruff, the bassist and French-horn player, and he happened to mention that he was about to go to Italy for a few weeks. I assumed that he was going for a vacation, or to see friends, or to practice his Italian—the usual reasons. But then I remembered that with Ruff there are no usual reasons. The last time I took a trip with him was in 1981, when he went to Shanghai with the pianist Dwike Mitchell, his longtime partner in the Mitchell-Ruff Duo, to introduce jazz to China. Now I asked him what he was going to Italy for.

"I'm going to Venice to play Gregorian chants on my French horn in St. Mark's cathedral at night when nobody else is there," he said. "I'll take my tape recorder along and make a tape of what I play."

That was a sound I knew I would like to hear and a sight I would like to see. But why Venice?

"Venice was the center of the musical world in the fifteen-hundreds and sixteen-hundreds," Ruff said. "And that was mainly because of the remarkable acoustics in St. Mark's. It's where a very important style of polyphonic music began. The great innovative composers of the period were Venetians—the Gabrielis, Zarlino, Monteverdi—and what inspired them was this church that gave incredible richness and clarity to what they wrote. I want to know what that sound is like."

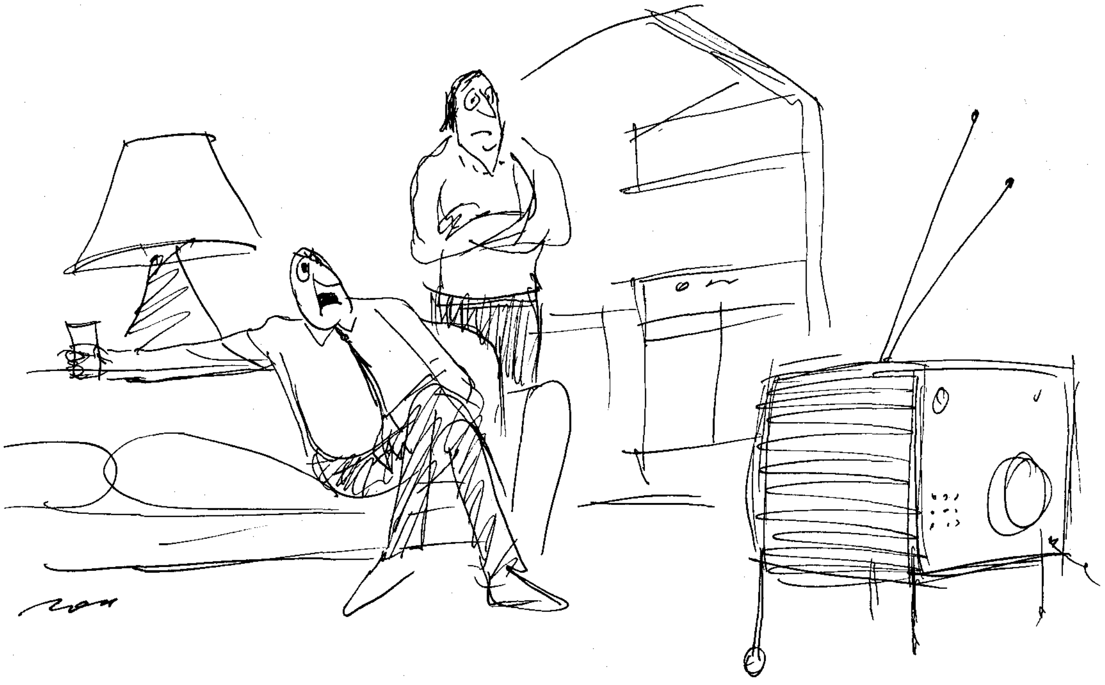
I asked Ruff how the idea of making this pilgrimage had come to him.

"It goes back to my student days at Yale, thirty years ago, when I studied with Paul Hindemith," he said. "Hindemith had totally immersed himself in the history of music, and he insisted that students coming to work with him do the same. He introduced us to all this fabulous music that had come out of Venice, and he made us see what a crucial bridge it was to everything that followed. He was also deeply interested in the history of science. In his lectures, he talked very forcefully about the scientists of the Old World who got involved in music theory—especially Johannes Kepler, who was his hero. He spent twenty years writing an opera about Kepler's life. He said that if Kepler hadn't been a musical theorist as well as a mathematician he might not have discovered the three laws of planetary motion that are still milestones in the natural sciences."

I already knew about the Hindemith-Kepler connection. At Yale, where Ruff is a professor of music and where I first knew him in the nineteen-seventies, I had heard him talk about how Hindemith excited him with Kepler's "music of the spheres"—the theory that musical principles are involved in the paths that the planets take around the sun. In 1619, in a book called "The Harmony of the Worlds," Kepler described the consonances that the orbiting planets would make, but there was no way to test the theory. With the advent of the computer, however, Ruff saw a way to bring the music of the spheres down to earth. In 1978, he enlisted the help of an eminent Yale geologist, Professor John Rodgers, and they fed formulas into a computer-synthesizer, instructing it to generate the frequencies that Kepler published. The resulting L.P. record of Kepler's "music," widely reported in the press, has since sold thousands of copies to science buffs everywhere—especially in Japan and Germany. Ruff mails them out from the Yale post office and puts the proceeds into the Duke Ellington fellowships, a program he launched in 1972 that brings the giants of black American music to New Haven to give concerts and workshops at Yale and in the city's public schools.

Now, as Ruff talked about Hindemith and the acoustics in St. Mark's, the rest of the connection was falling into place, and I saw what was drawing him there. I asked if I could join him. He told me that he didn't have permission to play in St. Mark's and didn't know if he could get it. I said I would take my chances, and I arranged to meet him there in about a week.

I WAS in Italy during the Second World War, and have been back many times. Of all foreign countries, it's the one I know best. But to me Venice is a different country altogether—an Eastern place, perched so far out on Italy's eastern rim that it has slid into the water. I still remember my surprise when, as a soldier, I first saw the gaudy striped cathedrals of Pisa and Siena, with their playful colors and glittering gold mosaics. How had such exotic



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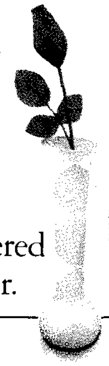

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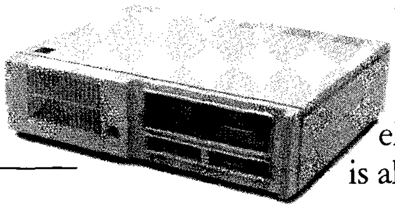

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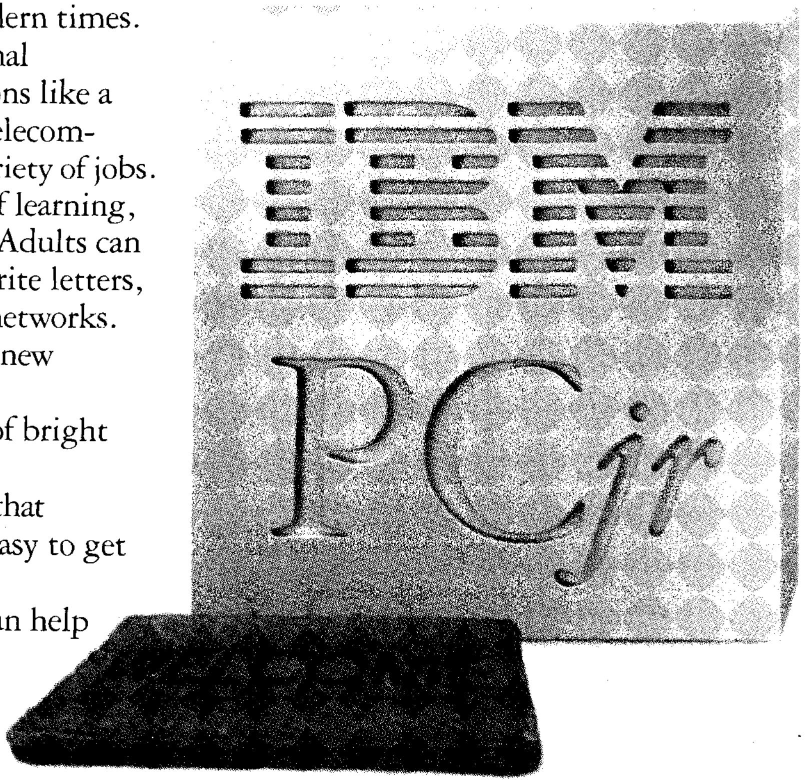

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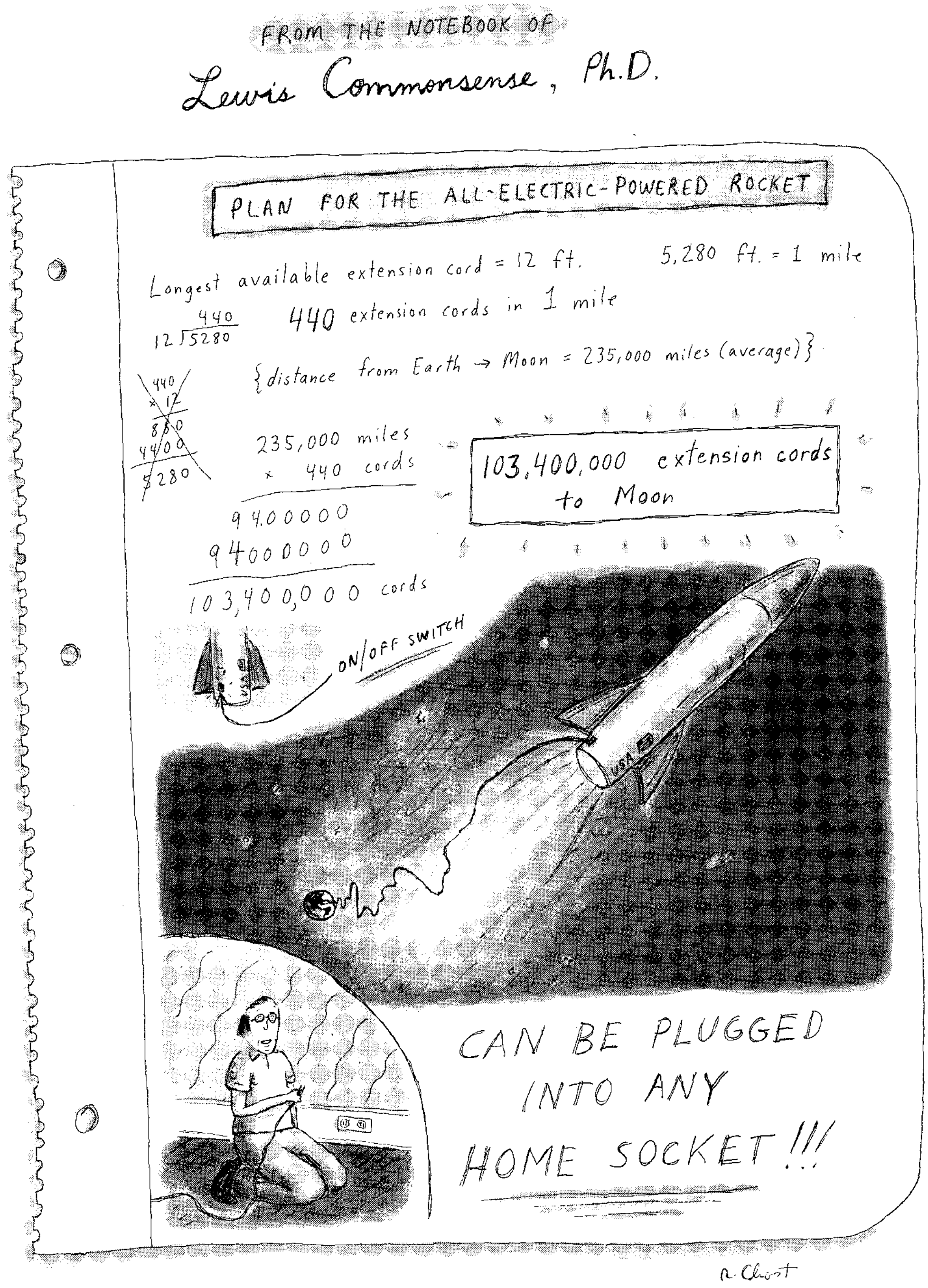
notions pushed their way into the pious architecture of Tuscany? "Byzantine," the guides said. "Trade routes from the East," they said. "From Venice," they said. After the war, when I finally got to Venice and saw St. Mark's Basilica and its five Byzantine domes, I felt that the place had no kinship with the Italy I knew. Something old and mysterious was at work here.

Only once did I feel that I was in touch with the city, and that was when I was leaving it by boat. I had always wanted to visit Jerusalem, and it was important to me to approach the Holy Land by sea—slowly and with some preparation. I didn't want to get into a jet plane in New York and wake up in Israel. Rummaging in the travel ads, I found a car ferry that left Venice on Wednesday evening and reached Haifa on Sunday morning, stopping at Piraeus and Limassol. That was the boat for me. I had first seen the Mediterranean from North Africa, when I was stationed in Algiers and Oran, and I have loved Mediterranean ports ever since for their ancient mixture of races. A car ferry to Israel was therefore the answer to many old stirrings, and on that Wednesday, just before sunset, as my boat sailed out into the Adriatic, past Venice, the crazy city finally made sense to me. It was a creature of the Levant, and that was where I was going.

Now, in 1983, I was back, bringing some emotional baggage of my own to my rendezvous with Ruff. I had cabled him the name of the hotel where I would be staying, and when I checked in I asked if there was a message for me. The concierge brightened. "You should call Mr. Willie," he said, handing me a piece of paper with a number on it.

I did, and got Ruff, and he came over and we found a table overlooking the Grand Canal where we could eat and talk. Ruff chatted with the waiter in fluent Italian, one of the eight languages he knows. He had been in Venice almost two days, he said, and he already knew his way around the convoluted streets and canals. He had also spent some time in St. Mark's, getting the feel of the place, and he was eager to tell me about that. But first I wanted to know more about the various forces that had gone into his being here now.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"In my first year as a music student at Yale, I was required to take a very boring history-of-music course," Ruff said. "We were taught all about the Catholic Church service, and, being an Alabama Baptist, I wasn't too interested in that. The professor was one of those teachers who never tell you *why* you're being required to study something. He made us learn all the old liturgical modes from a book called the 'Liber Usualis' and translate them into modern notation. Later, of course, that turned out to be very valuable, because those modes were central to how Europe developed its secular harmony. But I had no inkling of their importance at the time.

"In my second year, I was allowed to sign up for a course with Hindemith, and it was on the history of the theory of music. After that introductory course, I never wanted to hear another word about the history of music. But Hindemith was my whole reason for being at Yale. Back in my Army days, at Lockbourne Air Force base, near Columbus, I had seen an interview with Charlie Parker in which he was asked, 'If you could take a year and do anything at all, how would you spend the year?' He said that there was a cat at Yale named Paul Hindemith and that he'd like to go and work with him. Hindemith's music was becoming known to innovative jazzmen—especially his 'Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes by Weber,' which has a strong jazz flavoring. His own instrument was the

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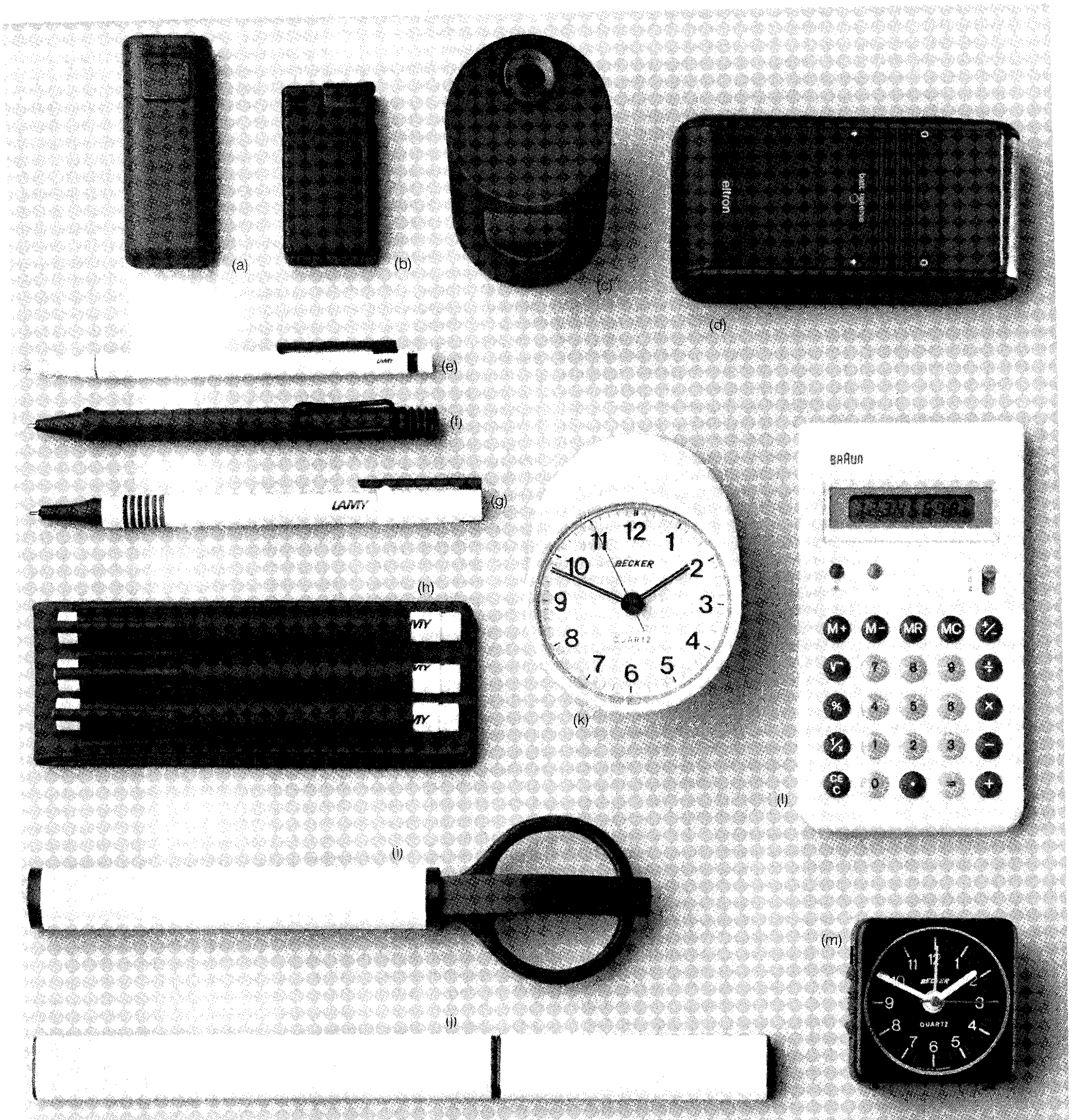

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viola, but he had supported himself by playing drums in a jazz band in hotels all over Europe before coming to the United States, in 1940. Anyway, what Charlie Parker said stuck with me, and when my horn teacher in Columbus, Abe Kniaz, insisted that I go to Yale so I could study with Hindemith, that settled it."

Ruff recalls Hindemith as a short, round, bald man who was jovial when he was pleased—a condition that evidently didn't occur often. "He'd get angry if you performed sloppily and he'd swear at you in German and throw things at you," Ruff said. "I remember he emptied a music stand at one trumpet player. He threw every item at him one by one—every sheet of music, the pencil, and the stand itself. Just ran him off the stage."

But when Hindemith taught the history of the theory of music Ruff forgot that he hated the history of music. "He made it *live*," Ruff said. "He was a nut on the necessity for the person who was going to make music his life—not his living, his *life*—to be in touch with the musical past that made the present possible. The way he did it was to make us experience old music by performing it. He wanted us to actually *hear* it. He would organize programs of very early music, and those of us who were in his class had to play it and sing it. If the old instruments like the krummhorn and sackbut were still available, we'd use those.

"The music of St. Mark's was basic to what Hindemith was trying to teach us. It also turned out to be the music that spoke most directly to me—maybe because of the luxurious sound that Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli achieved in their polychoral compositions."

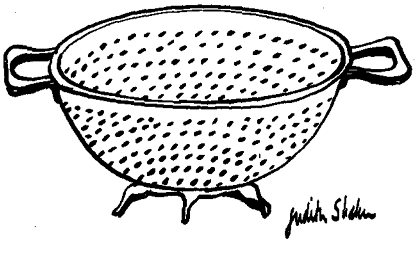
The Gabrielis, uncle and nephew, successively dominated the music of Venice in the late fifteen-hundreds, giving the city a renown as the center of European music that lasted well into the Baroque era, perpetuated by Monteverdi and Vivaldi. The Gabrielis wrote for vast choirs of voices and instruments, which sang and played antiphonally from opposite lofts of St. Mark's Basilica. Hindemith, knowing that the acoustics of St. Mark's had inspired the Gabrielis to reach for such remarkable effects, tried to approximate the sound by having his class sing and play the Gabrielis' music from the balconies of Sprague Hall, one of Yale's music auditoriums. Once, he took Ruff's class to New York to play in the huge entrance hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"When we played that music of the Venetian school, it moved me harmonically, and rhythmically it thrilled me to my roots," Ruff said. "Under Hindemith's direction, it had none of that tight-assed, choirmaster, metronome strictness. It was performed with the kind of rhythmic abandon that's common in the jazz world. What Hindemith did was to make me know that I had to discard nothing of my own cultural past. I've had a fascination with that music ever since. I knew that someday I wanted to play it in a place that was architecturally interesting and also had some connection with the music I'm involved with now."

That connection was revealed to Ruff when he came upon a recording of a concert that Paul Robeson had given at Carnegie Hall in 1958. Robeson, who could sing folk songs in many languages, demonstrated that the folk music of widely disparate countries has a common source. He sang an American Negro spiritual, an East African tribal chant, a thirteenth-century Slovakian plainchant, and an old Jewish chant from the Near East that were strikingly similar. "I had known that American spirituals were a source of wonder in Europe when they were first performed there by touring choirs like the Fisk Jubilee Singers," Ruff said. "They were just close enough to the Europeans' own folk songs and to their religious music to be strangely familiar.

"Robeson's point was that it all ties in—that the folk music of huge areas of the world is compatible. And he asked, 'Why is this so?' He said it was because the Abyssinian church and the church of the Sudan were a part of the Eastern church of Byzantium. Therefore, music from many parts of Africa and the Near East found its way into the liturgy of the early Byzantine church and subsequently filtered out into Europe."

It has popped up in odd pockets ever since, often to the surprise of its discoverers. It was the folk music that Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály found, for instance, when they went to remote villages of Hungary in the early nineteen-hundreds to collect peasant songs—and that Bartók later incorporated so vividly in his own work. The songs were based on old Greek ecclesiastical modes and on pentatonic scales from Central Asia, which, Bartók said, freed him from "the tyrannical rule of the major and minor keys." Thus Bartók was listening to Slovakian plainchants long before Robeson picked up the trail from another direction, and now Ruff had picked it up from Robeson.



"Suddenly it hit me that what I wanted to do was to play my horn in St. Mark's," Ruff said. "But what would I play? I realized that I'd have to go back to the 'Liber Usualis,' the book I couldn't wait to sell after my first year at Yale. So I took it out of the Yale music library and started learning the material again. 'Liber Usualis' means 'Book of Common Practice,' referring to the hymns and chants that have been most used in the Catholic Church, and these, in turn, were colored by the music of the Byzantine church. So what I'll be playing in St. Mark's is sacred music that goes back to the Middle Ages and that fits directly into this church. That whole stream of music came through here and was waiting for the Venetian masters to develop it. Those sacred chants are also at the core of my spirituals, as Robeson made me see, so I'm going to play some of them, too."

Before coming to Venice, Ruff had stopped off in Rome. He attended an early Sunday-morning Mass in St. Peter's and a later one in Santa Maria Maggiore, taping the Gregorian chants in those two historic churches, because he wanted to know how they are used in the liturgy today. Then he went on to Venice, where he had never been before.

"As soon as I got off the *vaporetto*, I felt that this was where I should be," he said. He checked into his hotel and went around to see St. Mark's before it closed. "The place was full of tourists, and I walked around clapping my hands to test the echoes while everyone else was looking at the mosaics," Ruff said. "There are five enormous domes, and domes are interesting acoustically. What is it that's so *balanced* in that church? Today, I went back and just sat and looked and listened. I eavesdropped on the different sightseeing tours, trying to hear what the guides were saying about the church's history. I heard tours in English, German, Spanish, French, Italian, and Portuguese, and not one of the guides

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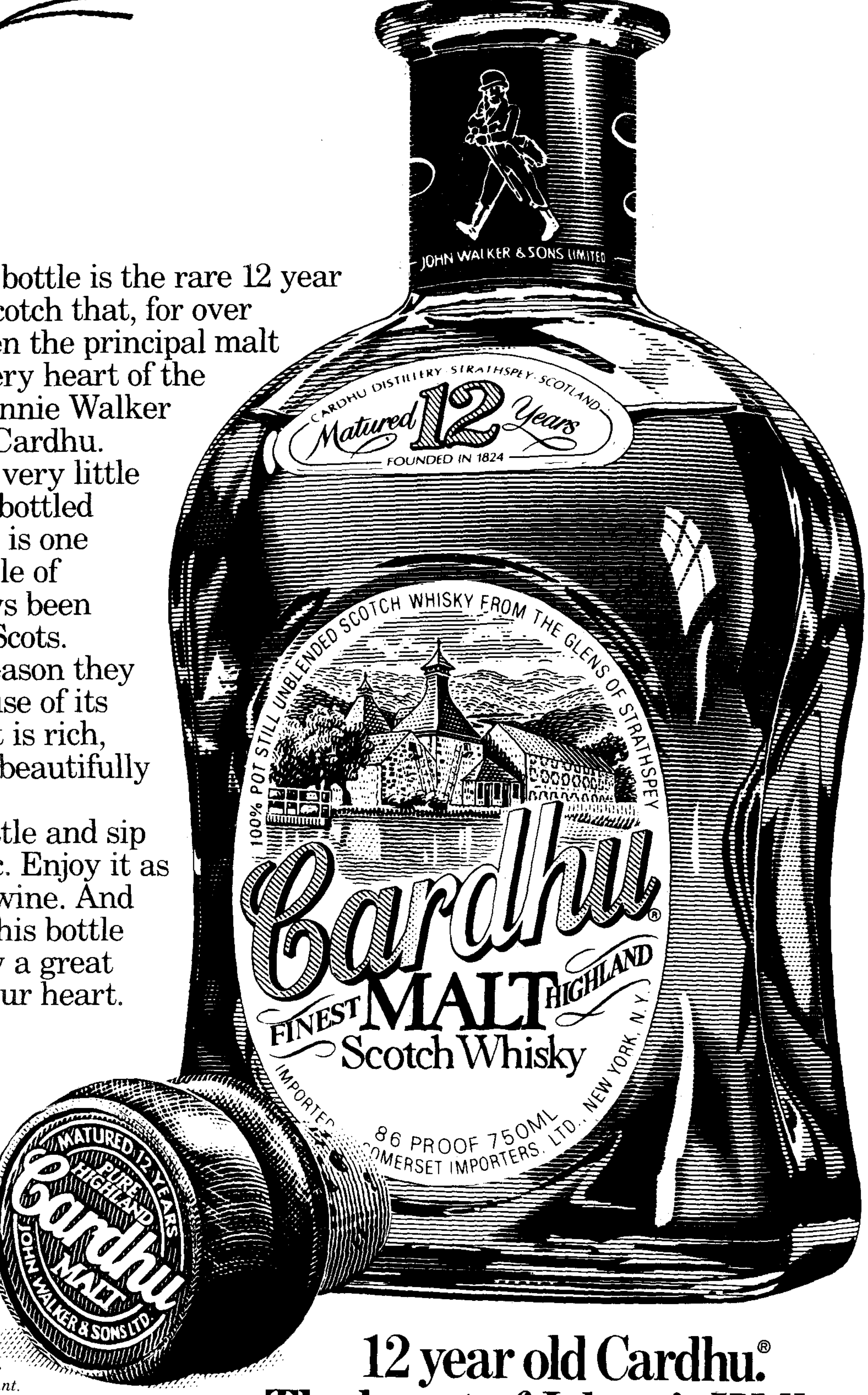
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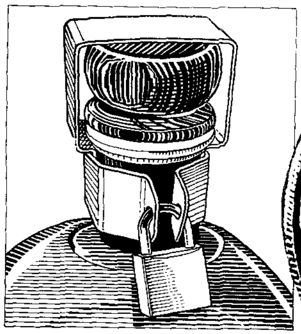

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said one word about the music. Everybody in St. Mark's was on a visual trip. I was the only person there who was listening for a distant sound."

THE next morning, Ruff set out on his mission systematically. His first goal was to get permission to play in St. Mark's. He had consulted various Catholic scholars before leaving the United States, and they agreed that a sum in the neighborhood of fifty thousand lire, or forty dollars, would probably be persuasive. One of them, a student of canon law, said that the proper word to use in such a transaction was "*offerta*." Ruff also had a letter from Yale University attesting that he was a member of the faculty on a scholarly quest.

Ruff's second goal was to study the acoustics of Venice's other churches before playing in St. Mark's. "I want to visit as many as I can in the next few days and play some Gregorian chants on my horn when nobody else is there," he said. "Otherwise, I won't have any basis for comparison. All I know is that St. Mark's is different from the other churches here. What I need to know is *how*."

Thus primed for the day's conquests, we went forth into the city. Even in midmorning, St. Mark's Square had no shortage of its two main commodities—tourists and pigeons. If Venice is sinking, it is not from the weight of time but from the weight of sightseers. We walked across the vast piazza toward the bulky presence of St. Mark's Basilica, anchoring the square at its eastern end, as it has since 1063. We joined the throngs pushing their way in. (During the summer, twenty-five thousand tourists a day enter the church.) I stood in the nave and looked up at the huge domes, thinking of them for the first time as hollow spaces, conducive to sound. The five domes form a Greek cross—three over the nave and one over each transept. Ruff had told me that music hates opposite walls and ninety-degree angles. St. Mark's, I now saw, was a temple of rounded surfaces—not only the domes but the Romanesque arches that they rest on and that also frame the upper balconies, where the Gabrielis placed their antiphonal choirs.

Ruff asked a guard if he could talk to someone connected with the church, and we were led through several dark corridors to the office of a monsignor. He was a suave, silver-haired man who had the look of Venetian nobility. He also had the look of someone who was adroit at screening petitioners and turning them away. Ruff seemed nervous—not sure that his Italian was good enough to explain the complexities of his project.

The monsignor greeted Ruff with a politeness that was neither warm nor cold and waited for him to state his business. Ruff began by introducing himself. (The conversation had just enough fragments of familiar Italian so that I could piece it together.) He presented his letter from Yale, with its university seal. The monsignor said he didn't speak English, and handed the letter back. Ruff pressed on, extolling the musical glories of Venice. I heard the sonorous words "*acustica*" and "*armonia*" and "*eco*" and the name "Gabrieli." The monsignor seemed unmoved by the musical glories of Venice. He asked Ruff how he proposed to study the acoustics of St. Mark's. Ruff said he wanted to play his French horn in the balconies and in the nave. Fine, the monsignor said. Go ahead. Play. Ruff said he meant that he wanted to play alone, at night, when the church wasn't full of people. The monsignor shrugged. It was the Latin shrug that needs no translating. He said he couldn't give permission for such a request. Ruff asked who could give permission. The monsignor shrugged again, his hands spread wide in the classic position of helplessness. He said maybe the *arcidiacono*. The strange word fell into our midst like a stone. Ruff asked if he meant the archdiocese, and what city was that in? Where would he have to go? Rome? Milan? But the interview was suddenly over and we were back out in the corridor, and then we were back out in St. Mark's Square, blinking in the bright Mediterranean sun. "I never even got to mention the *offerta*," Ruff said.

Ruff didn't waste any time; he had been given one word—*arcidiacono*—and that was enough. Now he was eager to get started on his next project: playing in Venice's other churches. He had made a list of them, and for his first test he had selected a church called San Rocco, on the other side of the Grand Canal—a church that he had heard was quite deserted. We walked to his hotel to get his horn and then made our way through a maze of alleys and over a bridge to San Rocco, Ruff moving with the agility of a native son.

At the church, his research turned out to be correct. Only two or three people were in the nave, and they were

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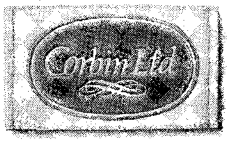


finishing their prayers and would soon be gone. Ruff said he would wait until the church was empty—he didn't want to disturb or offend anyone. Meanwhile, he got out his "Liber Usualis" and opened it to a hymn called the Pange Lingua, which he said was one of the oldest and most beautiful melodies in the book. Finally, the last worshipper left. San Rocco was absolutely still.

Ruff lifted his French horn to his mouth and blew what was at the most a sixteenth note. It was stopped by an old sacristan who came running at remarkable speed, shouting "*Vietato! Vietato!*" and crossing and uncrossing his arms in the motion of a baseball umpire signifying that a runner is safe. He stood in front of Ruff: a small man, barely five feet tall, shaking with outrage. "*Chiesa! Chiesa!*" he shouted, meaning that we were in a church.

"This is church music," Ruff said. He couldn't believe what was happening. The old man had struck like a summer squall. Ruff showed him his "Liber Usualis," a black book that looks like a Bible and has the solemn weight of Roman Catholic authority. He flicked through the pages, stopping to point out the Gloria and various other chants that are still used in the liturgy today. The sacristan was in no mood for ecclesiastical proofs. This was a *chiesa*, and there was to be no music.

Ruff made one more start at protesting his good intentions, but in midsentence the humor of his situation hit him. Ruff and Mitchell are both men of tremendous humor, quick to laugh; once, on a concert tour in Europe, they got to laughing so hard in a hotel lobby that the manager ordered them to check out immediately and never come back. Now Ruff hardly made it to the door, and when he was out on the steps of San Rocco he doubled up. "That's got to be the shortest note anybody ever played," he said. "I had just finished my inhale and was about to blow out when I saw this flash coming at me out of the corner of my eye—at the velocity of Jesse Owens." Ruff couldn't stop laughing. He said it was the fastest putdown of his career.

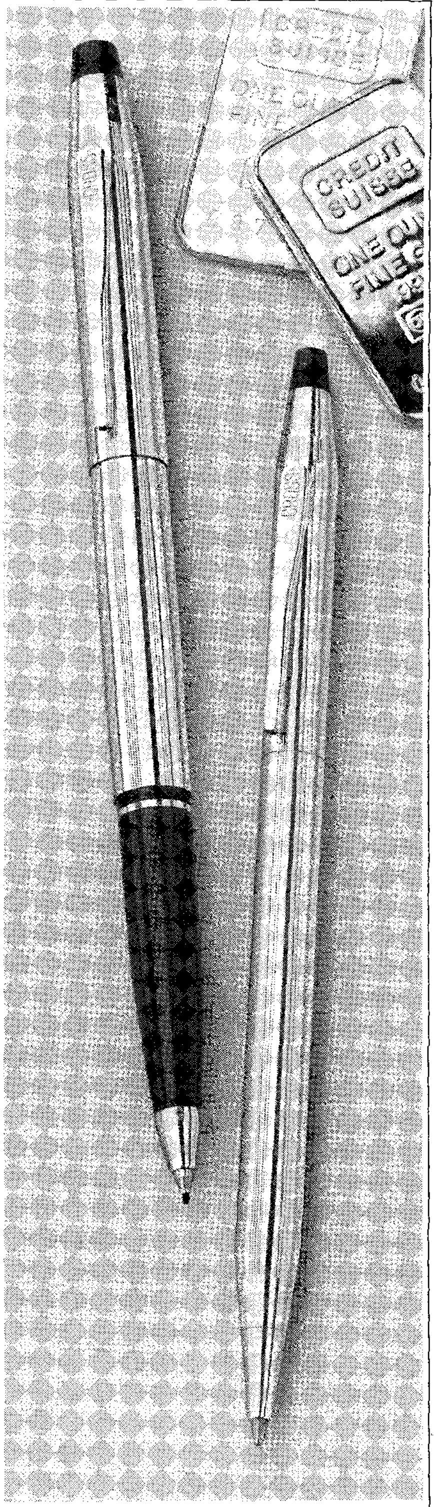
But the encounter drained some of his optimism. "If that's a typical reception by the clergy, I think my preliminary tests are over," he said. He wanted to try once more—in a church called the Frari, which was right around the corner. Inside, one look told us that it was no place to play the French horn. Not only was the church quite full of tourists; architecturally, it was an immense Gothic barn, with none of the enveloping curves of St. Mark's—any music performed there would quickly dissipate. One look would also have told the Gabrielis to go somewhere else with their polyphonic music and their antiphonal choirs.

Artistically, however, the Frari rewarded us with Titian's "Assumption" over the main altar—a huge painting that vibrated with color and motion—and to the left of the altar we came upon a chapel that held the tomb of Monteverdi. Someone had left a small bunch of flowers on it that were beginning to wilt. Ruff was moved by the tomb. "I wish I could play for *him*," Ruff said. He looked around the crowded church and thought better of it. But the moment seemed to give him an idea, and when we got out in the street it had taken shape.

"You know, Stravinsky is buried in Venice," Ruff said. "There's an island called San Michele that's the cemetery for the whole city, and it has one section of Orthodox graves." I remembered seeing a television documentary about Stravinsky after he died, in 1971, which ended with his coffin being taken by boat across the waters of Venice. "*That's* who I can play for," Ruff said. "Come on. I'm going to play the Pange Lingua for Stravinsky."

We walked to the Grand Canal and caught the *vaporetto* that takes passengers out to San Michele and several other islands. It left the main city and headed across a strait of open water, and I thought the cemetery might be quite far away. But the ride took only ten minutes. On the way, I asked Ruff why Stravinsky was such a giant to jazz musicians.

"He's *the* giant," Ruff said. "He was so advanced and hip. He's the main hero to jazz musicians because he was *weird*. That was an important word in the bebop era, and it was highly complimentary. It meant that you were thinking with superintelligence and that you were pushing beyond the conventions. At the end of the Second World War, the first cadre of highly educated black people was coming into the mainstream of American society. These people needed a music—a music that was more of their day. The sophistication of jazz as it



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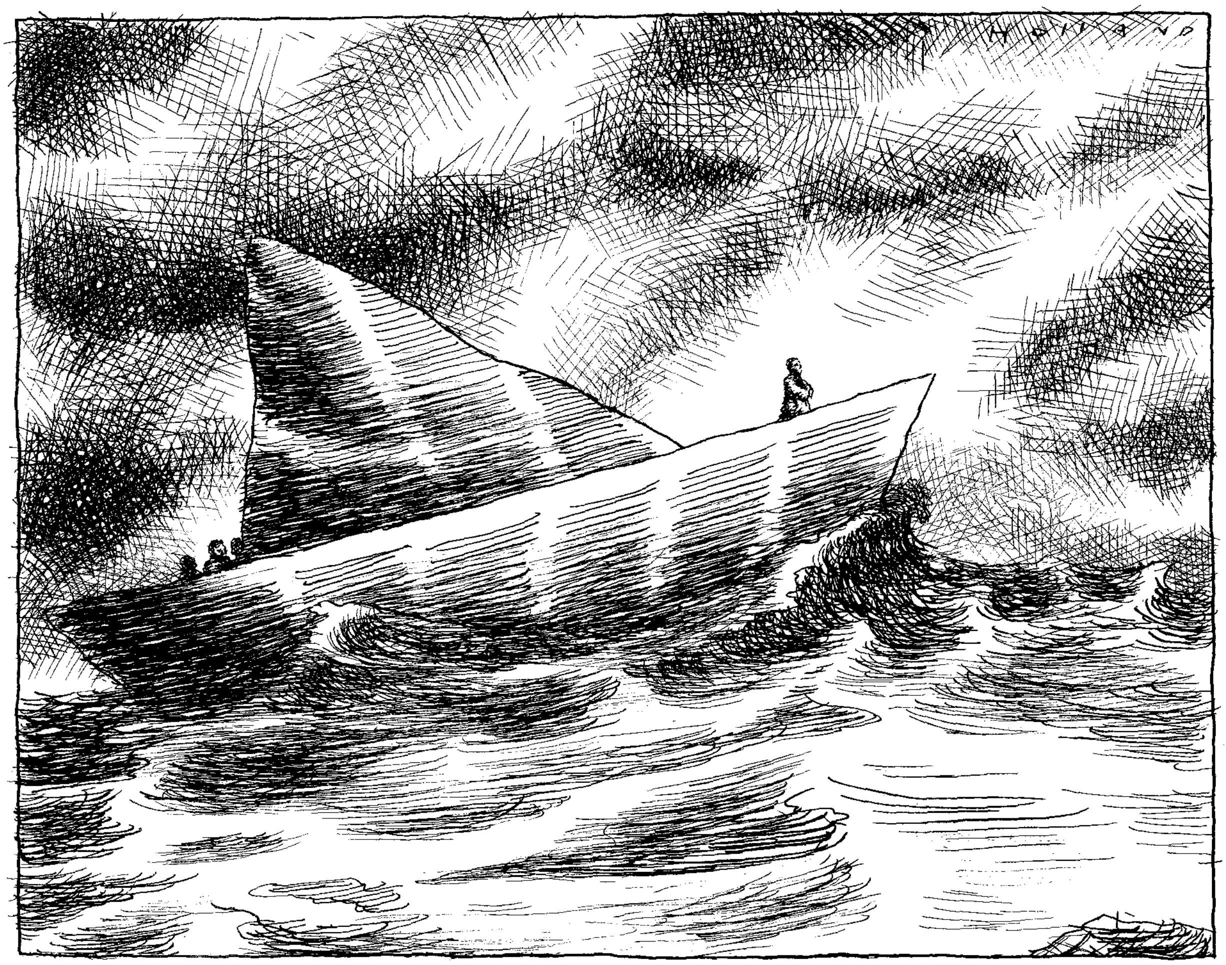

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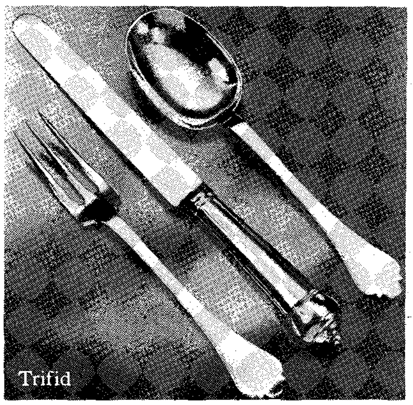
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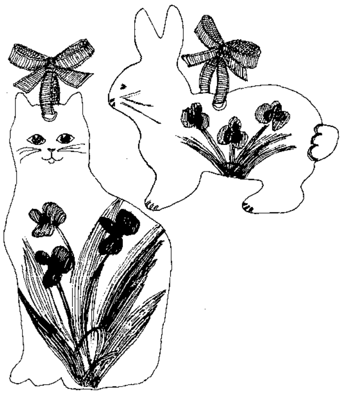
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existed then was not enough. There was nobody—not even Duke Ellington—who was speaking to that period as these people needed to be spoken to musically. But Stravinsky spoke to them: first to Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk and Art Blakey and Kenny Clarke and Max Roach—the great bebop innovators in New York, who pulled all this music together. Then the music was taken in an even more outrageous direction by Miles Davis and John Coltrane and the other pioneers of 'modern jazz.' Stravinsky was a god to them all. He's what modern jazz was all about."

We got off at the cemetery, and the custodian gave us a map of the grounds. We took a gravel path leading past rows of tall cypresses that were the only touch of formal landscaping. Four gravediggers were singing at their work, and Ruff found this encouraging; here, at least, among the dead, there was no objection to music. The graves were long slabs lying on the ground—not upright headstones, in the American and English style. We found Stravinsky and his compatriots in a small enclave at a far end of the cemetery. His immediate neighbor was Aspasia, Widow of H.M. Alexander I, King of the Hellenes, and a few yards beyond that was a grave marked "SERGE DIAGHILEV, 1872-1929." That the man who commissioned the composition of "The Firebird," "Petrushka," and "The Rite of Spring" had preceded their composer to this distant plot of Mediterranean earth so long ago was one of the most touching of the Byzantine mysteries that kept being revealed to me.

Stravinsky's gravestone was a slab of white marble, with just two words in capital letters: IGOR STRAVINSKY. The letters were made of deep-blue stone embedded in the marble. They had the informal rhythm of calligraphy, the second "S" more antic than the first. "It looks like him," Ruff said; he was reminded of the graceful pen strokes on Stravinsky's own music manuscripts.

Ruff opened his "Liber Usualis" to the Pange Lingua, took his horn out of its case, and looked around to see if he would be disturbing anyone. Only a few birds were within disturbing range, but Ruff was taking no chances, and, as an afterthought, he put a mute in his horn. Then he stood by Stravinsky's grave and played. The ancient melody had great power, yet somehow it had a quality that was modern in its associations. Ruff looked quizzical, seemingly surprised by the same paradox, and when he finished he said, "Did you hear it? It was the mute! It never occurred to me when I put it in, but of course that was one of Stravinsky's favorite sounds. There are whole sections of 'The Firebird' and 'Petrushka' that are scored specifically for muted horns and brasses. He was a master of that coloring—he could paint pictures with muted brass. It all came back to me when I started to play. I remembered how I went to 'Fantasia' every night at our Army base just to hear that sound. And how we used to play Stravinsky records over and over in the dayroom. That sound is unique. If I had thought about it all morning, I couldn't have come up with anything more distinctive, because it's also in Stravinsky's religious music. He was rooted in the music of the liturgy, and he even wrote one Mass."

Ruff played the Pange Lingua one more time, giving it a joyful lilt. Then he took the mute out of the horn and put the horn back in its case, and we walked out of the cemetery and took the *vaporetto* back to Venice. Ruff was at ease. The frustrations of the morning had been blown away.

WE got off the boat at St. Mark's Square, and as we made our way past a row of bookstalls Ruff noticed a poster announcing that the Amherst College Glee Club was scheduled to sing in St. Mark's Basilica on the following Sunday. "Someone gave *them* permission," he said. "There must be somebody in charge of making special arrangements for that church. I'm going to find him." It was now midafternoon, and the crowds milling around the entrance of St. Mark's were thick, but we joined them and let the gravitational force of tourism pull us into the basilica.

Ruff walked past the clusters of tour groups looking up at the mosaics that their guides were describing, and went to the velvet rope that partitioned off the chancel. Several sacristans were coming and going around the altar, and Ruff studied them for a while. Finally, he said, "That's my man—I can work with him." Ruff's man was a genial middle-aged Italian, who said he was the *capo*, or chief, of the sacristans. Ruff began his speech, and this time it went better than it had with the monsignor—he was more confident—and when he had finished praising the acoustics and the Gabrielis, and explained that he wanted to play his horn there, the sacristan became almost as enthusiastic as Ruff. He told Ruff that he should talk to the *arcidiacono*.

"Where is he?" Ruff asked.

"He's here in Venice," the sacristan said. "His name is Monsignor Spavento, and his responsibility is for what happens in this church. In English, I think you call him the archdeacon." So that was the dreaded *arcidiacono*. Earlier, the word had been thrown at us so fast that we hadn't stopped to analyze it and demystify it.

"How can I find him?" Ruff asked.

"He usually comes to the church around six o'clock at night," the sacristan said. "He will be here tomorrow. Can you come back then? I will take you to him."

"I'll be here," Ruff said.

That gave Ruff an empty day, and he had two pet projects to fill it with. In the morning, he went to the town of Castelfranco to see a tailor who is known for making suits for musicians' concert appearances. Ruff is a natty and eclectic dresser, and his wardrobe of elegant duds, cut by tailors that he has found as far away as Bali, needed replenishing. In the afternoon, he went to an old library in Venice called the Biblioteca Nazionale Marciana. He had a list of five Italian Renaissance composers whose manuscripts, now very scarce, he hoped to turn up for the Yale School of Music—especially the work of Carlo Gesualdo. In fact, as Ruff explained his quest I realized that Gesualdo was one of his major heroes.

"Gesualdo was the Thelonious Monk of his day," Ruff said. "He was one of the fathers of dissonance, and I'm amazed that he was able to stay alive and flourish, because he must have offended everybody. He was so daring! Being introduced to him in a course on old music that was taught by a modern master like Hindemith was a thrill I've never forgotten, because here was a statement, made almost four hundred years earlier, that this man knew all about dissonance—about this rubbing together of notes." At the library, Ruff unearthed six books of Gesualdo's "Canzoni," five-part madrigals that scholars still marvel at for

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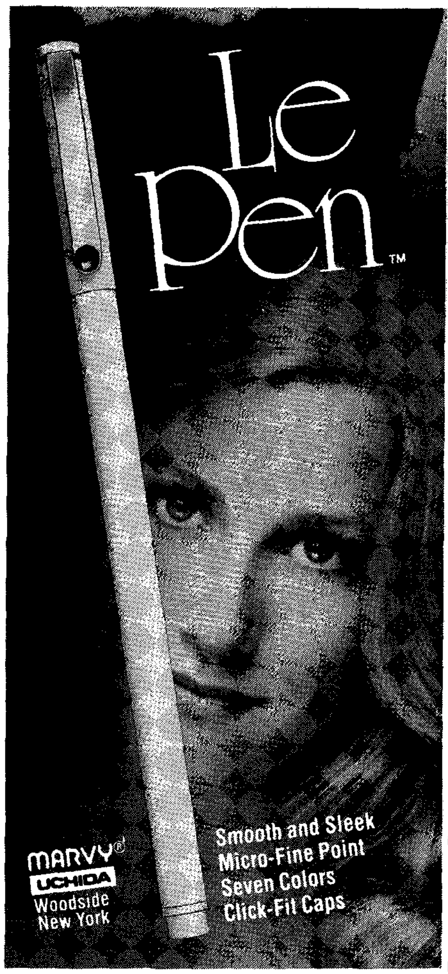

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their audacity. He arranged to have them microfilmed and sent to New Haven. "It was like found gold," he said.

So the day was spent on the trail of new clothes and old music, and it was just on the hour of six—struck by the famous mechanical bell ringers of St. Mark's on their famous outdoor clock—when we got to the cathedral for Ruff's meeting with the *arcidiacono.* I told him I would wait for him at one of the outdoor cafés in St. Mark's Square; this was one occasion when I thought he should present himself as a single pilgrim.

I found a table and settled down. The tables had begun to fill up with tourists released from their sightseeing vows and eager to restore their depleted energies. St. Mark's Square has been called the world's biggest living room, and the string orchestras at the cafés struck up their medleys of Strauss waltzes and international hits like "Volare" that evoke memories of every European hotel and assure the tired traveller that the verities are intact. The major chords and saccharine violins lulled me into a world far simpler than the one that Ruff had been leading me through. I put him out of my mind and sank into the hot bath of "Tales from the Vienna Woods."

Ruff was gone a long time. Finally, I saw him coming across the square. He was walking slowly and thoughtfully. He didn't look elated, but he also didn't look discouraged, and when he pulled up a chair I sensed that something more important than victory or defeat had happened to him.

"I found the sacristan, and he took me to the rear of the church and led me to a confession booth," Ruff said. "He tugged at the curtain and pulled it aside, and I saw a very old priest slumped down in the seat—asleep. The sacristan tapped him, and he woke up. He had white hair and a very old face and his tongue was working in that rhythmic way that I've seen in people who are very old. I thought, That finishes me. I'm dead. But I started my speech anyway. By now, I had it pretty well mastered, and I spoke with great feeling about my reverence for the magnificent music that had been created in St. Mark's, and about its place in the history of music, and about the contribution of the Gabrielis, and Monteverdi, and Zarlino, who was the most brilliant musical theorist of his day and had been *maestro di cappella* at St. Mark's, and I finally said that there must be something special about its acoustics for

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these great achievements to have taken place here and not in any of Venice's other churches.

"Well, he started to come up out of his chair, and I saw twenty-five years drop off this man's face and body. He sat up straight, and he became an elegant old man, and his tongue stopped working and his eyes opened wide and he said, 'The acoustics in St. Mark's are *perfetto! Per-fet-to!*' I told him how I had heard all the tour guides in the church describing the marvels for the eye, but that for the marvels of the ear there wasn't any memory or any monument. 'Is music so perishable?' I asked.

"He looked at me harder. I felt that he had been sitting and waiting there for years and nobody had ever talked to him about his church. He began to talk about the Byzantine consciousness that had gone into St. Mark's, and about the architecture and the distinctive style of the mosaics. But then he remembered that my concern was with the acoustics, and he came back to that. He made it a dialogue; it was no longer a monologue. At one point, I was struggling to express one of my ideas, and I said, 'Monsignor, I'm so sorry that I have to make this request in my poor Italian,' and he stopped me and said, 'No, no! Don't apologize! I wish I could speak as much English as you speak Italian,' and he reached out and took both my hands in his. I had expected this old man to be cold, but it was the warmest physical contact I think I've ever had. He continued to hold my hands in a very strong grip, and he said, 'What do you want to do?'

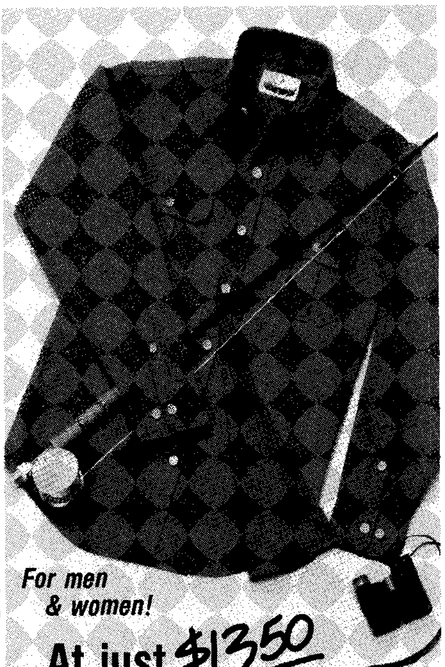
"I told him I needed time to bring a microphone and a tape recorder into the church and that I wanted to take some measurements of the qualities of the sound, which I would do at night, by using a musical instrument. He asked me what instrument I would use, and I told him I was a *cornista*, and he said '*Bene!*' I said that I wanted to go to different parts of the basilica and just walk around and play, but that I needed silence. He said, 'How much time?' I didn't want to press my luck, so I said, 'An hour and a half—two hours maximum.' He said, 'Would tomorrow night be all right?' I said it would be wonderful. He said that a side chapel of the church stayed open for a Mass until seven-thirty but that if I would come to the side door at that time the sacristan would let me in and I could stay until nine-thirty.

"I thanked him and started to leave, but he held me. He said, 'Tell me, are you Latin-American?' I had noticed him studying my face; he hadn't seen many like me. I said, 'No, sir, I'm an American—I'm a mixture of American and African.' He said, 'You are an *Afro*-American?' Well, that's not a word I often use, but I said, 'Yes, sir, I am an Afro-American.' He said, 'This is the first time I have ever talked to an *Afro*-American.' He was still holding me in that warm grip. Suddenly, he said, 'The Mediterranean! That's where the civilization of the West came from. That's what brought together this rich mixture of cultures from Africa and many other regions. That's what makes this church unique. St. Mark's itself is this mixture.' Then he said, 'What an idea! Wouldn't it be something if the glorious musical history of this church were to be brought back to the attention of the world by an *Afro*-American?' "

THE next morning, Ruff spent an hour in St. Mark's learning his way around. He wanted to know how to reach the balconies and the lofts, and he scrambled up and down the different flights of stairs. In the afternoon, like an athlete preparing for a match, he went back to his hotel to rest. At seven-thirty, we went to the side door of the church; the people who had attended Mass were just coming out. The sacristan was waiting for us, and he led us into the vast basilica. We were the only people there.

Ruff set up a camera tripod in the middle of the nave and put a microphone where the camera would ordinarily be. From there he ran a wire to his tape recorder, which he placed on the floor next to the tripod. It was a small monaural recorder; Ruff wasn't after stereophonic sound, which he considers a distortion. People's ears are so close together, he says, that they receive sound in a way that is more monaural than stereophonic; the encircling music of a Sony Walkman may be an acoustical treat but it's not how music is really heard.

Ruff turned the tape recorder on, checked to make sure that it was going, picked up his French horn, and, standing in the middle of the nave, blew one note, a concert C, not particularly loud. The note filled the entire church. It was a note of amazing volume and purity—one that seemed to seek out every inch of the basilica and



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leave no crevice unoccupied. If Ruff had played only that one note, his trip would have made its point; the acoustics were indeed *perfetto*. Ruff walked around, stopping under each of the five domes to blow a few notes. He always announced where he was ("I'm standing under the main dome, facing the congregation"); the teacher in him saw to that. I thought of all the students who would listen to his tape and hear, however remotely, what the Gabrielis heard.

Next, Ruff climbed to the balcony over the main entrance and played from there. Then he went to the side lofts and played. Wherever he went, the music filled the church; distance didn't attenuate the sound. Then he came back down and checked the tape by playing part of it back. "That's it!" he said. "That's what my horn sounds like. It's never been caught before."

That was the end of the preliminaries. Ruff propped up his "Liber Usualis" on a small altar halfway down the aisle and started to play Gregorian chants. The first was the Gloria from Mass No. 2; the second was the Kyrie from Mass No. 8. Both of them were jubilant melodies—nothing like the lugubrious minor hymns that I associated with Catholic services. I sat across the nave from Ruff, watching the changes as the church settled down for the night. The last sunlight picked up the gold in the high mosaics around the dome nearest the main entrance; then, abruptly, all color was gone from the basilica and I saw it as a skeleton—as the building that the builders built, without ornamentation. The five domes now looked enormous. Outside, the mechanical bell ringers struck a quarter-hour, and once, when Ruff paused between Gregorian chants, the merry strains of Offenbach drifted in from the square.

Ruff played an Agnus Dei, and I was in the world's biggest sound chamber, wrapped in music. "It doesn't take any breath," Ruff said. "I could play forever." He played the Gloria from Mass No. 8, and the sacristan appeared from wherever he had been. "Gloria," he said, wanting to tell us that he knew it; it's still part of the liturgy. Seeing that Ruff was now in partial darkness, he lit a candle and put it on the altar next to the "Liber Usualis." Then he left again. I moved to another part of the nave, and when Ruff played a Sanctus I noticed how remarkably long the echo was—about six seconds. The successive notes lingered in the air and joined to form chords. With such acoustics, I thought, the Gabrielis could hardly miss. St. Mark's was telling them how to write polyphonic music.

Next, Ruff played the Pange Lingua, without the mute that he had used so as not to awaken the dead at Stravinsky's cemetery. The unmuted melody asserted its ancient authority, as it presumably had in that church since the Middle Ages, though perhaps no two people had ever listened to it as intently, there being no other sight or sound in the basilica—it had been emptied of distraction. Ruff and I were alone with our emotions. When he finished the Pange Lingua, I wasn't looking in his direction, and the next music I heard was so unexpected that it sent a chill through me. It was the Pange Lingua again, but sung in a woman's voice. I walked over near Ruff. The sound was coming from his horn, but he was playing very quietly, and what was filling the church was one of the purest contraltos I have ever heard. When he stopped, I told him about it. "I was thinking about Miss Celia," Ruff said. Celia Appleton was the singer in the Baptist church in Sheffield, Alabama, where Ruff grew up; when people later asked him why he took up the French horn, he said, "It was the closest I could get to Miss Celia."

Outside in the square, the mechanical bell ringers struck nine, bringing us back to real time. Ruff's two hours were dwindling down. He closed the "Liber Usualis," took his horn to the center of the church, stood under the central dome, and played "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" The great spiritual sounded as old and as majestic as the Gregorian chants, and it also obviously had some of the same roots. When Ruff finished, the sacristan appeared, almost on the run, and I assumed that he was going to call a halt. "*Bene! Bene!*" he said, clapping his hands, trying to convey to Ruff the joy we could already see in his face. That the American spiritual had moved him even more deeply than the Gloria was a mystery too Byzantine to unravel; I knew only that it was no accident.

Ruff played three more spirituals. The first was "Steal Away to Jesus." The next was W. C. Handy's arrangement of "Give Me Jesus," which took me back to Ruff's Alabama boyhood town and the log cabin he once showed me, across the river in the town of Florence, where Handy was born. The last was "Go Down, Moses," a pentatonic melody that could have come out of the "Liber Usualis" and that carries an extra emotional weight for anyone who knows its final words: "Let my people go."

The spirituals used up Ruff's remaining energy. He had been playing steadily for almost two hours. His tone had been beautiful throughout; he had played with care and control, respectful of the melody, but also with warmth. What he had just done was in many ways a summing up of his life. Dozens of unusual teachers had crossed his path and taught him what he needed to know next, but nobody had taught him more than he had taught himself. The fifty-one-year-old man in St. Mark's was the fifteen-year-old private who willed himself to learn the French horn in the boiler room of an Army barracks in Cheyenne. The man who learned eight languages because of the doors they might unlock found that one of them could unlock the doors of St. Mark's. No interpreter could have opened those doors for him.

Ruff played one last melody, from a Bach cello suite, and put his horn back in its case. Except for a few candles, the church was now dark. The sacristan told Ruff that he would be glad to stay longer, but Ruff was through, and the sacristan said he would let us out. He blew out the candles in the nave and led us toward the rear of the church. Ruff had prepared an *offerta*, and he gave it to the sacristan in two envelopes—one for him and one for the old monsignor. The sacristan took us through several corridors and rooms, turning out the lights and locking up behind him as he went, and brought us to a small door. He unbolted the door and gave us a warm Italian goodbye, and we stepped out into the crowded streets of Venice.

—WILLIAM ZINSSER

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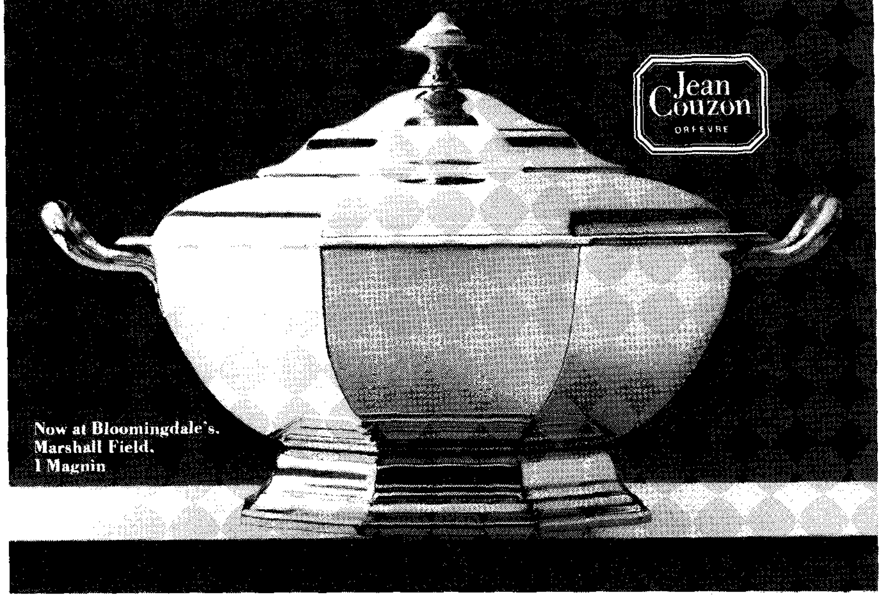

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MUSICAL EVENTS

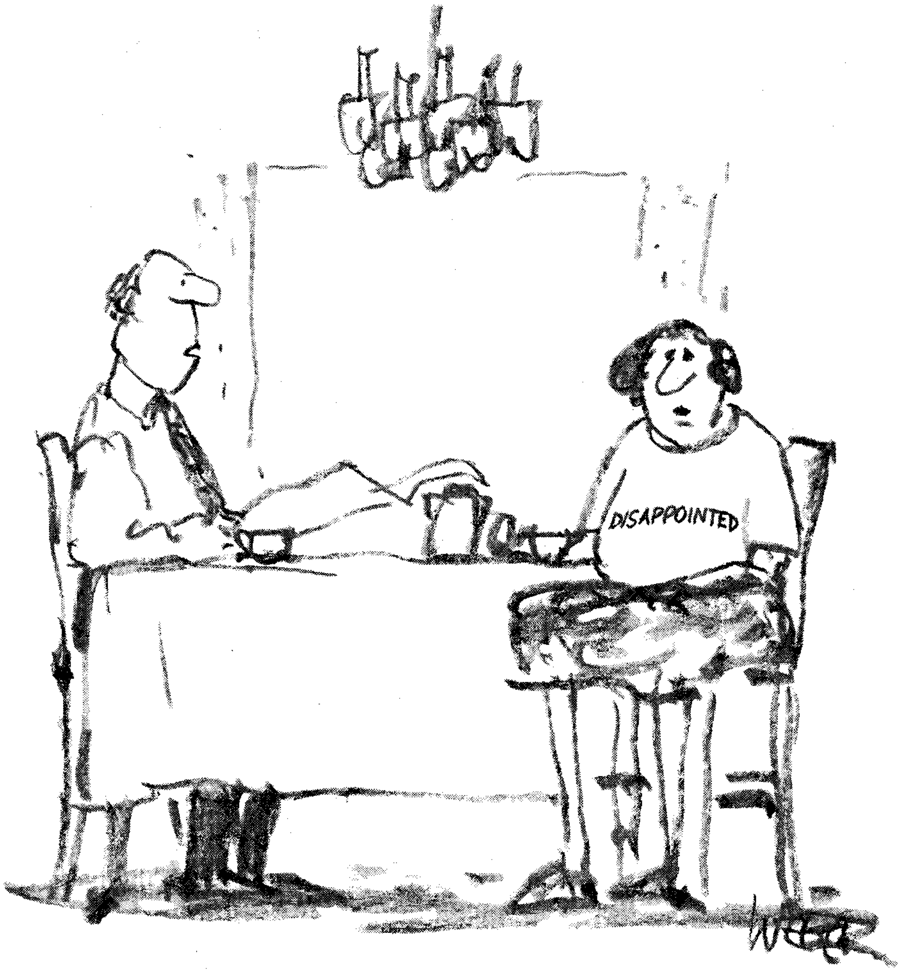
These Images, These Reverberations

IN 1931, to celebrate its jubilee, the Boston Symphony commissioned several works: Stravinsky's Symphony of Psalms, Hindemith's Concert Music for Brass and Strings, Prokofiev's Fourth Symphony, and Roussel's Third were added to the modern repertory. Similar seventy-fifth-anniversary commissions in 1956 produced Roger Sessions' Third Symphony and Leonard Bernstein's Third. To mark its centenary, the Symphony commissioned a dozen new pieces, for performance in the 1980-81 through 1985-86 seasons. Nine have so far been performed, notable among them Peter Maxwell Davies' Second Symphony and Sessions' Concerto for Orchestra, reviewed in these pages, and—biggest of all the commissions—Michael Tippett's "The Mask of Time," which had its first performance in Boston on April 5th.

"The Mask of Time" is an evening-long composition—the first part lasted forty-three minutes, the second fifty—for four soloists (soprano, mezzo, tenor, and bass-baritone), large chorus, and large orchestra. In a program note, the composer explains that "the word 'Mask' is used in the tradition of the Renaissance *Masque*, which was a theatrical display or pageant with a great diversity of ingredients, but embodying some lofty notions that come eventually into the foreground." The lofty notions of this modern masque for the concert hall are fearlessly stated:

> "The Mask of Time" is explicitly concerned with the transcendental. It deals with those fundamental matters that bear upon man, his relationship with Time, his place in the world as we know it and in the mysterious universe at large. But it subscribes to no particular liturgy or standard theory, Biblical or otherwise, about the creation of the world and the destiny of mankind.

In a work-in-progress essay on the piece which appeared in *Comparative Criticism* (1982), Tippett wrote of many creative artists' feeling impelled, toward the end of their lives (Tippett is a hale seventy-nine), "to give expression to the transcendental in some aspect or other." He cited Haydn's "Creation," Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, and Mahler's Eighth Symphony—but as "negative" examples for him, since "our world has now acquired such vastly extended notions of space and time that any reliance upon past conceptions of the ontological and transcendental would for me be an error." It is hard—it has evidently been hard for the composer himself—to write about "The Mask of Time" without making it seem a pretentious work. It is not that; its author has not made inflated or unfulfilled claims. I think the "Mask" a masterpiece. Whether it is or not, time will decide. At the least, it is a major work of our day and a vast, stirring, challenging adventure for the ears and minds of those who hear it.



"I wish you'd get another T-shirt."

Tippett has retained, Wordsworth-like, a boy's undimmed wonder at the world; it informs and inspires the visions of a mature man who has observed, thought, and suffered much. He describes the "Mask" as "a multiple panorama of experience." A large inspiration for it has come from the most popular of modern media: television. This is probably the first considerable work of art that has captured for music the reflections awakened by new images television has brought us: of the natural world seen at depths, from heights, and in details where no man's eye looked before; of exotic, colorful places ("Chimborazo, Cotopaxi") and the whole varied life of animals and men; and of science that counts atomies and reaches out ever farther into space. In that essay, Tippett wrote that "the new cosmological discoveries alone are a constant stimulus to my sense of wonder and mystery." At the start of the libretto, "written and compiled by the composer," he owns a large debt to Jacob Bronowski's "The Ascent of Man"—both the television series and the resultant book—which "affected my conception of 'The Mask of Time' in general terms and in its detailed contents." When Tippett writes and sets

> O rose-red cinnabar, you sombre metal
> hell-heated
> hotter, hotter!
> radiant
> look, look!
> a silver and liquid pearl of mercury,
> For fire is alchemy,

he is paraphrasing for and in music Bronowski's account of the medieval alchemists who

> took the red pigment, cinnabar, which is a sulphide of mercury, and heated it. The

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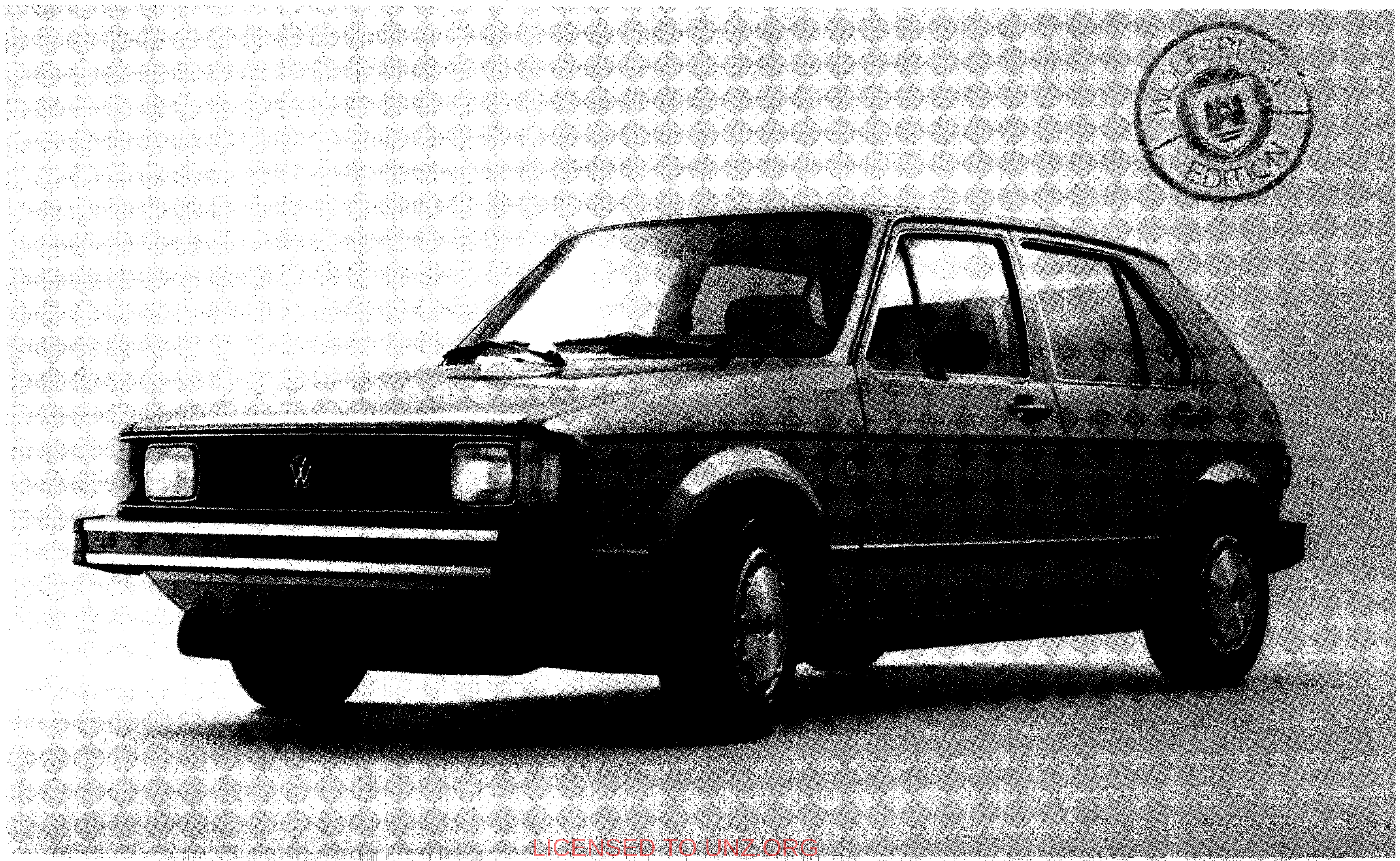

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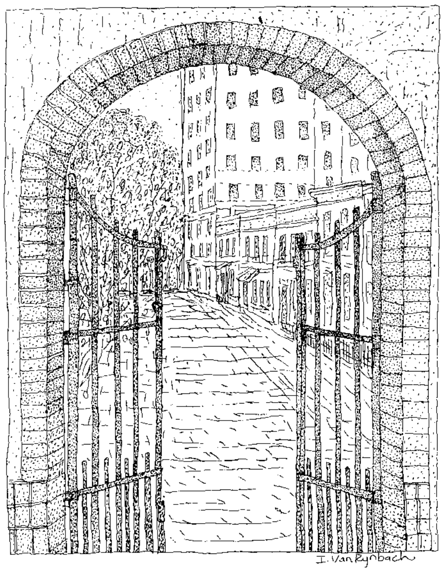
> heat drives off the sulphur and leaves behind an exquisite pearl of the mysterious silvery liquid metal mercury, to astonish and strike awe into the patron.

Twenty pages on, in Bronowski, we encounter Joseph Priestley (to whom Thomas Jefferson said, "Yours is one of the few lives precious to mankind"), Antoine Lavoisier, their experiments with mercury, and a color plate of rose-red cinnabar in its crucible; and learn of the direct route, "the firewalker's route," from Bronze Age metallurgy and medieval alchemy to "the most powerful idea in modern science: the idea of the atoms."

"The Ascent of Man" is not a popular history of science but, rather, an essay in Natural Philosophy; and "The Mask of Time" is, among other things, the composer's response to the scientist-philosopher's account of man's origins, his evolution, and his discoveries about the world and the universe he inhabits. But it grows, too, from thoughts Tippett has explored in his oratorios ("A Child of Our Time," "The Vision of Saint Augustine"), his operas, and his symphonies: about time, with its ever-extending past and unknowable yet influenceable future playing upon our present; about human nature; about recurrence, metamorphosis, and fixed points in a changing context. Time, transformation, and recurrence are ideas meet for music. A partial analogue of the "Mask" is Hans Werner Henze's cantata "Novae de Infinito Laudes" (1963), his setting of musings on mutability by Giordano Bruno, who went to the stake in 1600 for his noble insistence on viewing the world as it is, not as forced and distorted into an Aristotelian mold. In the "Laudes" we view the heavenly bodies moving on their appointed Copernican courses, each different yet obeying one law of motion; the four elements and the way in which, by a different arrangement of components, the variety of all known things can be achieved; slow metamorphoses; rapid movements between extremes; and the daily miracle of dawn, wrought by the operation of unchanging laws yet ever fresh and new. The first stirrings of day sound deep on the tubas; the mole burrows away from the approaching light; Tithonus' steeds paw the rosy east; donkeys bray, swine grunt; and a series of dawn choruses breaks from all creation, to praise "the infinite, simplest, uniquest, loftiest, and most absolute First Cause." I'm not suggesting that Henze's piece directly influenced Tippett. I don't know whether he's even heard it. In the "sunrise" movement of the "Laudes," the chorus produces an onomatopoeic patter of animal names (Bruno was fond of catalogues), and in a movement of the "Mask" the chorus produces an onomatopoeic patter of animal noises and names. Such things are a recurrent part of music. So is the depiction of dawn, of light breaking—memorable in Mozart's "Magic Flute," Haydn's "Creation," Weber's "Oberon," Wagner's "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," Puccini's "Tosca," and the Henze and Tippett works. It is one of the "extramusical" events that music, through its metaphors of timbres and harmonies, can most movingly portray. Music can provide, too, that sense of inner illumination for which the physical arrival of brightness is in itself a metaphor.

LIGHT breaking is an important image in "The Mask of Time"—one among several. An aspect perhaps surprisingly unregarded in Tippett's "panorama of experience" is love and companionship—family, emotional, and sexual ties, and the large part they play in human existence. But he has treated of those in other works, and (*pace* Mahler) even a composition on this scale cannot hope to include *everything*. The recurrent scene in the "Mask" is of an individual trying to make sense of the immensity and variety around him. In the beginning, the chorus proclaims the composer's metaphor, crying the word "sound" to a long-sustained, slow-pulsing chord, swelling and diminishing on the open "ow" and the closed "oo" components of the diphthong. (It is a deep, complex chord, and yet its intervals—fourths, a fifth, a double octave—can be analyzed in pure, natural, Pythagorean 1:3:4 relationships.) The tenor soloist, the individual observer, protagonist of the "Mask," breaks in with lines from Yeats' "High Talk." "All metaphor," he declares, and then—Yeats on his tower looks upward—a thin, high call from flutes and maracas (a recurrent theme) is heard, and the tenor continues the poem:

A barnacle goose
far up in the stretches of night;
night splits and the dawn breaks loose.



In the next movement, the sounds consolidate. The world is being created in music. Shiva dances. Orpheus with his lute (a marvellously potent orchestral strumming) moves mountains into place. The laws of motion take shape. Tippett recalls a childhood memory: being held up by his father, in 1910, to see Halley's comet. (" 'Remember,' he whispered in my ear, 'it will come back.' ") The movement ends with a new chorus on Haydn's line "Achieved is the glorious work."

Wonders of the natural world inspire the next movement. The score contains some of Tippett's loveliest nature music, enchanted pages telling of bliss and awe in an unserpented paradise—until Nature red in tooth and claw with ravine intrudes, to cloud any uncomplicated rapture. Scenes of ecstasy, of cruelty (a giant water bug sucks the living essence from a frog), of puzzling waste (the lacewing, suddenly hungry, gobbles up some of the fertile eggs she has assiduously laid), and of transcendental, visionary moments are drawn from Annie Dillard's neo-Transcendentalist book "Pilgrim at Tinker Creek." Then we turn to man: his emergence from the Ice Age into a pastoral society; then violent civilizations where human sacrifice propitiates new, harsh gods. (A moment of Stravinsky's "Rite" resounds in the score.) Marvels—they are pictured in Bronowski—are touched on: incantatory cave paintings; the chance hybridization that turned wild grasses into wheat, plant that feeds man but needs man for its propagation.

There is humor in the work. The lacewing (as in Dillard) turns to God to echo the London taxi-driver's question reported in a story T. S. Eliot used to tell:

> "Only the other evening, I picked up Bertrand Russell, and I said to him, 'Well, Lord Russell, what's it all about,' and, do you know, he couldn't tell me." Well,

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Lord God, asks the delicate, dying lacewing . . . what's it all about? ("And do you know . . .")

There is both charm and humor. In the final scene of Part I, Adam, Eve, God, and a Dragon (the four soloists) enjoy cocktail hour in a Peaceable Kingdom, crooning "Evening shadows bring surcease across the meadows of our peace" in close harmony while the chorus paints the scene with lines from "Paradise Lost." But things go wrong. A centaur leaps the protecting wall. ("In a sense, warfare was created by the horse," says Bronowski.) The Dragon dwindles to a serpent. God takes off for a "country . . . far beyond the stars" (the rhythm echoes Parry's famous Vaughan setting), declining to help but graciously permitting man to pray to Him. Adam and Eve lament the "loss of that sweet time," and the chorus, repeating the Milton lines, now mourns a vanished dream.

Part II opens with the "barnacle goose" call. This time, the watching poet is Shelley. His last, great, unfinished poem, "The Triumph of Life," is textually abbreviated and musically expanded in wonderful depictions of his trance and his vision of the lurching, ill-guided chariot, bearing Life, and of the crowd that throngs its brutal progress. The music breaks off, as the poem does, before the watcher's question "Then what is Life?" can be answered; and we pass to scenes of Shelley's quest, his storm-tossed death, the pyre that could not consume his heart. The "fire-walker's route" is then traced: three canonic chorale preludes (limpid, increasingly complex) based on the plainchant "Veni creator spiritus" introduce evocations of Pythagoras and those who measured the world; of alchemists and chemists; of physicists who "unbind the structured atom to a whiteness that shall blind the sun." Lines from Anna Akhmatova's "Requiem" and "Poem Without a Hero" underpin a threnody for all nameless sufferers; the soprano sings a transfigured, poignant blues, successor to those in the Third Symphony and "The Ice Break."

For a while, Tippett felt uncertain how to end the work. "I cannot, after all, produce 'answers,' " he wrote—"answers to the ontological dilemma, answers to the apparently eternal eruptions of violence in the world as we have known it." He cannot seek to justify the ways of God to men. "What *can* we now praise, what can we affirm?" There follow three songs. The first is for the baritone: in lines from Rilke's "Sonnets to Orpheus," the poet's severed but unsilenceable head continues to sing, and his lyre to play. The *mezzo* pictures a strange scene of endurance and hope: anti-Nazis in Japanese-occupied Peking gather to attend Helmut Wilhelm's lectures on the I-Ching, cast a hexagram, and read a message of Deliverance. (Orientally tinged music cites a figure from Tippett's *Triple Concerto.*) The tenor then recounts a scene from Mary Renault's novel "The Mask of Apollo": the young actor Nikeratos, sightseeing in Olympia, stares openmouthed at the great statue of Zeus, "till my eye, travelling upward, met the face of power which says, 'O man, make peace with your mortality, for this too is God.' " In the novel, it is a transient, unimportant scene, dismissed in the next sentence ("Going out, I had to shake off a low fellow who seemed to think a free supper would be my price"); Apollo, not Zeus, is Niko's tutelary deity. But Tippett has a fondness for arcane gnomes; Astron's pronouncement in "The Ice Break," "Take care for the Earth. God will take care for himself" —sentences from a Jung letter—is another he lifted out of context and emphasized. The sentence that the god's face seems to say receives emphatic choral iteration. (The word "peace" is laid out on F's and F-sharps three octaves deep with a strange, calm effect of dissonances reconciled.) The chorale-like dictum passes without break into a coda of wordless singing —wave upon wave of ecstatic utterance, apparently endless, but suddenly "cut off as though by the closing of a door."

"THE MASK OF TIME" is Tippett's most lyrically abundant score since "The Midsummer Marriage"—filled with vigorous, leaping melodies, magically evocative and beautiful sounds, tenderness, episodes of hard, bright, deliberately brutal brilliance. Plainchant, chorale, Monteverdian monody and madrigal have contributed to the sonic pageant. Choral and solo-with-chorus perspectives devised by Handel, Haydn, and Mahler have played a part. The harmony is Tippett's own "disturbed diatonicism," which analysis of the notes and chords cannot explain, since its affecting powers—like those of Berlioz's harmony—depend so much upon timbre and register. The huge structure stands firm, for all its variety of sources and content. Recurrent themes, musical and verbal, underpin it. As one reads or rereads the literary sources of the libretto, congruences flood in, often from passages not specifically cited in the "Mask." Halley's comet adorns the cover of the vocal score, and the words "turning, returning" provide an important motif. Bronowski writes that "in every age there is a turning-point, a new way of seeing and asserting the coherence of the world," and Rilke, in "Wolle die Wandlung," declares that "the moving spirit, master of the earthly, in the surge of shaping loves above all else the turning-point." Dillard's recurrent emblem of transcendence, in "Tinker Creek" (cited in the libretto in a way possibly mysterious to anyone who has not read the book), is a cedar perceived as "the tree with the lights in it," and Rilke's first Orpheus sonnet begins "A tree sprang up. O pure transcendence!" It is not necessary for understanding to catch all Tippett's allusions; but if, say, the words "river noises" (which are sung in two separate movements of the "Mask," to the same music) can bring to mind, on some level, the images of the Wallace Stevens poem from which they are drawn, then one's response to the music is likely to be fuller.

Colin Davis, long associated with Tippett's music, conducted an inspired performance. The Tanglewood Festival Chorus, a hundred and forty strong, prepared by John Oliver and Susan Almasi, sang exceedingly difficult lines with confidence; it had mastered the notes and moved beyond that point to expressing the music. The four soloists—Robert Tear as protagonist, Faye Robinson, Yvonne Minton, and John Cheek—were sure and eloquent. The Boston Symphony's playing was strong, subtle, and beautiful. I hope the work will appear on record. —ANDREW PORTER

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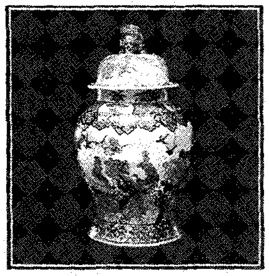

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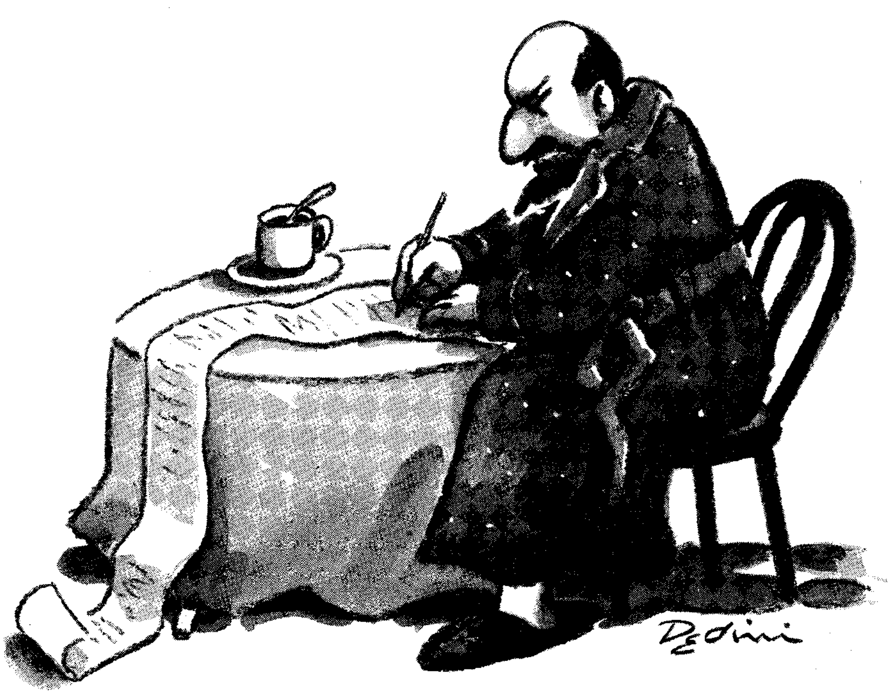
DANCING

The Regions in Brooklyn

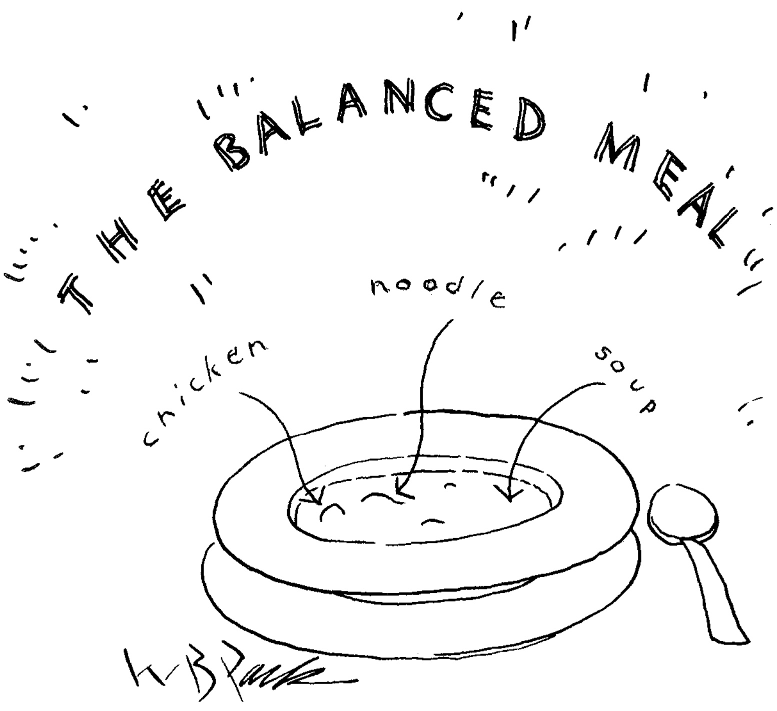
THIS year, the School of American Ballet is fifty years old; George Balanchine, whose idea it was, would have been eighty. Toward the end of March, Pacific Northwest Ballet made its local début at the Brooklyn Academy. It is the newest of the many companies that are being raised around the country on a foundation of Balanchine's teachings, and, as its Brooklyn performances proved, it is also one of the strongest. In only seven years, two former New York City Ballet soloists, Kent Stowell and Francia Russell, have managed to build a company in Seattle that can put on an easeful and glowing "Chaconne" with two different casts. The only other regional company that does "Chaconne" is San Francisco Ballet, now fifty-one years old. Pacific Northwest Ballet has thirteen other Balanchine works—in Brooklyn it also danced an adventurous "Four Temperaments"—and a third of its thirty-one dancers come from the School of American Ballet. But it also has a school of its own, which is already turning out dancers. Boys as well as girls are impressive; some of the girls are special. The school has a nice line in tall, swift blondes with slim, strikingly accomplished legs and feet. Balanchine cultivated the type; here it seems to grow wild.

"Chaconne" brought on nearly the whole company and all the blondes. In the prologue, nine supers lent by the School of American Ballet appeared as the muses. The production, staged by Rosemary Dunleavy, is a replica of New York City Ballet's, with costumes by Karinska. Dunleavy has allowed minor adjustments in some of the more difficult steps—for example, a modified fondu in the attitude held by the secondary soloist as she pirouettes, catching her partner's hands behind her back. In a company that is already trained in the basics of Balanchine style, such adjustments do no harm—are, in fact, barely noticeable. The two principal roles were danced in a mixture of styles that reflect European as well as American training. Irena Pasaric, from Yugoslavia, imposed orthodoxy on the Farrell role, dancing with brio but without risk. Wade Walthall launched himself gamely in a rougher, smaller-scaled version of Peter Martins' steps. Walthall studied at S.A.B. and performed with European companies. Two days later, I saw the part done by Michael Auer, a Viennese who studied at the Vienna State Opera and has performed in other American companies. Auer is taller, rangier, and easier than Walthall in the solos, but he does most of the élancé steps conventionally upright, without the space-spanning avidity that defines them. Deborah Hadley, American-born and bred, was his ballerina and would probably be ballerina material at New York City Ballet. Without being Suzanne Farrell, she was entirely Balanchinean, and her "Chaconne" was rich in rhythmic intelligence, in plastique, in dynamic variety. These are incipient company virtues. They bolster the Balanchine "look"—the open backs, the high, fully energized legs, the speedy toes with the body's weight centered right over them. Though technical standards are not uniformly modelled on Balanchine's, everyone moves expansively, with fluid positional changes and clean multiple pirouettes. And everyone phrases musically; at least, everyone did here and in "Dumbarton Oaks," an elegant, sporty piece in the Balanchine-Stravinsky vein, devised by Stowell. The choreography is full of dangerous, amusing accents that carry one along despite a loss of momentum toward the end. Stowell's "Pas de Deux Campagnolo," to Verdi, is less musically acute, and his "Ravenna," to Rossini, is far less so. The first of these two "Italian" pieces evokes the whimsical style of another of Stowell's mentors, Lew Christensen. "Ravenna," overlong, overpopulated, and overactive, never decides whether it wants to be simple and folksy, like "Napoli," or ironic, like "Donizetti Variations." It is broken into many featured bits, so that everyone gets a chance to perform. As a company showcase, it tells you everything about the dancers except how well they can sustain the intelligibility of classical continuity—only the Balanchine works tell you that.

Stowell is a conscientious, unfocussed choreographer, far from dull. The scarcity of academic-classical choreographers good enough to challenge his dancers must be apparent to him. So must the necessity of keeping a balanced repertory. "Ramifications" and "Lento, a Tempo, e Appassionato" are not by Balanchine or Stowell, but that is all that can be said for them. Rudy van Dantzig's clammy sentimentalities in the first piece and Vicente Nebrada's gaudy acrobatics in the second are the kind of thing that does not extend but only undermines the prestige of a classical company. Understandable in its way is Stowell's commissioning of "Cascade" from Lucinda Childs. (Childs had worked with ballet dancers of the Paris Opéra.) Named for the mountain range outside Seattle, "Cascade" is the standard Childs crossweave of faintly differentiated steps going on until the music ("Octet," by



Lenin, Up Early, Freshly Showered, Makes His List for the Day



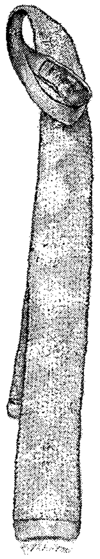
Steve Reich) stops. The fact that the steps are done on point, in optimum scale, and with a precision that keeps the distinctions between them clear ought to make a difference, but it doesn't. It's just another one of the distinctions-without-a-difference that I find Childs' work to be full of. Like van Dantzig and Nebrada, Childs gets more value from the company's dancers than she gives, but even these good dancers can't give expression to material as limited as this.

Francia Russell's version of "The Four Temperaments" has the old finale, with the Temperaments assembling but not melding in the pumping-heart image that Balanchine created in 1977. I thought I preferred the old choreography until a sudden blank in the middle of the stage made me see otherwise. In the Theme section, the performance was not as smoothly filled out as N.Y.C.B.'s, but it was a live interpretation, not a memorization of things done at N.Y.C.B. That goes for the rest. The way Adam Miller danced the Melancholic variation underscored its links to Apollo's solos—something we should be able to see more often and think about. (Not that the links show Apollo to be melancholic, or Melancholic to be Apollonian; they show Balanchine to be economical.) Miss Pasaric made a sincere attempt at the style of Sanguinic, and Walthall was persuasively exotic and self-absorbed in Phlegmatic. The brightest performance was Lucinda Hughey's Choleric. One of the home-grown tall blondes, she's willowy but fleet, with amazing control in intricate allegro steps, and she restores details to the role which have been missing at N.Y.C.B. for years. Can there really have been gargouillades in Choleric as well as in Sanguinic? It makes sense in a ballet in which all steps recur and all systems are nourished by a common bloodstream. It's good to be reminded by a whole new company how commonsensical and gutsy Balanchine's choreography is, and how beautiful it makes dancers look when they open themselves to it. This company would rather not be known as a New York City Ballet satellite; it has ties to San Francisco Ballet, too. Above all, it wants to develop a style of its own. Well, that is what it is doing. But until it can find choreography to match its standards in schooling it would do well to cling to Balanchine. There's nothing the matter with being a satellite to the right planet.

AT the other end of Flatbush from the Brooklyn Academy, Brooklyn College also books American ballet companies. This spring, it began an arrangement with Atlanta Ballet which will present this oldest of regional companies locally at least once a year. Longer seasons than the customary single weekend would also be welcome; the company gets to do only one program. This year, though, it did bring its own orchestra, under John Naskiewicz. (Pacific Northwest Ballet had its music director, Stewart Kershaw, conduct the Brooklyn Philharmonic.) Only one score, consisting of New Wave jazz, was on tape.

In the Atlanta Ballet one sees the same strong classical foundation as in the Pacific Northwest company—Robert Barnett, the artistic director, is also a former Balanchine soloist. But he enforces a more academically cautious approach to performance. Everything is clean and correct in Barnett's "Arensky Dances;" the dancers come on sedately two by two and show steps as if to a critical drillmaster. In the jazz piece, Lynne Taylor-Corbett's "Appearances," they cut loose, but only to strut and pose like fashion models. "Palm Court," by Peter Anastos, gives them a real chance. Meetings and perambulations in a palm-bedecked hotel salon lead to a suite of palmy-days dances: waltz, mazurka, rag, czardas, and so on. These are done to tea-time favorites played by the salon orchestra. A scenario (by David Daniel) links the dances and hints at the ballet's genre. Anastos's choreography is absorbingly varied in shape, tone, and accent, and the dancers responded willingly but incompletely. They danced, but they did not perform. Besides their fine training, the Atlantans have a natural reserve, a kind of soft-spokenness, that is very winning; it's a feature of their style. But inhibition is not stylish. That thread of a scenario seemed to get in their way; even the broadest generic conceptions—like Yesteryear, the Continent, Young Officer, Merry Widow, Deb—were left to the imagination of the audience. There were some exceptions. In the czardas, Radenko Pavlovich's furtive and impassioned gestures as he tried to seduce Mia Monica were very funny, but her lack of reaction deflated the joke. The czardas is exceptional because it asks for mime. Most of the numbers are straight dancing, and straight classical dancing at that—the genre flavor is in the timing. Shannon Mitchell, Michael Tipton, and Lorita Travaglia in the ragtime trio caught the point. The others—handsome, talented dancers—were all too stiff.

Anastos is one of the few academic-classical choreographers who are willing to free-lance. It seems that every time I go out to Brooklyn College to see a visiting company I see one of his ballets, and each is better than the last. "Palm Court" is a richer, more stimulating piece than "Table Manners," which the Cincinnati Ballet did last year. But "Table Manners," in which social manners and dance manners are compared, had lovely things in it, among them a "Pygmalion" pas de deux with the man arranging the



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woman's poses as in a game of statues. Anastos is an in-demand choreographer in the regions because he works considerately with dancers. I think he may have overestimated the abilities of Atlanta Ballet simply because as an institution it has been around so long. It is at the moment a very young company; its thirty-nine dancers are relatively inexperienced. In the upper echelons one finds more dancers with foreign training; there's a foreign-native ratio very nearly the same as in Pacific Northwest Ballet. Some half-dozen members of the Atlanta's foreign contingent are Filipinos, including two of the four principals, Maniya Barredo and Nicolas Pacana. He is a seasoned stylist in the Baryshnikov mold; she is a skilled, somewhat flashy technician. Though Pacana is the softer, more ingratiating performer, neither dancer personifies the company's style, and their American opposite numbers, Susan Clark and Michael Job, have yet to arrive. It's impossible not to feel positively hopeful that they will—that Atlanta's great days are just around the corner. An example of what the company can do now is the production of "Paquita" set for it by the European choreographer-coach Hans Meister from his studies at the Kirov. Barredo and Pacana led the cast, but the show belonged to the soloists and the corps, all female. Assimilating Petipa at an early stage is the job of any classical organization. What these young women showed was something rare and truthful: that the essence of Petipa is feminine, and femininity is—or used to be—the canonical essence of the classical dance. Not that this "Paquita" looked old-fashioned. It managed to renovate old-school classicism and yet preserve the charm of antique steps. The quaintness that clings to the ballet's technique is something the dancers feel comfortable with, and though I'm a little uneasy about that, I realize it may be a condition of progress. Nearly every woman who had a variation danced it with freshness and individuality. There rest the hopes of the future.

"EQUINOX," a new piece, crowned the Paul Taylor company's exciting season at the City Center. Taylor has been using Romantic music lately—here he uses Brahms' Quintet in F Major, Opus 88—and his dance architecture is changing. It's as if architecture and ornament were becoming ambiguously fused. As you watch

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a piece, it's more difficult to distinguish between what is essential to the plan and what only colors and decorates it. So the ballets present a lively challenge to one's powers of perception and every bit of them becomes interesting. "Equinox" makes me think of an Edwardian tennis party with undercurrents of strained eroticism. At times, the erotic tensions are in the foreground, but even then they have the aspect of formal play. The formality of the piece relates it to Taylor's "baroque" ballets, which have music by Bach and Handel and Boyce. But these are comparatively plain structures. "Equinox" is one of Taylor's pleasant and placid-looking formal gardens. Enter, and look out.

Linda Kent and Kate Johnson are the two principal women in it. Johnson is a newcomer to the company who immediately established her place and captivated the audience. Kent has been there since 1975 and is just now coming into her ascendancy. They are both small women, but Johnson's movement has the voluminous, round and full tone that is normally found in larger women, while Kent is flat and knobby. Johnson's role in "Equinox" gives her a long solo that shows the beauty of her legato phrasing and sets her apart from the others—makes her more sensitive, more of an idealist. She ought to be the heroine of the ballet. Kent is used mostly in slow acrobatics; I don't recall that she has a solo, and in one of her protracted backbends Taylor chooses to highlight not the backbend but the way Elie Chaib reaches up from the floor to support her. I don't know why it is—I've never particularly liked Kent's dancing—but both times I saw the piece it was Kent I remembered when it was over. Something about the way she has been projecting herself (or maybe not trying to project herself) this season, combined with the strange new structural emphasis in Taylor's work, seems to have brought her to my attention and made her haunt me.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

To appreciate the importance of Princeton swingman Kevin Mullin, you must realize the 6-5 senior from Wenonah, N.J., averages 16.2 points per game on a *team* that *averages* only 55 points per game. If we consult our Ivy League calculators, that means Mullin produces more than one-third of the Tigers' points.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

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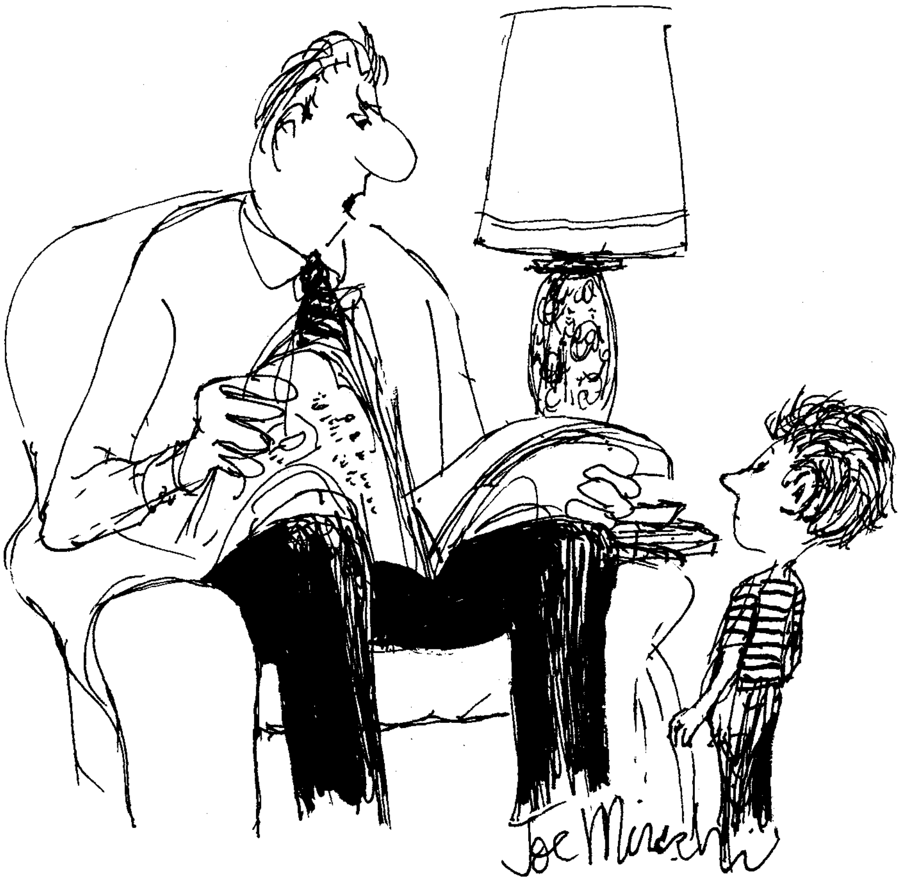
THE THEATRE

High Jinks and Low

IN the program accompanying "The Golden Age," by A. R. Gurney, Jr. (at the Jack Lawrence Theatre, formerly the Playhouse), we learn that the play was "suggested" by Henry James's novella "The Aspern Papers," but "suggest" is perhaps too passive a term for what is to be observed onstage. The greater part of the amusement we gain from the play comes from the author's own evident amusement in working out parallels to—and divagations from—the enchanting original work. Author and audience are like so many agreeable, well-bred guests at a party in some big house in the country; outside, it is rainy and cold, and we have gathered by the library fire to compose a game that will while away a couple of hours between luncheon and teatime. What fun to construct a new toy out of James's old one! Well, yes and no, and in the end I fear it is mostly no—the Master remains so vigorous a presence that the fun falters and the game quails and shrivels in the very act of being carried out. The three characters who set the toy plot spinning at first threaten to seem merely impertinent, but little by little they dissolve into irrelevance; when a patrician dowager picks up a shotgun and commands a young scamp to strip to the skin, we are closer to Jules Feiffer than we are to James.

The setting of "The Aspern Papers" is a dusky, moldering house in nineteenth-century Venice; the setting of "The Golden Age" is a brownstone in contemporary Manhattan. The owner of the house is Isabel Hastings Hoyt, the aforementioned dowager. She is said to be eighty and hard up, but neither she nor her house gives off what James once called "the unmistakable stamp of poverty." (His sympathies had been aroused by the absence of bone china on a friend's dining table.) Mrs. Hoyt is played by Irene Worth, who cannot resist demonstrating a nimbleness of mind and body that is in open defiance of the text, and Oliver Smith has designed a New York drawing room that is convincingly old-fashioned but by no means shabby. In the so-called golden age of the twenties, Mrs. Hoyt had been a sort of Sara Murphy, with whom everyone that mattered—and particularly Scott Fitzgerald—had fallen in love. Clever as well as beautiful, she had been friends with Trotsky, Freud, Churchill, Cole Porter, D. H. Lawrence, Jung, and the Lunts. The scamp she confronts with a gun is an ambitious academic (played by Jeff Daniels) who has reached the peculiar conclusion that there is a chapter missing from "The Great Gatsby," that the chapter depicts passionate lovemaking between Gatsby and Daisy Buchanan, that Mrs. Hoyt was the model for Daisy, and that she has in her possession the manuscript of the chapter. Mrs. Hoyt's granddaughter-companion (Stockard Channing) is a twice-divorced alcoholic, whom Mrs. Hoyt is eager to see securely married off before she herself, as she says, "kicks the bucket." Writing nearly a hundred years after James, Gurney is far more explicit than James was in dealing with the sexual aspects of the odious bargain that the three people set about striking; as Mrs. Hoyt joyously recounts her memories of the high jinks of the past, certain low jinks take place in the present with her not very fastidious connivance. What was allusive and shadowy in James is baldly and bleakly spelled out in Gurney; the essential unpleasantness behind the comedy emerges as a taint, which the performers, skillful as they are, labor in vain to expunge. Making matters worse is the fact that Miss Channing is miscast; we do not believe for a moment that the frumpish and uneasy character she portrays is a descendant of the exquisite Mrs. Hoyt, or that her having sex with a charmless and scheming younger man is likely to grant her access to a new and better life.

The costumes have been designed by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Arden Fingerhut, and the direction is by John Tillinger. The stage of the Jack Lawrence is very wide, and Mr. Tillinger has done his best to keep the small cast from looking lonely on it. A cat that puts in a fugitive appearance in the second act helps to give the old brownstone a lived-in look; one senses that it is keeping an army of resourceful mice at bay. —BRENDAN GILL



"You six-year-olds are all alike."

* * *

The scampi was made of approximately six jumbo shrimp or prongs (depending on how strict one is with the definition of shrimp).—*Homer Blitch in the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.*

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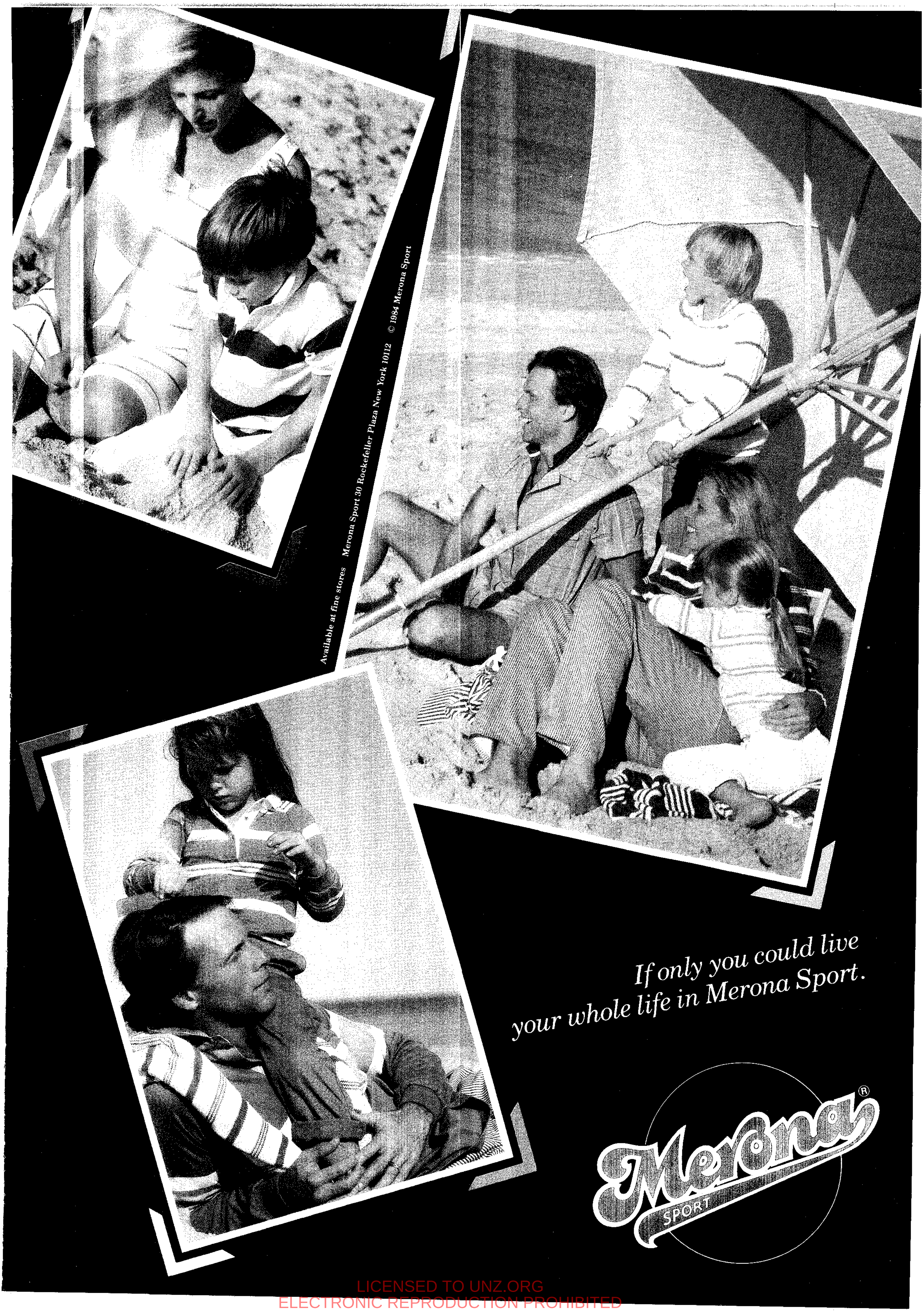

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BOOKS

Three Tales from Nigeria

THE shift from spoken to written narrative is nowhere complete; there is always a voice, and in the case of exemplary modern novelists like Proust and Henry James it seems sometimes there is *only* the voice, coaxing us on to another page and another brandy, in these readerly circumstances of strange nocturnal intimacy. When we turn, however, to works markedly nearer the beginnings of writing than the outpourings of these two elegant and highly self-conscious scribes, we experience a dismay, a disorientation, for which the lucid epics of Homer and the oft-retold chronicles of the Bible have not quite prepared us. We do not know the language, the code of mythology and tradition, and feel oppressively confused, as when we look at the Tibetan pantheon arrayed on a *thang-ka*, while an equally populous mural of, say, the Last Judgment or the Battle of Waterloo quickly sorts itself out. There is always a code, and oral narrative disconcertingly assumes that we know it.

"Forest of a Thousand Daemons," by D. O. Fagunwa (translated from the Yoruba by Wole Soyinka; Random House; $12.95), was first published in 1939—just yesterday, on the calendar of Western literature. A man of this century, Fagunwa was born in 1903 and died in 1963. Yet this first of his five novels in the language of the Yoruba—a black people concentrated in southwestern Nigeria—takes us back to a time when narratives existed only in the memories and utterances of their tellers. The opening page instructs the readers how to read a novel: "Firstly, whenever a character in my story speaks in his own person, you must put yourselves in his place and speak as if you are that very man.... In addition, as men of discerning—and this is the second task you must perform—you will yourselves extract various wisdoms from the story as you follow its progress." Even so, the narrative, as if to soften the strangeness of its existence as a text, is presented as an oral tale that the writer has taken from the dictation of another. The writer, on a morning of benign beauty ("A beatific breeze rustled the dark leaves of the forest, deep dark and shimmering leaves, the sun rose from the East in God's own splendour, spread its light into the world and the sons of men began their daily perambulations"), is seated in his favorite chair, "settled into it with voluptuous contentment," when an elderly stranger comes up to him, chats, sighs, and then commands, "Take up your pen and paper and write down the story which I will now tell.... I am concerned about the future and there is this fear that I may die unexpectedly and my story die with me. But if I pass it on to you now and you take it all down diligently, even when the day comes that I must meet my Maker, the world will not forget me." So, its double-edged reward established (for the reader, "various wisdoms;" for the teller, immortality), the tale begins.

The teller identifies himself as "Akara-ogun, Compound-of-Spells, one of the formidable hunters of a bygone age," and relates how his mother, a witch momentarily in the shape of an antelope, was fatally shot by his father, who within a month himself died, of no named disease—he simply "followed her." Akara-ogun, then, an orphan in his twenty-sixth year, travels to Irunmale, the Forest of a Thousand Daemons, where he survives a welter of horrific encounters, mostly with supernatural creatures called ghommids, which the translator's glossary describes as "beings neither human nor animal nor strictly demi-gods, mostly dwellers in forests where they live within trees." A fair specimen is Agbako: "He wore a cap of iron, a coat of brass, and on his loins were leather shorts. His knees right down to his feet appeared to be palm leaves; from his navel to the bulge of his buttocks, metal network; and there was no creature on earth which had not found a home in this netting which even embraced a live snake among its links, darting out its tongue as Agbako trod the earth. His head was long and large, the sixteen eyes being arranged around the base of his head, and there was no living man who could stare into those eyes without trembling, they rolled endlessly round like the face of clock." The procession of such patchwork monsters at times aspires to be a version of "The Pilgrim's Progress;" Akara-ogun comes to the city called Filth, "a city of greed and contumely, a city of envy and of thievery, a city of fights and wrangles, a city of death and diseases—a veritable city of sinners." What strikes the reader, however, in these moralistic apparitions is the red-

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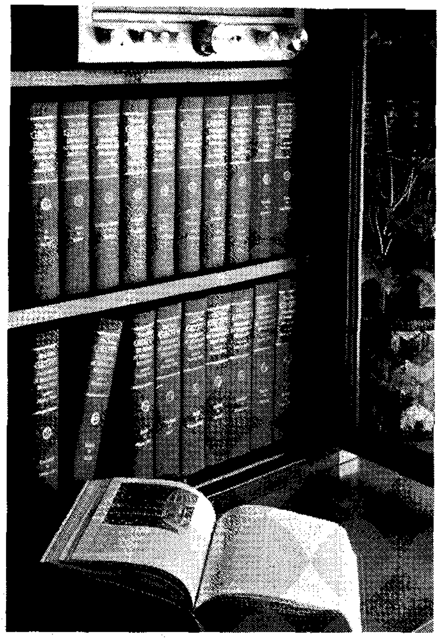

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olence of certain details: many of these citizen-sinners "wore their clothes inside out . . . every garment shone with filth, it was more like the inside of a hunter's bag." Later, our hero wearily sits on a dead and bloated goat: "The moment my buttocks hit the carcass, it burst, and the gall bladder and intestines flushed my buttocks with their fetid fluids." The earthy seethe toward which Fagunwa's imagination tends is tugged skyward on nearly every page by a pious interjection: "Evil cannot fail but end a heart of evil. Thus did this woman die the death of a dog and rot like bananas: even thus did the King of Heaven raise this righteous king in triumph above their schemes." When, in the last long episode, the hero finds himself privileged to spend seven days with the saintly and immortal Iragbeje in his sublime house with seven wings, the rigors of enlightenment wear out the narrator, who after two days of fable and preachment declares, "There remained five days of our stay with Iragbeje, but I cannot tell you all the marvels which our eyes witnessed and our ears heard during these five days, for time is flying." On the seventh day, in a room whose "floor, ceiling and walls alike and every furnishing or article . . . were all white as cotton fluff," Iragbeje talks about the Creator and concludes, "Therefore when it is good for us, let us remember our Lord." Morals leap into being at every level of the narrative. Akara-ogun offers this wisdom to his audience, which in the course of three days of public dictation has grown quite large: "If a man overreaches himself, he crashes to the ground . . . if a nation is self-satisfied it will soon enough become enslaved to another; if a powerful government preens itself, before a bird's touchdown its peoples will disperse before its very eyes." And the author-scribe concludes with a prayer that "we black people will never again be left behind in the world."

The determined moralistic impulse consorts incongruously with the folkloristic elements; more erratically than Milton, Fagunwa identifies the old pagan gods with Christian devils. When Akara-ogun marries a lovely ghommid, she does allow, some time after their wedding, that she has a nephew whose name is Chaos. "That child," she goes on, "grew up and sought employment under Satan who is king of hell. I learnt later Chaos was a most conscientious worker and earned rapid promotion at his job, and it pleases me

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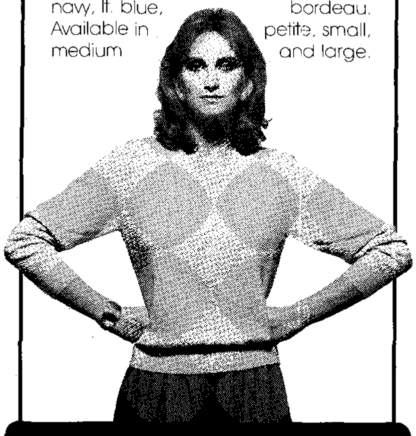

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greatly to learn that he is at this moment foreman of those who feed the fires of hell with oil." But the non-Christian supernatural is elsewhere a pathway to religious revelation; the teeming world of the ghommids is felt as less than evil, as a slightly darker department of the real world. Modern Africa peeks through. The exalted Iragbeje advises Akara-ogun matter-of-factly, "Do not permit your child to keep bad company, that he start from youth to pub-crawl, insulting women all over town, dancing unclean dances in public places and boasting, 'We are the ones who count, we are the elite over others.' " Fagunwa's frame of reference included, along with Yoruba folklore and the Biblical tales so frequently echoed and paralleled, contemporary terms and texts, as of the late thirties in a British colony. Passages in "Forest of a Thousand Daemons" build like pieces of a novel; the plot begins to yield moral complexities and to reveal inner lives. When Kako, a warrior who joins Akara-ogun's band, abruptly deserts a woman with whom he has lived for seven years and is, according to custom, about to marry, she pleads her case with the sentimental fullness of a bourgeois heroine: "Ah! Is this now my reward from you? When at first you courted me I refused you, but you turned on the honey tongue and fooled me until I believed that there lived no man like you. I gave you my love so selflessly that the fever of love seized me, that the lunacy of love mounted my head . . . " Kako, a warrior of the old school, is in no mood for a moral dilemma; he curses his plaintive consort as "woman of death, mother of witchery seeking to obstruct my path of duty" and with a single blow of his machete slices her nearly in two. She has been obstructing as well the flow of adventure and wisdom-imparting. In shared relief, the narrator and Kako together make merry for the next nine days; their companions tease Kako about his slain woman, saying, "Deal-me-death thrusts her neck at the husband—such was the wife of Kako." She is flattened into an allegorical name, and her disturbing outcry sinks back like a bubble into the two-dimensional, alternately hectic and pious narrative.

MUCH the same hurried and harsh texture is presented by Amos Tutuola's "The Witch-Herbalist of the Remote Town" (Faber; $7.95 paper), except that Tutuola is a Yoruba

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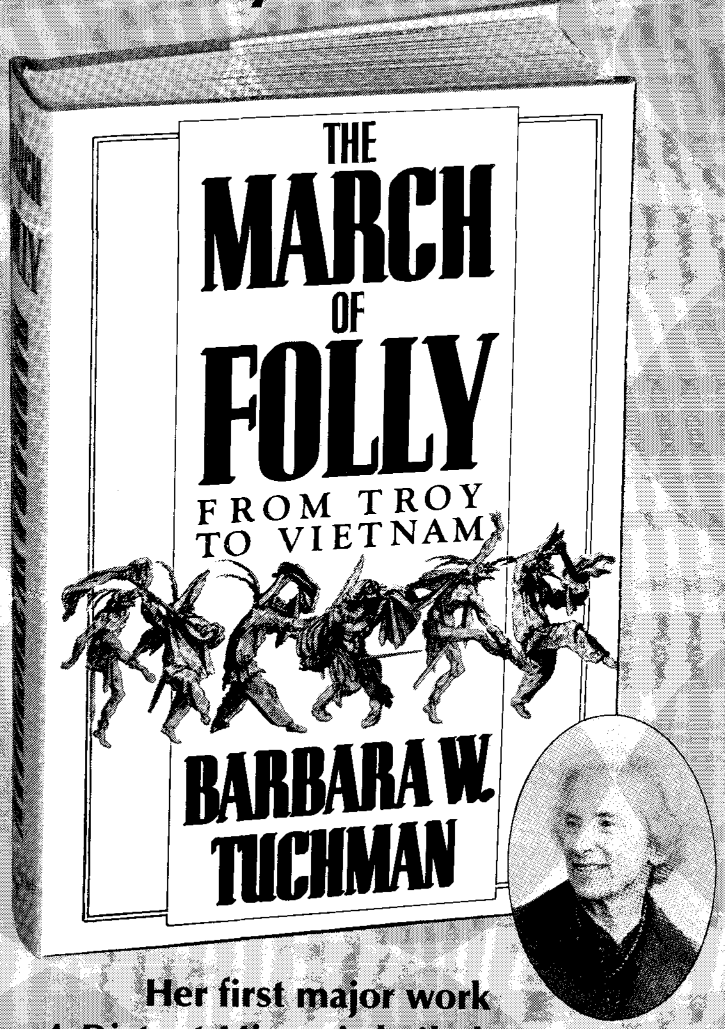

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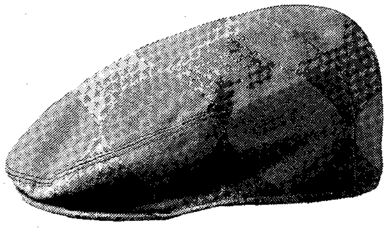
who writes in English, which brings the menacing, scarred masks of his devil dance closer to our faces. He is the author, of course, of "The Palm-Wine Drinkard," whose publication in 1952 was urged by T. S. Eliot and hailed by Dylan Thomas, in a review that called it "a brief, thronged, grisly and bewitching story." The middle two adjectives still apply to this later work, Tutuola's first book in fourteen years. (There have been five others since the famous first.) "The Palm-Wine Drinkard" concerned the narrator's pursuit of his own private palm-wine tapster into the Deads' Town; the search in "The Witch-Herbalist of the Remote Town" is for relief from the hero's wife's barrenness. To the striking but on the whole amiable eccentricities of his early style Tutuola has added several distracting tics; one is the very free use of the abbreviation "etc." ("the skins of various kinds of animals such as lions, tigers, leopards, crocodiles, boar, forest lizards, etc.;" "the chief of pagan, idol, spirit, god, etc. worshippers;" "dressed in beautiful clothes, etc.;" etc.), and another is the curious but consistent substitution of the word "twinkling" for "minute," on the ground that "in the Yoruba language, 'twinkling' means minute"—this produces such remarkable verbal formations as "a half-twinkling or thirty seconds," "one-twinkling intervals," "sixty twinklings" (an hour), "a few sixtieths of a twinkling" (a few seconds), and "two hundred and forty twinklings" (four hours). To confuse our computations further, the nameless narrator travels with four ghostly companions, or "partners":

> Although I had left my town without human wayfarers or partners, my first "mind" and my second "mind" were my partners, while the third partner which was my "memory" had also prepared itself ready to help me perhaps whenever my two "minds" failed to advise or deserted me. And it was also prepared to record all the offenses which the two "minds" might commit. Again, my fourth partner was my "Supreme Second" who was entirely invisible and who was entirely supreme to the three of them, yet he had prepared himself ready to guide me throughout my journey.

Can the first of these inner subdivisions be based upon too literal a hearing of the phrase "being of two minds"? Or upon a prescient inkling of the distinction between the right and left sides of the brain? No clear personality difference between the first "mind" and the second emerged for this reader; they both seem cowardly



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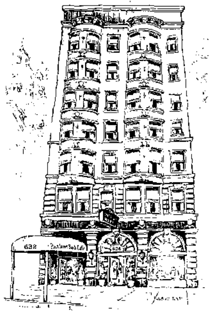

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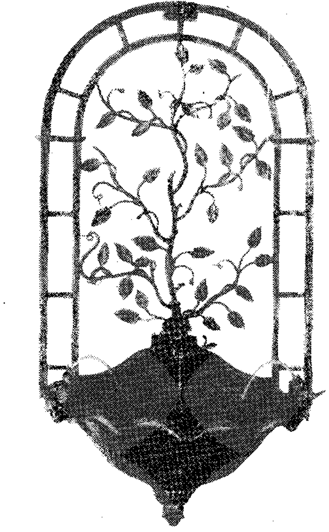

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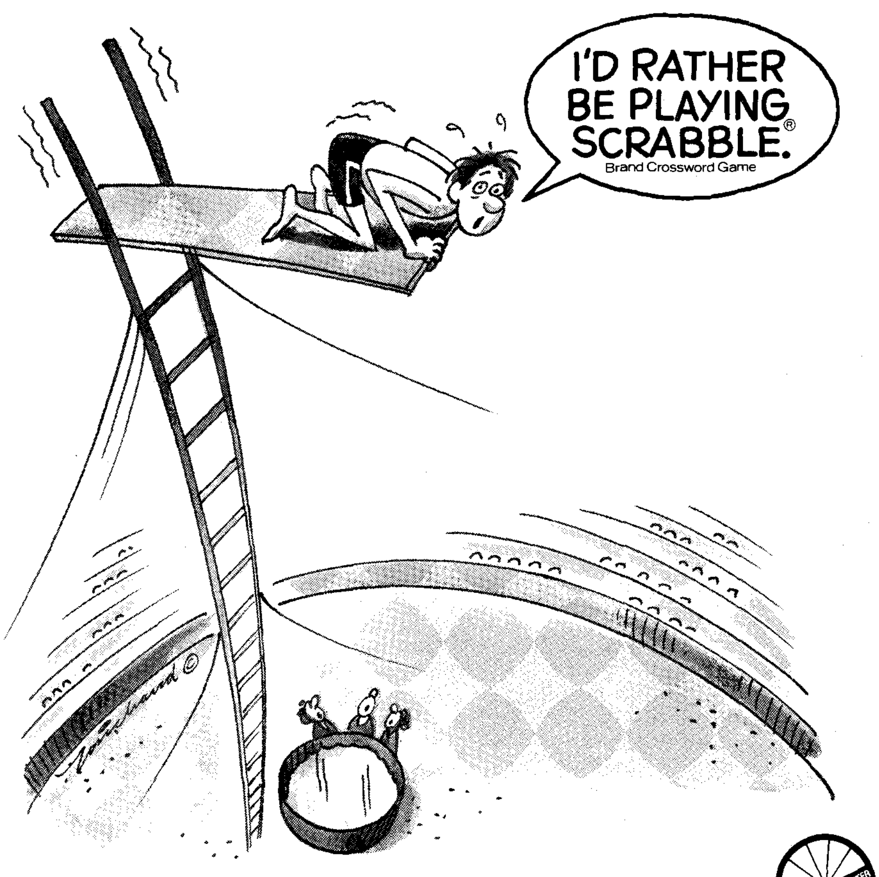
and erratic advisers to our hero, compared with his "memory," the guardian-angel-like "Supreme Second," and his faithful bag of juju tricks as he does battle with such black hats as the Brutal Ape, the Abnormal Squatting Man of the Jungle, the Long-Breasted Mother of the Mountain, the Crazy Removable-Headed Wild Man, and the Offensive Wild People. The plurality of inner voices imposes the delay of consultation upon every encounter:

> So as my first "mind" and second "mind" could not tell me what to do to save myself from this fast-moving strange shadow at this time, I began to think of another way to remove the sadness and depression from my "memory." After a while, as this thick shadow was still taking me to a greater height in the sky, it came to my "memory" unexpectedly to use one of my juju which had the power to make me disappear suddenly. So without hesitation, I used this juju. But I was greatly shocked that when I used it, it had no effect at all. And it was later on I understood that it could not help if my bare feet were not on the ground.

There is a certain psychological realism in this subdivided hero as he keeps trying to rally his scattered inner forces and bring them, like a sulky committee, to the vote of action. We are all more persons than the unitary conventions of social proceedings acknowledge. And there is a certain eerie evocativeness in some of Tutuola's slippery dealings with the English language. Here is the Abnormal Squatting Man of the Jungle, who subdues his prey with his icy touch and breath:

> His head was bigger than necessary with two fearful eyes. The two eyes went deeply into his skull. . . . His beard was long to about forty centimetres, it was very bushy and stale, and hundreds of fleas were moving here and there in it. But his thick and twisted arms and legs were able to carry his over-inflated belly, from which he used to blow out the cold onto his victims. . . . The other parts of his body which were not covered by the muddled dirty hair, were full of big smelling mumps. To my surprise and fear when he was aloof, he seemed a powerless, morbid, wild jungle man. . . . Some time when the day was lurid, and as the hair which covered his head and body was just like light brown weeds, he used to lurk in the weeds for his victim, and when the victim came near him, he jumped on him or her unexpectedly and then started to blow the cold onto his or her body as hastily as he could. Again, he pretended sometimes to be motley, or when he saw one at a distance he burst into silly laughter suddenly as if he was mad.

A number of the villains—e.g., the Crazy Removable-Headed Wild Man, with his luxurious wardrobe of "hun-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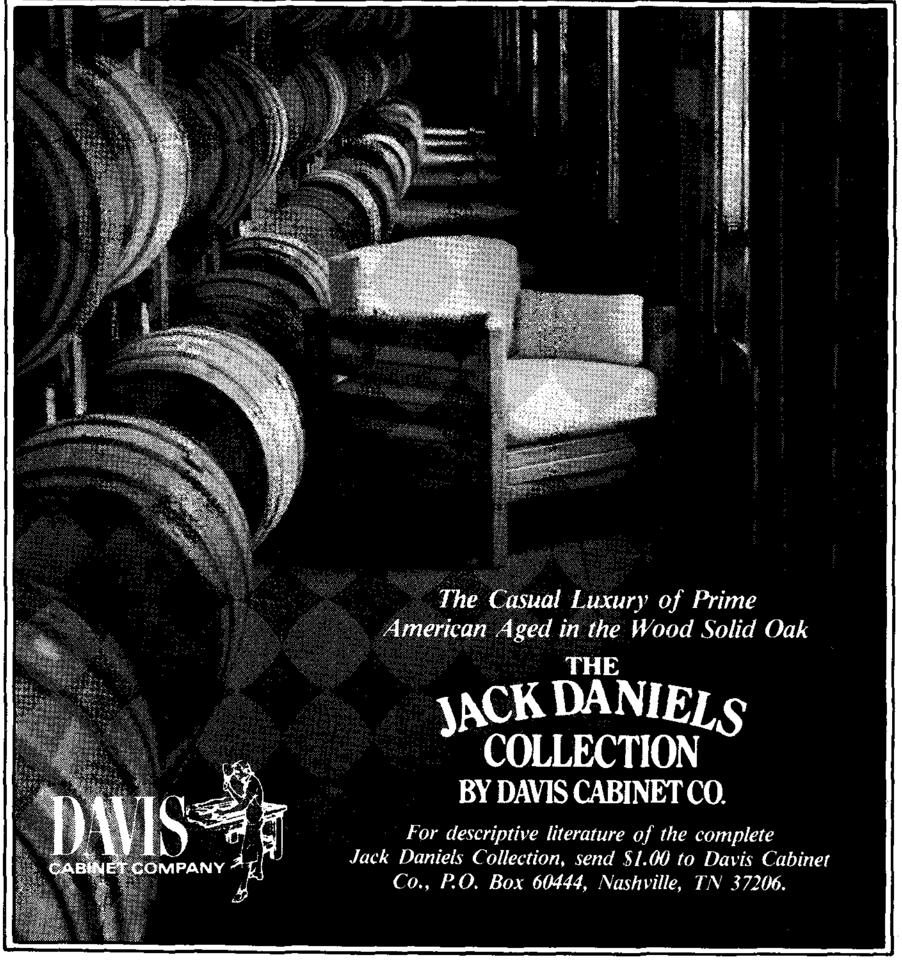

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dreds of various kinds of large heads, arms, short legs, broad ears, wild eyes, round black bodies, etc."—are amusingly imagined. But in general the wild imagery of "The Witch-Herbalist of the Remote Town" has neither the schematic coherence and heraldic crispness of literary allegory nor the felt depth and resonance of the surreal images in, say, Kafka or Lewis Carroll, who give us back our own dreams. Though it follows the exact plot curve of "Forest of a Thousand Daemons" and, like it, ends in a kind of heaven where instruction and therapy are dealt out in surreal mimicry of school and church, Tutuola's tale seems not instructive but, in its fantastic way, confessional. A personal passion for fragmentation and interchanging units generates the hero's many minds, the Crazy Removable-Headed Wild Man's many body parts, and the Witch-Herbalist's many voices: "She had various kinds of voices such as a huge voice, a light voice, a sharp voice, the voice of a baby, the voice of a girl, the voice of an old woman, the voice of a young man, the voice of an old man, the voice of a stammerer, the voice of boldness, the voice of boom, the voice of a weeping person, the voice which was amusing and which was annoying, the voice like that of a ringing bell, the voice of various kinds of birds and beasts." We are in the realm neither of legend nor of dream but of indulged imagination; in this regard Tutuola is a more modern writer than Fagunwa, whose imaginings were at the service of a social ethic. Though Tutuola's first novel marked the arrival of African fiction on the international stage ("The Palm-Wine Drinkard" has been translated into thirteen European languages), it has not been imitated, except by him; he is a writer sui generis. This new novel bears out Anthony West's verdict, thirty years ago in this magazine, that "The Palm-Wine Drinkard," though affording "a glimpse of the very beginning of literature, that moment when writing at last seizes and pins down the myths and legends of an analphabetic culture," was "an unrepeatable happy hit."

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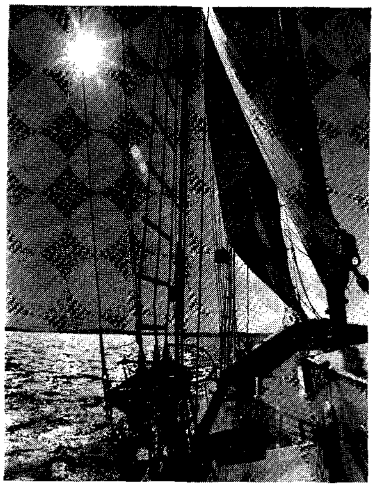

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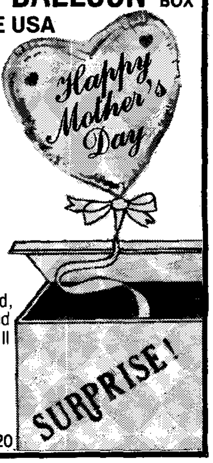

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arisen in any part of tropical Africa. There will surely be more; there is much to say. Miss Emecheta's novels, as their very titles indicate—"The Slave Girl," "The Bride Price," "The Joys of Motherhood"—concern themselves with the situation of women in a society where their role, though crucial, was firmly subordinate and where the forces of potential liberation have arrived with bewildering speed. The heroine of her new novel, "Double Yoke" (George Braziller; $12.95), is an Efik girl, Nko, who must pursue her education at the cost of losing her boyfriend and sexually submitting to an instructor. The novel is dedicated by Miss Emecheta to "my 1981 students at the Department of English and Literary Studies, University of Calabar" and takes place in the early eighties, but for all its topicality, and along with the professional finesse that helped make it a modest best-seller in England, it retains certain traces of the oral mode. Like "Forest of a Thousand Daemons," the book sets up a narrative frame; who is telling the tale, and why, is not taken for granted, and the narrator is not the disembodied third person who relays so much Western fiction to us, as if prose were a camera. A "new lecturer" at the University of Calabar, Miss Bulewao, is introduced with a jaunty touch of self-caricature, and sets her all-male writing class an assignment—"an imaginary story of how you would like your ideal Nigeria to be." One of her students, Ete Kamba, mulling over this tall order, remembers that Miss Bulewao also said "that oneself was always a very good topic to start writing about" and decides to write about what is uppermost in his mind: "He was going to tell the world how it all had been, between him and his Nko, until Professor Ikot came into their lives." The chapters that follow have the form of a flashback, taking Ete Kamba and Nko back to their first meeting, at the thanksgiving celebration for a local girl's passing her examination in hairdressing—no educational advance is too modest to be honored in these villages. Ete Kamba and Nko live in nearby villages but not the same one; he is eighteen, she is two years younger. He goes to the university on a scholarship; she eventually follows. As the story of their involvement and of hers with Professor Ikot unfolds, the tale slips more and more into Nko's mind, and away from the talk in the male dormitories—handled creditably

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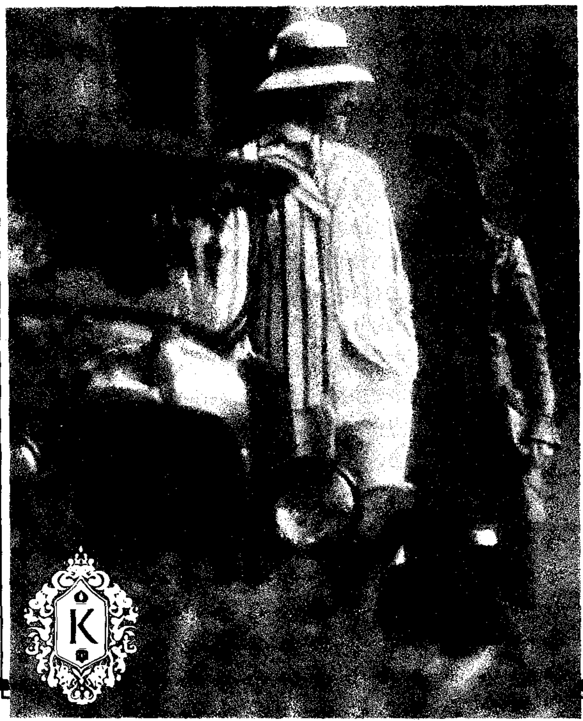

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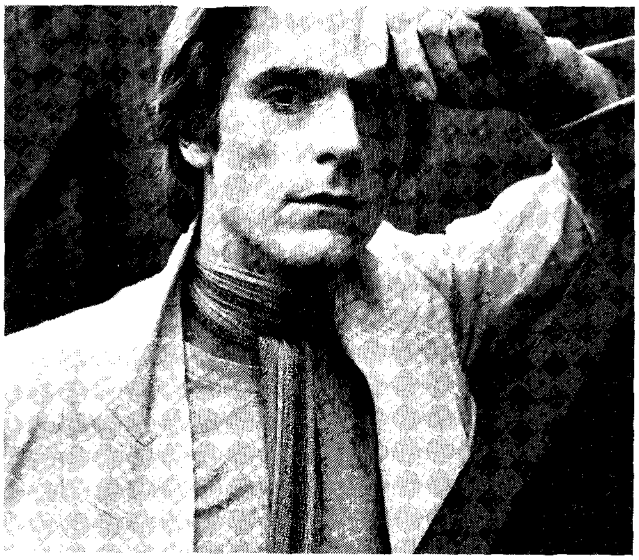

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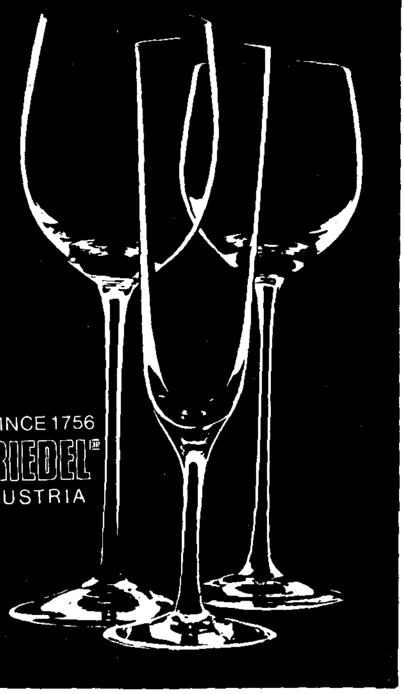

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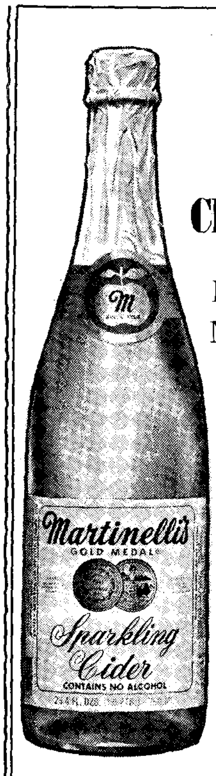
but without much zest—to more animated interchanges within the female rooms. Yet it all stays somehow contained within Ete Kamba's flashback, which is delivered in the form of an essay to Miss Bulewao; she asks all the right questions and urges the difficulty toward a solution as happy, given the double-yoked condition of the educated African woman, as it can be. The scribe enabled Akara-ogun to relate his pilgrim's progress to the world; the act of writing still has a power of magical release in the University of Calabar.

And Miss Emecheta's prose, like Amos Tutuola's, though to a much smaller degree, has a shimmer of originality, of English being re-invented. At an early meeting with Nko, Ete Kamba "stood there slouching around, somehow refusing to sit down, and noticing that people around him were leaving him completely alone and not bothering to pressurize him to sit down. He followed Nko's busyness with the corners of his eyes . . ." Contemplating taking her virginity, he yearns to inflict "a pain that would uninnocent her." And the confusions of crowded traffic are conveyed: "Impatient taxis in their yellow colouring with a splash of blue in the middle would meander in between the cars in a hurry to get on first." Such pleasant expressionism brings us close, perhaps, to the spoken Nigerian English that, while the main characters speak with ungainly and unlikely correctitude, is transcribed from the mouth of a cleaning girl, accused of not cleaning a toilet: "Watin' you wan make we do, when we no geti water, whey we go use for flush, abi you wan make ago geti water from me mama well?" This accent is imitated, in foolery, by the male students as they discuss love. "A no de for disi una sweety belle stuff," one says, and another answers, "Na so for me ooo. One women be like anoder. Why ago go kill myself for one chick, that wan pass me." To this reviewer's previous knowledge that a Lagos traffic jam is called a "go-slow" he was delighted to add the information that a "been-to" is a Nigerian who has been to England and that female sexual charm can be called "bottom power"—"It is easier to get a good degree," one female undergraduate assures another, "using one's brain power than bottom power. They may try to tell you that your bottom power is easier and surer, don't believe them."

The fellowship of women, wherein



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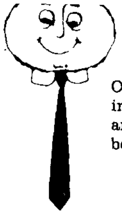

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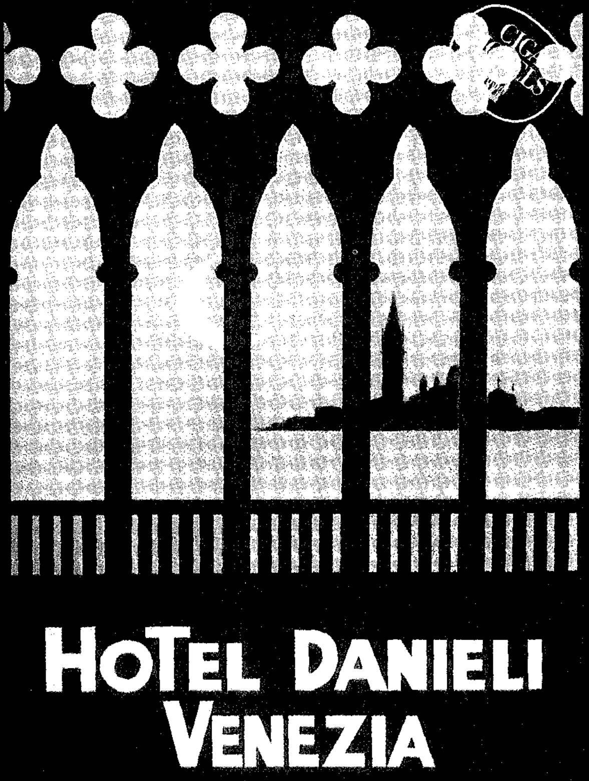

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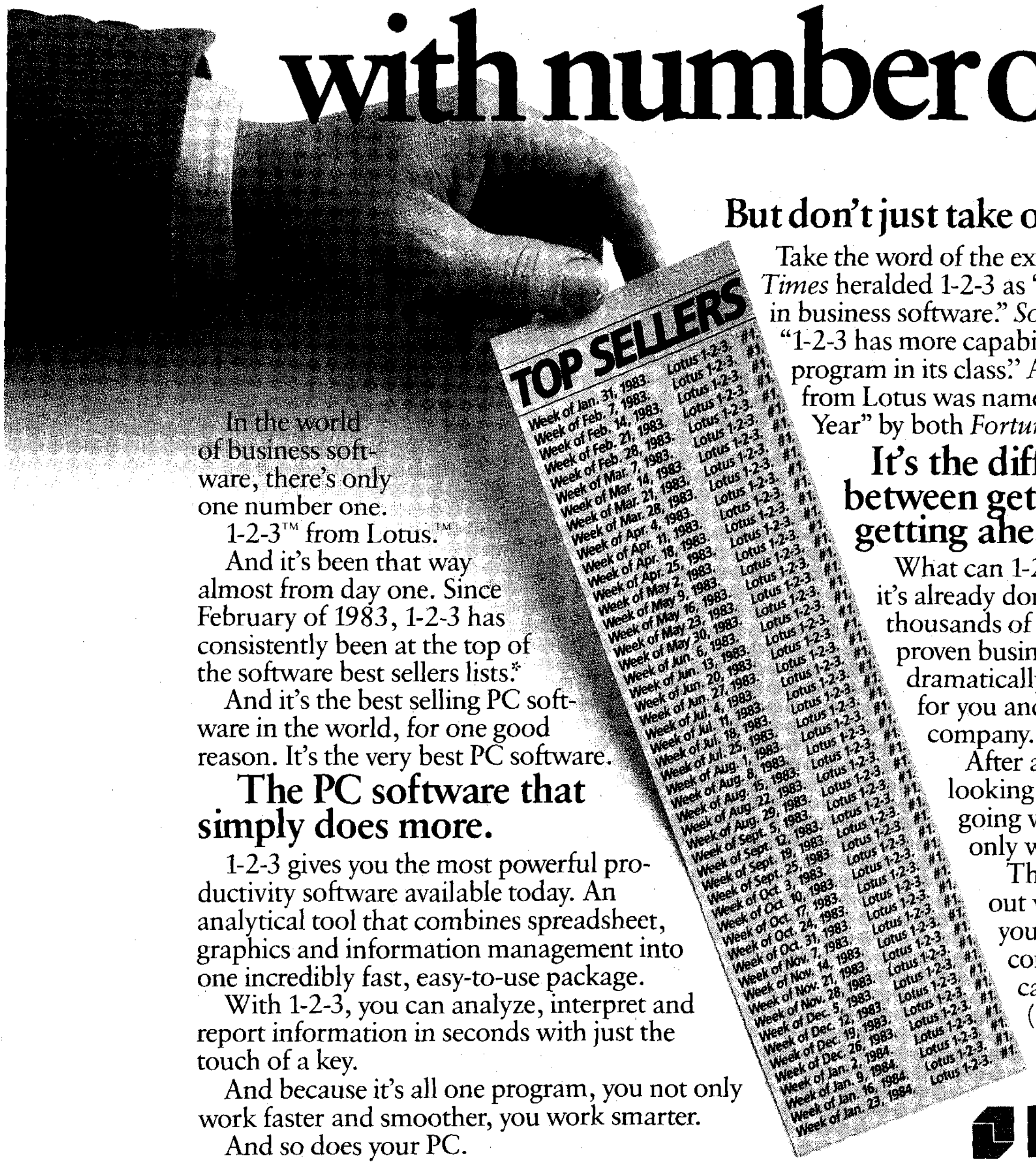
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confession and counsel can be given, is the home base of "Double Yoke," as it was for "The Joys of Motherhood," whose heroine Nnu Ego, after a lifetime given to serving her patriarchal society with childbearing, realizes that "she would have been better off had she had time to cultivate those women who had offered her hands of friendship." The female students at Calabar—some of them middle-aged—have mothers who had gone into "fattening rooms" to become suitably plump brides; now they gossip about anorexia nervosa. The sense of relief, of escape from misunderstanding and harm, that accompanies Miss Emecheta's scenes of women together is like fresh air after prison. In the crucial scene of Nko's submission to Professor Ikot, the author in her distaste can scarcely bear to describe the event:

> They ate and the professor drank spirits. She made do with Pepsi, and like a wooden doll, she let the man have what he wanted. He thundered and pushed her around and promised heaven and earth, but Nko was very still.

That marvellous "He thundered and pushed her around and promised heaven and earth" would deflate even Don Juan. However, absolute feminist fury—the wish to do away with men altogether and make a female utopia—is never expressed by Miss Emecheta or her characters, and the phrase "double yoke" is extended to describe not just Nko's plight ("I want to be an academician and I want to be a quiet nice and obedient wife") but that of Ete Kamba and his fellow young Nigerian males. At the end, Miss Bulewao tells her class that "many of you are bearing your double burdens or yokes or whatever heroically," and spells out "the community burden . . . and yet the burden of individualism." In a Third World country like Nigeria, sexual harassment is even more serious than in the West. Female virginity has a higher value, and so does education. The drop out of the educated élite back into the villages is precipitous; the options to "the system" are few, and the rungs on the ladder of success are rigidly set. Nko, Professor Ikot tells Ete Kamba, is "made for the Commissioner or the Professorial class, you know those on salary level sixteen and over. You'll be lucky to get level seven when you finish here." Monsters and peril still rule in the new Africa, though they take the form of lascivious professors and loss of status. Miss Emecheta does not have to manufacture suspense and seriousness; issues of survival lie inherent in her material, and give her tales weight even when, as in this case, they are relatively light and occasional. Africans still have something exciting to tell each other, which is that the path of safety is narrow.

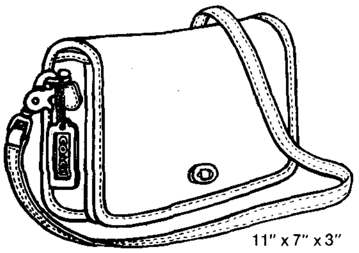
—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DAY LASTS MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS, by Chingiz Aitmatov, translated from the Russian by John French, with a foreword by Katerina Clark (Indiana; $17.50). At the still center of this vast novel, spanning one day in the not so distant future (SALT VII is recent history), lies an ancient Kazakhstan graveyard on the steppes of Soviet Central Asia. Nearby, a Soviet cosmodrome, in touch with a twin launching site in Nevada, buzzes with unusual urgency, and a Muslim funeral party, led by an old man named Yedigei, sets forth from the railway junction that was the dead man's home. Much of the story consists of flashbacks, as Yedigei recalls hellish blizzards and droughts that he and his dead friend have endured, and hellish cruelty that they have learned about from legends or have witnessed at the junction: from tribal tortures that destroyed men's minds to Stalinist purges that outlawed men's memories. Meanwhile, a showdown is shaping up miles above him; whether mankind can expand its experiment in international coöperation to intergalactic proportions will be decided by day's end. In a valuable foreword, Katerina Clark explains why Chingiz Aitmatov, a Kirghiz, has chosen to write about Kazakhs, and why Yedigei has won a place on "the short list of model 'positive heroes' of Soviet literature," despite his old-fashioned and unorthodox tendencies.

FRIENDS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX, by Sara Davidson (Doubleday; $15.95). "His Rolex watch was smashed," we read, "and, she saw, his thumb was gashed to the bone," and we realize, late in this shallow novel (but not for the first time), that Sara Davidson intends no irony when she casts an appreciative eye, even in a moment of crisis, on a status symbol. The story that comes to a climax in this scene begins in 1977 in Southern California, where the



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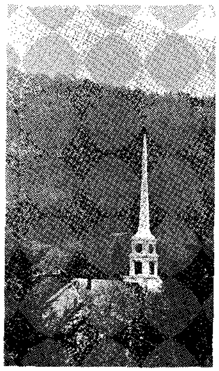

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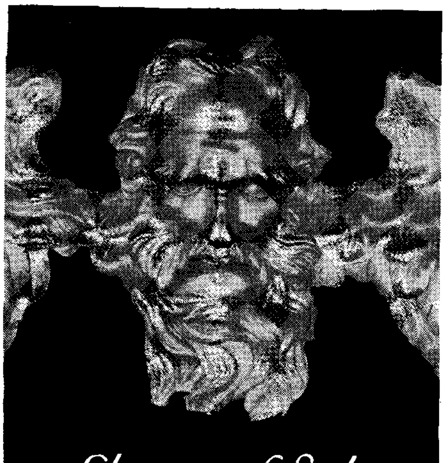
heroine, a Jewish divorcée from New Rochelle, and the hero, a Jewish divorcé from West Los Angeles, are going to direct a movie about the local singles scene. A prologue, dated April, 1979, and set on the Sinai Peninsula, is one hint that, having rejected the Sunset Boulevard's form of Judaism, both of them will find themselves—in more than one sense—in the land of their forebears. Along the way, there are so many off-camera scenes featuring Jacuzzis, chocolate croissants, Valium, and rumpled bedclothes that the pair's brand-new piety looks like a miracle, or maybe just another thrill.

Tip on a Dead Crab, by William Murray (Viking; $13.95). A dead crab, Mr. Murray tells us, means in race-track parlance a sure thing—a horse that cannot lose. His novel, like all horse-racing novels, is about a "dead crab"—how its dead-crabness is arranged and, of course, how it fails to win. The story is told by Lewis (Shifty) Anderson, a professional magician and an addicted horseplayer. His friends and associates are the usual raffish readers of the *Racing Form*, and there is a gorgeous ice maiden. The scene is Southern California. This is not a "fast read" or a "page-turner." It is what used to be called light entertainment, and it is a fine example of its kind.

Slow Learner: Early Stories, by Thomas Pynchon (Little, Brown; $14.95). Thomas Pynchon is so disarmingly embarrassed in his introduction to these five stories, which were written between 1958 and 1964, that the reader expects they cannot be as bad as all that. They are. Whether the setting is Egypt in 1899 ("Under the Rose") or Long Island in the nineteen-fifties ("Low-lands"), whether the characters read T. S. Eliot ("The Small Rain") or Tom Swift ("The Secret Integration"), the collection's "juvenile and delinquent" passages—derived from Beat manifestos, Surrealist paintings, scientific textbooks, and Roget's Thesaurus—validate the book's rueful title.

Sebastian; or, Ruling Passions, by Lawrence Durrell (Viking; $15.95). The Constance of "Constance" (the third volume of Mr. Durrell's "Avignon Quintet") takes second billing in this long-winded little sequel, again set in Geneva and



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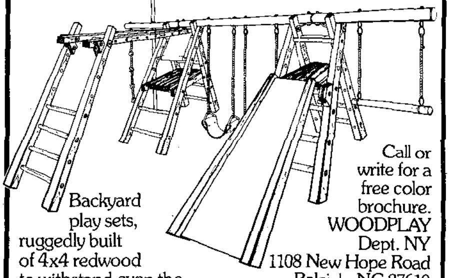

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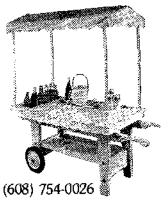

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Alexandria, now at the end of the Second World War. Constance is a psychotherapist. Two of her patients, an Egyptian psychopath and an autistic Egyptian child, are featured in the implausible plot, which reaches a climax with the "disappearance from the scene," as the narrator coyly puts it, of two of her friends, and the reappearance of a third. It ends with Constance and most of the other characters heading home to Avignon, where, no doubt, they will continue to concoct theories about Freud and Hitler, and limericks about sex and semantics, in English that sounds like a bad translation from the French.

GENERAL

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COTTON MATHER, by Kenneth Silverman (Harper & Row; $29.95). This superlative work retrieves the historical and the mental world of a Puritan divine (1663-1728) whose convictions and emotions appear a perplexing mixture of the retrograde (Mather believed in witches) and the forward-looking (he pioneered smallpox inoculation). Mather's forebears were noted Massachusetts clergymen, and as a youth he was marked for the ministry; however, his ordination was delayed by his father, and he tormented himself over his spiritual unworthiness. Mather seems to have spent his life in such conflicts: he was ambitious, and guilty about his ambitions; he could not help disagreeing with his elders but was unable to defy them; he had high pretensions on behalf of religion yet attempted to remain humble. His station demanded that he play a prominent part in public affairs, but he lacked training in worldly arts; in negotiation he veered between the oily and the truculent. The New England in which Mather was raised began to disappear in the course of his life, as events in Britain dictated a new charter for the colony and a more tolerant religious dispensation. His posthumous reputation among Massachusetts men—Mr. Silverman quotes, among others, Hawthorne and Robert Lowell—is as the embodiment of all that is dark and cruel in their heritage, but this new portrait suggests that he was in part a victim of his culture's harsh values.

DONKEY WORK, by Edward Blishen (Hamish Hamilton / David & Charles; $18.95). More fine memoirs from England's favorite ex-schoolteacher, the author of "Shaky Relations" and "Lizzie Pye," who is now a free-lancer "plodding down the lanes of middle age" under a load of pep talks, talk shows, lectures, symposiums, and trips to Canada and East Germany. Mr. Blishen's bemusement about his rise from "fledgling pundit" conveys some of the charm ("I had the ghost of a reputation for having the ghost of a reputation") that he aims to belittle. "For me, teaching is a kind of teasing," he explains, in a rare moment of earnestness. "Life is amazing: and the teacher had better prepare himself to be a medium for that amazement." Whether the subject is a jet plane ("a wholly reliable dot crawling at breakneck speed through space") or his rotting house's basement (a "raft of blotting paper") or East Berlin ("It was like finding oneself in the creases and folds of a very old sofa"), Mr. Blishen's articulate amazement is a lesson in itself. Letters written by his great-great-uncle Harry Blishen, with datelines ranging from "Kingston Canady West America January 8/52" to "Sebastipole 6th November 1855," punctuate the text with a chronicle full of homesick wistfulness and anarchic grammar.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY, by Jody Powell (Morrow; $15.95). Story by story, reporter by reporter, President Carter's press secretary goes on the record to recall the unfairness with which he believes the media treated Mr. Carter and his Administration. He attributes some of the media's misdeeds to irresponsible competition for the big bad-news story, but he also maintains that there was a right-wing disinformation campaign waged on behalf of the Republicans in the 1980 election, whose sources were in the government; he claims that government servants leaked both sensitive and forged intelligence materials to the press in order to discredit the Administration. Mr. Powell admits to quite a few mistakes of his own, and he particularly regrets that the Carter Administration made little effort to cultivate the Washington establishment, including its media personages.

MASTER OF THE BATTLEFIELD: MONTY'S WAR YEARS, 1942-1944, by Nigel Hamilton (McGraw-Hill; $25.95). This second volume of a

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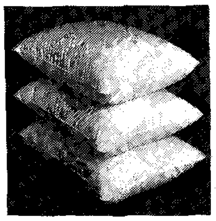

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projected three-volume study is as masterly as the military career it chronicles. The narrative runs from just after El Alamein to the end of the Normandy campaign—a period in which Field Marshal Montgomery's fame and egomania grew simultaneously. Monty's desert victory was, as most readers know, strategically crucial. The pursuit after the battle is accounted a failure, in that two-thirds of the enemy escaped. The campaign moved across Libya into Tunisia, where the defeat of the Americans at Kasserine Pass convinced Monty of the inferiority of the American command. His subsequent victories in Sicily and Italy were punctuated by repeated insubordination on his part, and hardened his cocksure contempt for all who did not follow his lead. To this day, the history of the remarkable victories the Allies won in France with Monty as ground commander is a minefield of conflicting accounts and mutually belittling memoirs. Mr. Hamilton's achievement is to show us the war *and its problems as* Monty saw them and at the same time to clarify Monty's mistakes and misjudgments. He shows us a man rather than a myth, but a man of such exaggerated pluses and minuses that he became a legend.

THE DEATH PENALTY: A DEBATE, by Ernest van den Haag and John P. Conrad (Plenum; $16.95). In a preface, the authors tell us that, as far as they know, this book is unique: no previous single volume has offered a confrontation between a supporter and an opponent of capital punishment. The debate reveals an immense literature—philosophical, legal, and sociological—about the death penalty, and is impressive for its thoroughness. Mr. Conrad, who opposes the death penalty, was a psychiatric social worker at San Quentin in the nineteen-forties, where he interviewed condemned men to discover if there were reasons for recommending clemency to the governor of the state, and where he witnessed an execution. Dr. van den Haag is a professor of jurisprudence at Fordham and a psychoanalyst. The clearly expressed arguments are set forth in short alternating sections. Dr. van den Haag tends to assail categories of people—intellectuals, for example—who, he believes, oppose capital punishment. Mr. Conrad invariably succeeds in

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directing his opponent's attention away from general targets and back to specific statements.

The Diary of Beatrice Webb: Volume II, 1892-1905, edited by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie (Harvard; $25). At the start of this volume, Beatrice Potter and Sydney Webb have just married. In little more than a decade, they found the London School of Economics; they continue their exemplary systematic investigations (in this period, of local government and trade unions); they jointly lobby politicians to support specific reforms (notably in public education); and their vision of socialism appears gradually less radical or outlandish, and becomes even plausible. Beatrice flirts with Prime Ministers past, present, and future—Rosebery, Balfour, Asquith—while Sidney digs himself in on committees and councils and boards. But the harshness of Beatrice's judgments as a diarist makes this brilliant woman read like a fool. One of the Webbs' closest friends was George Bernard Shaw; she slights his talent and his character. As of 1895, Asquith is "ruined" and Keir Hardie "lost for good." She despises the workers, the middle classes, and high society. One begins to suspect that the virtuous Beatrice must have taxed the good manners of multitudes. The editing is splendid.

Reflections of Nature: Flowers in American Art, by Ella M. Foshay (Knopf; $29.95). This large and lavish book evolved from the exhibition of the same name put together by Miss Foshay, an assistant professor of art and American culture at Vassar College, for the Whitney Museum this spring. It contains a hundred and nineteen reproductions in color and thirty in black-and-white. The artists, despite the title, range from Botticelli ("Primavera," c. 1478) and Dürer ("The Great Piece of Turf," c. 1503), through the expected Mark Catesby and William Bartram and Audubon and later nineteenth-century masters like Fidelia Bridges, John La Farge, Childe Hassam, and Winslow Homer, to Arthur G. Dove, Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and Charles Burchfield and such contemporaries as Ellsworth Kelly, Lee Krasner, and Georgia O'Keeffe. There is an excellent introduction by Barbara Novak, a professor of art history at

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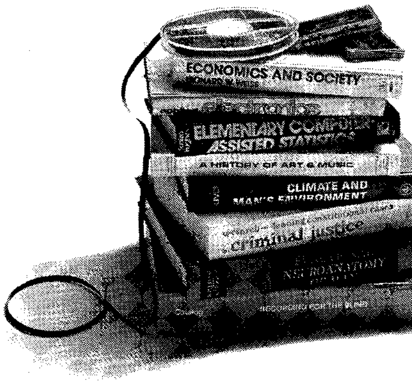

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Barnard College and Columbia University, which, together with Miss Foshay's running text, supports Leonardo da Vinci—"The painter strives and competes with nature"—over modernists who, in Clement Greenberg's phrase, "used art to call attention to art."

NOTE: "Weapons and Hope," Freeman Dyson's study of the development of nuclear arms and his proposals for avoiding their use, has been published by Harper & Row ($17.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Taking It All In," a collection of movie reviews by Pauline Kael, all of which first appeared in these pages, has been published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston ($25 cloth; $14.95 paper). . . . Ved Mehta's "The Ledge Between the Streams," recollections of family life in the Punjab during the nineteen-forties, has been published by Norton ($17.50). All the contents of this book, too, first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MIAMI BLUES, by Charles Willeford (St. Martin's; $12.95). Frederick J. Frenger, Jr., has just been released from San Quentin, mugged three men (at least one fatally) for their cash and credit cards, and arrived at Miami Airport. A young Hare Krishna beggar bothers him, so he breaks the youth's finger. Junior (as he likes to be called) has no luggage and wants to stay in a good hotel, so he simply lifts an expensive suitcase from a sleeping woman. In Miami, he meets a somewhat simpleminded teen-age whore called Pepper (real name, Susan Waggoner) and, through her, a homicide sergeant called Hoke Moseley. Those three are Mr. Willeford's story, and it is a measure of his extraordinarily winning ways that we feel an almost equal sympathy and understanding for the monster Junior, the not so stupid Pepper (who bakes a super vinegar pie), and the lonely, half-defeated Hoke. Mr. Willeford never puts a foot wrong, and this is truly an entertainment to relish.

CROSSOVER, by Wayne Karlin (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $13.95). We come upon the scene in Belgrade. Josef Ascher and Hanita Kahan, Israeli Mossad agents (and lovers), are in place there, he pretending to be an American student and she an Arab student, but their

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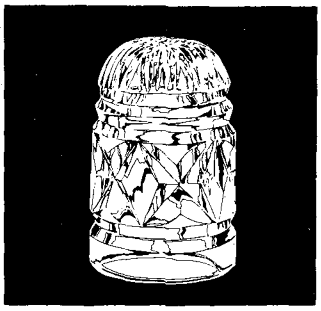

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mission is to seek out a P.L.O. agent named Nasir Razak and kill him before he can capture or kill a Russian Jewish dissident whom the Russians are releasing to Israel. Well, of course, everything goes wrong, and they flee to Athens, where they discover they have been deliberately betrayed by their masters. "I'd been maneuvered, passed from hand to hand," Ascher muses. "But I was going to run a little way on my own now. I was going to go a little farther than I was meant to go." So Ascher and Kahan, working on their own, penetrate Russia, find their way to the wanted emigrant, find their way aboard an outward-bound train. And that's only the beginning. Mr. Karlin, a native New Yorker with wide experience of Israel, is a newcomer to the genre of the disenchanted but undeterred, but he does himself proud here.

THE CARAVAGGIO OBSESSION, by Oliver Banks (Little, Brown; $14.95). It seems to be open season on the works of the sixteenth-century painter Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio in Italy—in museums and private collections. Amos Hatcher, the New York "art cop" first celebrated by Mr. Banks in "The Rembrandt Panel," involves himself in the problem because he suspects that the mastermind behind the Caravaggio thefts is the same villain who murdered his art-dealer friend Jake Sloane, and he hurries over to Rome. The procedure then is as usual: Hatcher scouts around some shifty folk, meets a seductive girl, takes a beating, comes within an inch of death, triumphs over all. But Mr. Banks is an art consultant, and he knows the world and the subject of art. He also knows Rome. That almost makes up for the silliness of the story.

•

DEAR DR. SOLOMON: My wife gave birth prematurely, and the baby is very tiny. Does that mean that he'll always be small, even as an adult?—Hy, Vancouver, Wash.

DEAR HY: Not necessarily. According to a study by the Hadassah Family and Community Health Center in Jerusalem, premature babies who are socially isolated tend to have more physical and emotional problems. The luncheon program would not only provide her with a nutritious meal, but with valuable social contacts as well.—*"Health," by Neil Solomon, M.D., in the Tampa Tribune.*

Next question.

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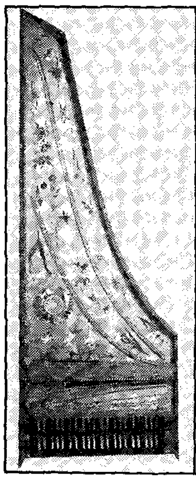

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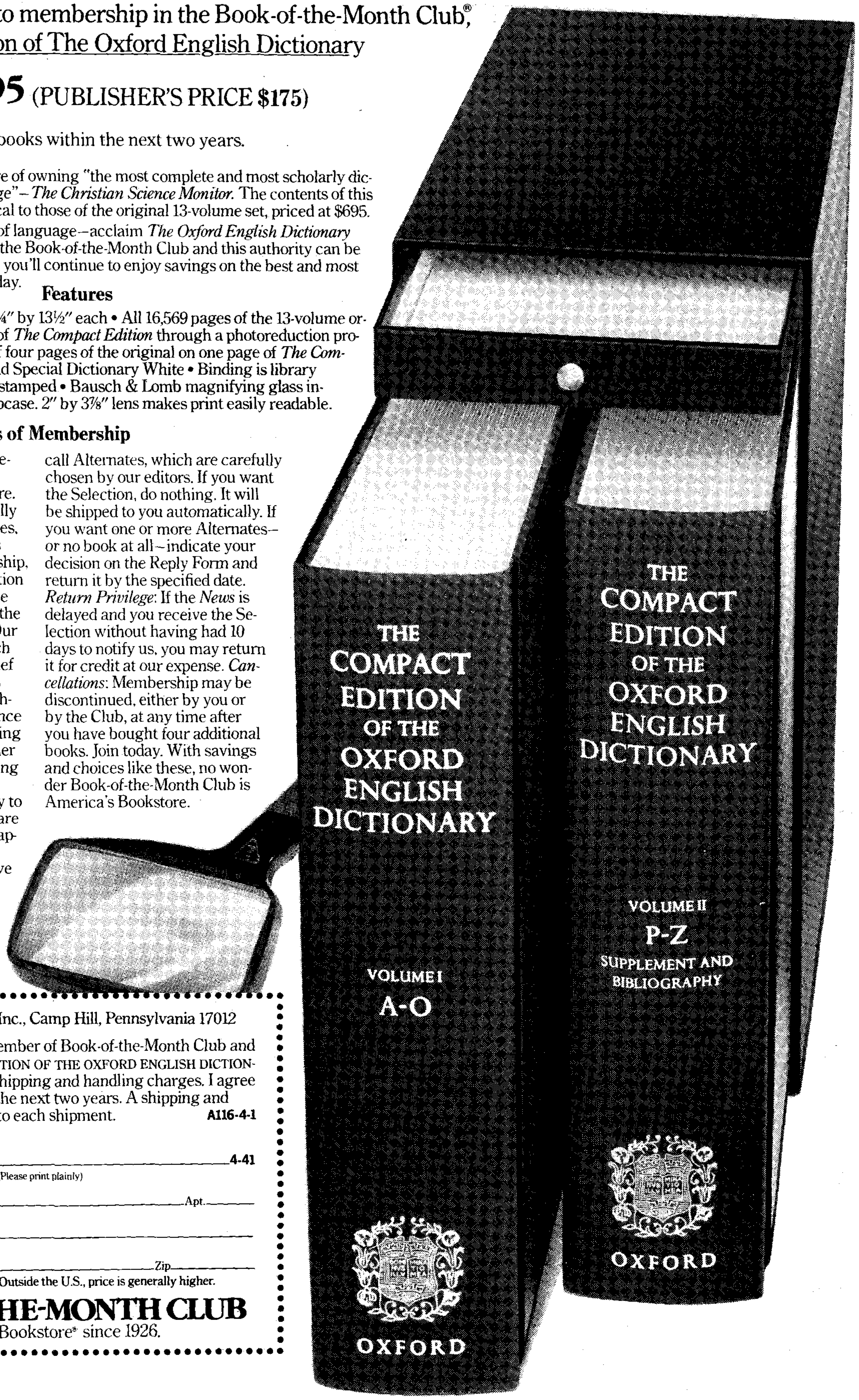
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